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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aaah Oui Genty!—Four clever French puppeteers invent a world that looks as if it might be quite at home in outer space. They are witty as well as dexterous, and well worth going to see. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/20/81.) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (10/13/80) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart; and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Amazin' Casey Stengel; or, Can't Anybody Here Speak This Game?—Paul Dooley in a one-man play by Shelly Altman and Michael Zettler. A presentation of the American Humorists Series. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursday through Saturday at 9. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The last two in a series of plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. The production of Bertolt Brecht's early play JUNGLE OF CITIES, about an imagined Chicago in 1912, looks splendid, as the actors move around John Jenson's effective double-decker setting. The script, which is a treasure, deserves a better performance. David Jones directed. Wednesday through Friday, April 29-May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 3, at 2. . . . ¶ Sophocles' OEDIPUS THE KING, with Joe Morton, Gerry Bamman, and Sheila Allen. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except May 2, and Sundays at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Can-Can—A revival of the 1953 Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical, with Zizi Jeanmaire, Ron Husmann, and Avery Schreiber. Roland Petit is responsible for the choreography. Directed by Mr. Burrows. Previews Wednesday, April 29. Opens officially on Thursday, April 30. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Molière's comedy THE MISER, in a new translation by Earl McCarroll, is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—Woody Allen gives us, not for the first time, his view that life is a misery but that telling about it can be very funny. An excellent cast adds welcome vigor to his rue: Beatrice Arthur, Jack Weston, Brian Backer, Danny Aiello, Eric Gurry, and Ellen March. The director is Ulu Grosbard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fools—Neil Simon tells a story about a Russian village that lies under some primordial curse guaranteeing that all the inhabitants be ninnies. A play called "Fools" isn't likely to be filled with the milk of human kindness; such milk as this one contains is very sour indeed. (4/20/81) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Inacent Black—Melba Moore heads the cast of a comedy by A. Marcus Hemphill, with songs by Gene McFadden, John Whitehead, and Miss Moore. The director is Mikell Pinkney. Seen Off Broadway earlier this season. Previews through Tuesday, May 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 6, at 6:30. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 6: Sigmund Romberg's THE STUDENT PRINCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Elizabeth Taylor in a revival of the Lillian Hellman play. Also in the cast are Maureen Stapleton, Anthony Zerbe, Dennis Christopher, and Tom Aldredge. Directed by Austin Pendleton. Previews Wednesday, April 29, through Wednesday, May 6. Opens

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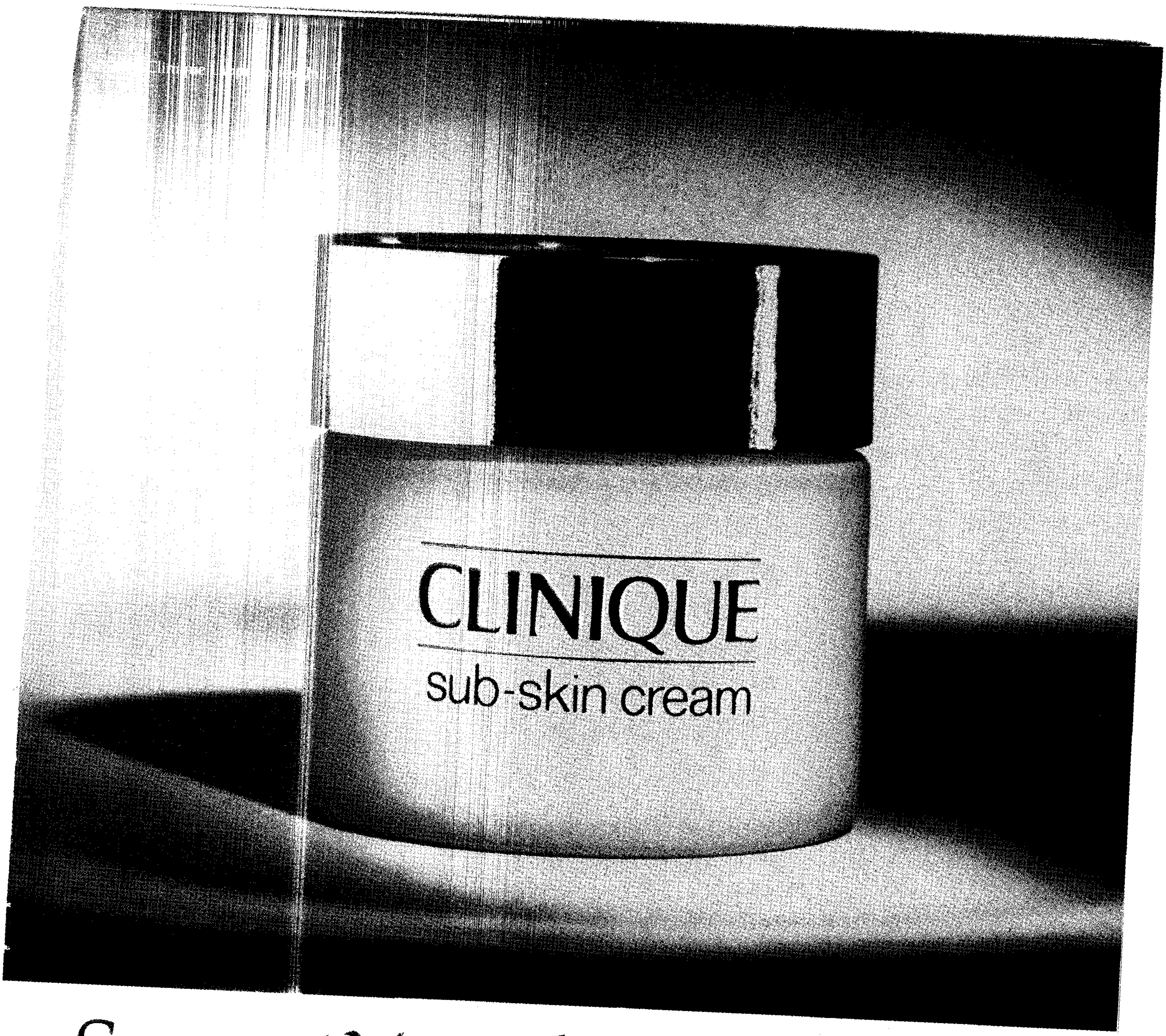

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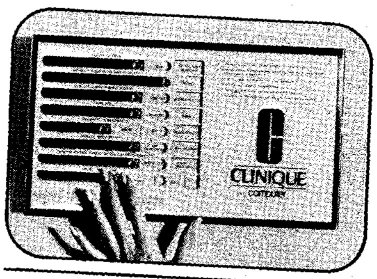

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officially on Thursday, May 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Moony Shapiro Songbook—A musical with a score by Monty Norman, lyrics by Julian More, and a book by the Messrs. Norman and More. With Jeff Goldblum, Judy Kaye, Timothy Jerome, Annie McGreevey, and Gary Beach. Jonathan Lynn is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 2. Opens officially on Sunday, May 3. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by the late Larry Neal, **in an upstate motel.** A professional hit man and his lethal girlfriend hide out in a hideous (and symbolic) motel room, with only a pair of ghosts for company and plenty of cocaine. A depressing, sometimes believable play. (4/27/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Piaf—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest music-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Principally Pinter / Slightly Satie—The enchanting score for this little revue is principally by Erik Satie, and it is well played by John Evans at the piano. The sketches, entirely by Harold Pinter, are scattered throughout and are funny, but the acting doesn't amount to much. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—*Presenting* Charles Ludlam's **reverse psychology.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

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Rose—A well-written but badly constructed play about a schoolteacher in the Midlands. The heroine is played by Glenda Jackson, and her mother is played by Jessica Tandy. The author is Andrew Davies. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A revival of the Shelagh Delaney play, with Valerie French and Amanda Plummer. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Translations—Brian Friel's distinguished, sad, and humorous play about the obliterating of the Irish language in Northern Ireland by the English. The time is 1833. The setting is a country school in Donegal, where only Gaelic and Latin and Greek are spoken, and where a company of redcoats comes to make a map of the countryside and anglicize the place names. The good acting, under the direction of Joe Dowling, of the Abbey Theatre, is a match for the text. With Barnard Hughes as an old schoolmaster, Daniel Gerroll and Ellen Parker as a redcoat and a local girl he loves; and Jake Dengel, Valerie Mahaffey, and Jarlath Conroy, among others. (4/27/81) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Veronica's Room—A thriller by Ira Levin, with Georgine Hall, Richard Mathews, Innes-Fergus McDade, and Claude-Albert Saucier. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **annie:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **barnum:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. Starting Tuesday, May 5, Tony Orlando will fill in for Mr. Dale for three weeks. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **children of a lesser god:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a coupla white chicks sitting around talking:** Candy Clark and Carrie Snodgress in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **dancin':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a day in hollywood / a night in the ukraine:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **evita:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,736 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **morning's at seven:** A comedy

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Saturday, May 2, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Saturday, May 9, *may* be cancelled. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 3, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

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DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 29: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "The Four Temperaments," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 3: "La Source," "The Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 3: "Divertimento No. 15," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 5: "The Concert," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "La Source," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Apollo," "Ballade," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballade," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Apollo," "The Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," "Orpheus," and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée, April 29: "Les Rendezvous," "Other Dances," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Voluntaries" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Les Sylphides" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Voluntaries" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 4: "The Moor's Pavane" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 5; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 6; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 7-8; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 9: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, April 29: "Polaris," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Arden Court." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Public Domain," "Dust," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Polaris," "Dust," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 3: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Runes," and "Arden Court." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

ISRAEL BALLET—"Serenade," "Carmen," and "From Four Winds." A benefit performance for the Jewish National Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 4, at 8. For tickets, call 879-9300, Ext. 225.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 24—Tuesday evening, May 5: "The River," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading" (company première), "Phases," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Butterfly," "Places" (company première), "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "Memoria," "The River," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Butterfly," "Places," "Phases," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—Tuesday, May 5, at 7; Saturday, May 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 10, at 2: "Serenade," "Time Passed Summer," and "Domino 'Operette Dansée' " (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at 8: "Grosse Fugue," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," and Act II of "Swan Lake." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY—"Stones, Bones and Skin" (première) and "Mirage Blanc." With guest artist Robert Small. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, May 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 2 and 8.)

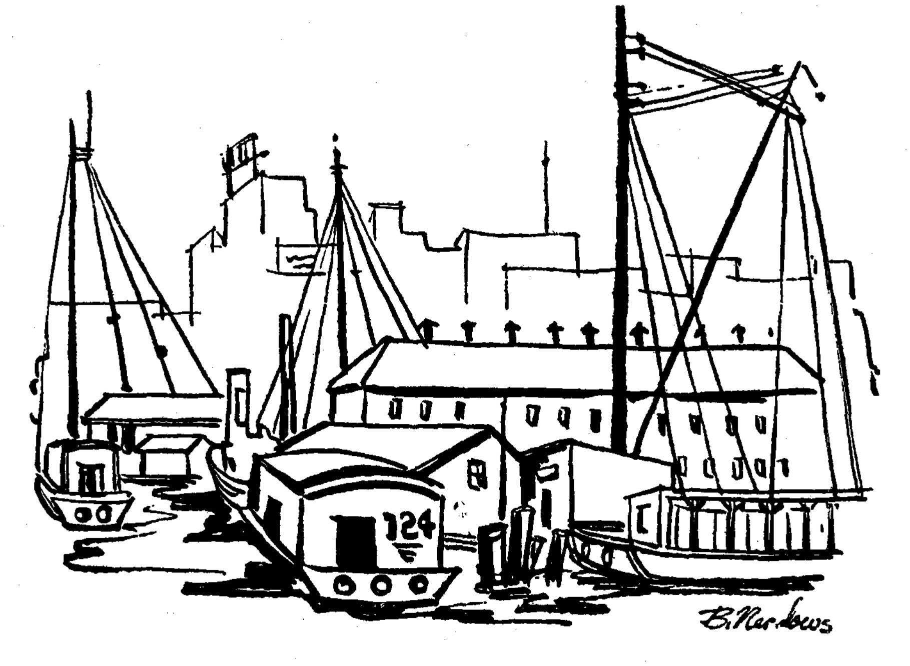
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will head up a trio on Friday and Saturday, May 1-2; on Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—will lift off. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** works with pianist **SHARON FREEMAN,** saxophonist **BILL SAXTON,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** through Sunday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 5, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will bring in a quartet. On Mondays, clarinettist Rick Hardeman's quartet is on the bandstand. Music nightly from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Right now there's a large helping of jazz: Wednesday, April 29, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON'S** quintet will alternate with the **BILL HARDMAN-JUNIOR COOK** quintet *and* the **JOE MORELLO** quintet; Thursday, April 30, **HARRY JAMES** and his big



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band; Friday, May 1, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABBERCROMBIE**; Saturday, May 2, **BUDDY RICH** and *his* big band; Tuesday, May 5, **TONY BENNETT** (in a benefit concert); Thursday, May 7, Texas singer and songwriter **JOE ELY**; and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, the **HEATH BROTHERS** and **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **LARRY WILLIS** and **RED MITCHELL** are the piano-bass team through Saturday, May 2; on Monday, May 4, pianist Bill Dobbins will arrive with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** On Saturday, May 2, Mr. Short won't be here, but **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, will be. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-oriented pianist, is devoting himself right now to the music of Stephen Foster. Mr. Makowicz can be heard from eight until midnight through Saturday, May 2. Then, on Tuesday, May 5, **ELLIS LARKINS** will return to claim the keyboard.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Von Trigger, Nikko Toy, and Craig Bevan on Wednesday, April 29; Jr. Birdmen, Channel 5, and the Workers on Thursday, April 30; Shrapnel and the Donny Fury Band on Friday, May 1; and Waitresses, Velveteen (with Lisa Burns), and Teenage Furniture on Saturday, May 2. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott, an ex-Ellington vocalist, has taken on the singing duties through Sunday, May 3. On Tuesday, May 5, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return to demonstrate the art of delivering a blues lyric. She will be aided by pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen, and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

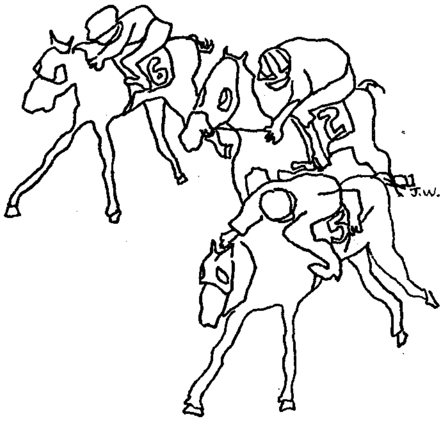
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, April 29, the X-Seamen's Institute; Thursday, April 30, the Fly by Night String Band; Saturday, May 2, the Tony Trischka Band; Sunday, May 3, Peter Spencer, Guy Davis, and Mike Agranoff; Wednesday, May 6, Martyn Wyndham-Read and the Derby Ram; Thursday, May 7, a jam session; Saturday, May 9, fiddlers Jay Ungar, Matt Glaser, and Evan Stover, with Russ Barenberg and Molly Mason. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 3, saxophonist Frank Strozier will direct a foursome from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. Cool-school trumpeter **CHET BAKER** has bassist **RON CARTER,** pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ,** and drummer **BEN RILEY** with him through Sunday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 5, **MILT JACKSON** will begin playing fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp with his quartet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The music: Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, **JOE LEE WILSON,** a loose, gutsy, scorching improvising singer, performs with his band, the Joy of Jazz; **AL HIBBLER,** Duke Ellington's "tonal pantomimer" (Ellington's description) for eight years in the forties, sings on Friday and Saturday, May 1-2; on Monday, May 4, singer Naomi Moody will work with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** and on Tuesday, May 5, Kansas City pianist **JAY MC SHANN,** bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and violinist Claude Williams will come in. On Sundays Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO** and a Brazilian-jazz band back up the wonderful singer **ANGELA SUAREZ.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.



Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DICK WELLSTOOD** can be found at the dining-room piano, playing just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, April 30, Shox Lumania and Eddie & Sunshine; Friday, May 1, Los Microwaves and Rubber Rodeo; and Saturday, May 2, the Blasters and Blue Riddim. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

Jazzmania's Stutz, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday through Sunday, May 1-3, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** will direct his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, and Friday through Sunday, May 8-10, will be given over to flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and his group. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** who directs a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** has the wonderful **CECIL MCBEE** for bass support through Saturday, May 2; on Tuesday, May 5, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated piano-bass-duos around, will take charge. Sundays are the property of pianist and singer **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, April 29, **BUDDY MILES;** Thursday, April 30, Orleans; Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, Cabin Fever; Sunday, May 3, Kinky Friedman; Monday, May 4, Peter Rowan; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5-6, blues guitarist **ALBERT KING;** and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, the Cobble Mountain Band. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** the baritone who left them swooning in the aisles at the Apollo years ago, is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs: The lineup: Wednesday, April 29, Del Phobics, Pencils, and Guitar Avenger Band; Thursday, April 30, Jimi Lalumia & the Psychotic Frogs, Superior Beings, and Mode I.Q.;

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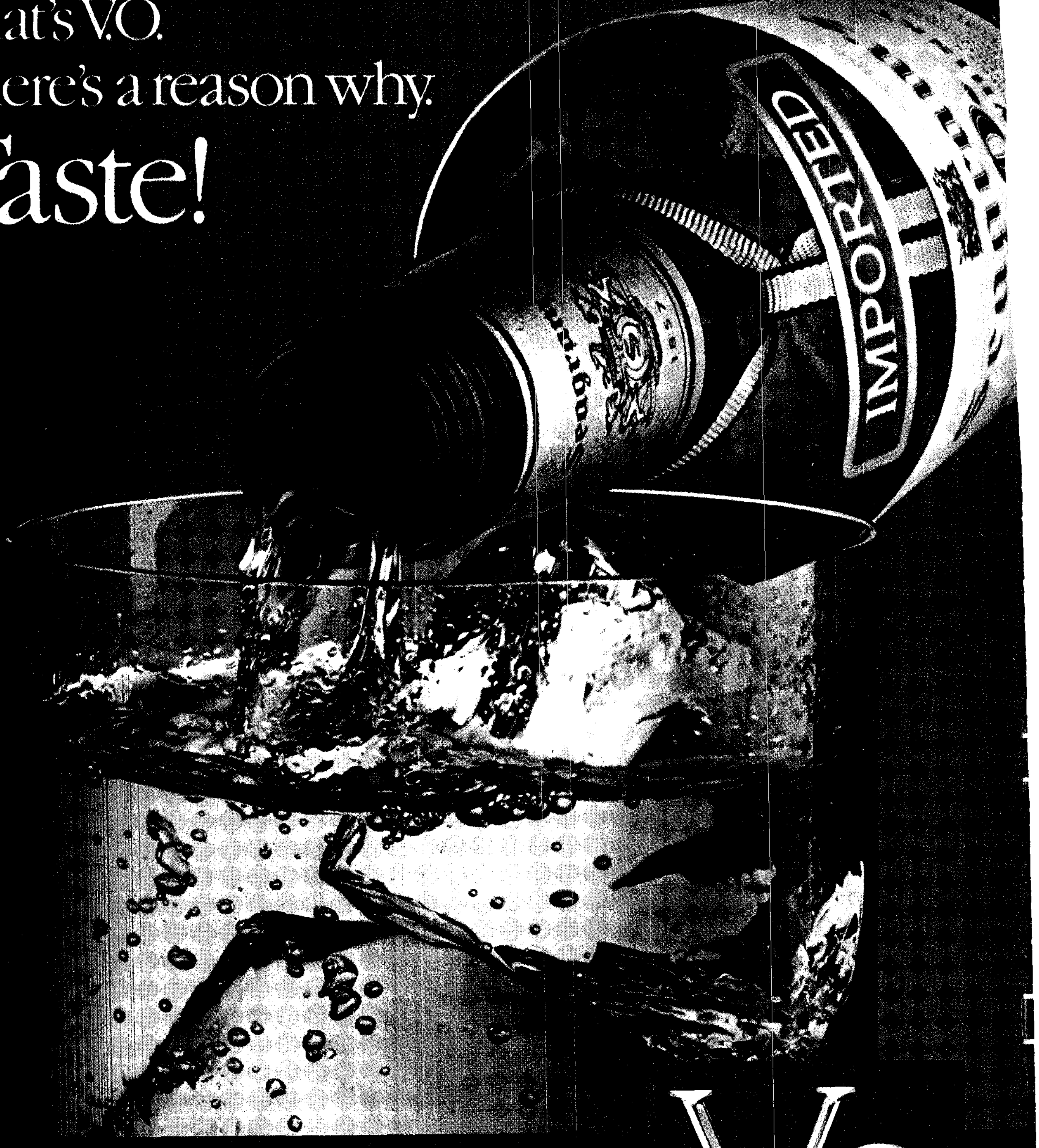

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Friday, May 1, David Roter Method and X-Davis; and Saturday, May 2, Satin Latins and the Peter Dayton Band. Music after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—Thursdays through Saturdays, this pretty restaurant, which offers nouvelle cuisine and nouvelle interior design—that is, uncluttered—might be called **Brooks Kerr,** because that is when the stride pianist and singer performs here. (It's actually named for its owner.) Mr. Kerr's sets begin at ten-thirty and end at two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Chris Connor** has settled in to sing with her backing band Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell sushi; it is this club. On Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, rhythm-and-blues singer Zulema will take the stage. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Thursday, April 30, Ronnie & the Jitters and Tiger Beats; Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, Robert Hunter; Thursday, May 7, Junk Rock and Will Rambeau; and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, guitarist **Happy Traum.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **Sy Oliver** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, April 29, Richard Hell & the Voidoids; Thursday through Saturday, April 30-May 2, Garland Jeffreys; Sunday, May 3, Orchestral Manoeuvers in the Dark; Wednesday, May 6, Get Wet; and Thursday, May 7, **Tina Turner.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Four singers—Marni Nixon, Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert—are appearing in the tribute of the month, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, April 29, Ed Palermo's band; Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, **Sybil Thomas,** a skillful R. & B. singer; Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3, Latin-jazz flutist **Dave Valentin;** Tuesday, May 5, Janice Pendarvis; and on Wednesday, May 6, trumpeter **Woody Shaw** will bring in his quintet. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, will be devoted to pianist **Danny Mixon** and his bassist. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Pianist and composer **Ray Bryant** heads up a quartet through Saturday, May 2; on Sunday, May 3, pianist Lou Stein will perform; and on Tuesday, May 5, hard-bop tenor saxophonist **Clifford Jordan** will move in with his combo. Mondays, the **Widespread Depression Orchestra,** a ten-piece unit, offers some non-depressing swing music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. Mondays through Wednesdays drummer and proprietor **John Lewis** leads his trio; Thursdays through Saturdays Ted Ross, who sang in "The Wiz," will be singing here. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues music: Wednesday, April 29, Wareika, a reggae band; Thursday, April 30, Navard & Dr. Jazz; Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, **Otis Rush,** for many enthusiasts the most exciting Chicago-blues guitarist; Sunday, May 3, Blue Riddim, another reggae unit; and Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, Guitar Jr. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **Uptown Horns,** a basic-blue soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school-stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin somewhere after ten.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: the Jitterz and Ivan Jenson on Wednesday, April 29; the F.R.O.N.T. and Sharks on Thursday, April 30; the Windows, the Lines, and La Peste on Friday, May 1; Chandra Dimension and Dance on Saturday, May 2; and Hot Dates on Tuesday, May 5. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **Dannie Richmond's** quintet is on hand through Sunday, May 3; on Tuesday, May 5, powerhouse drummer **Elvin Jones** descends the stairs with his quintet. On Wednesday, May 6, **Tony Bennett** will join Elvin Jones and company for a benefit concert. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays by **Sadik Hakim.** Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, **Jo Jones,** the master of the ride cymbal, the high-hat, and bass-drum bombs, leads a combo. On Saturday, May 2, **Benny Waters,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's now in his late seventies—will begin leading a quartet. Waters' tone sounds full and confident, and sometimes he plays three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of a single tune. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

McLain Family Band and Yankee Rebels—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Chuck Mangione—With the Chuck Mangione Quartet. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 2:30.)

Ozzy Osbourne—With Motor Head. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Anthony Davis and **Jay Hoggart**—Greene Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775. Saturday, May 2, at 8 and 9:30.

Michael Franks and Larry Coryell—With Jasmine and others, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

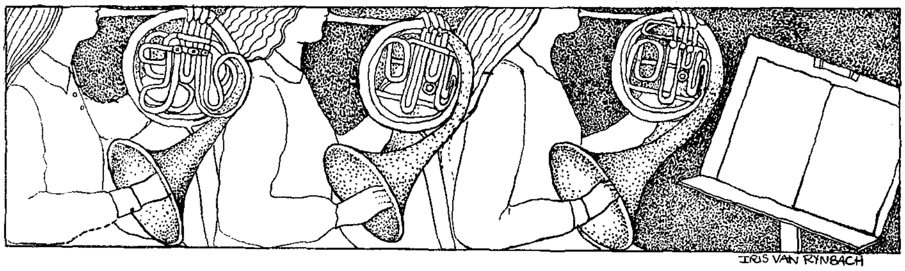
Galt MacDermot—A program of his music, performed by the New Pulse Jazz Band, plus a concert version of the MacDermot-Derek Walcott musical "O, Babylon!" (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 8, at 8. For tickets, call 582-3165.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, May 2: Syl Sylvain & the Teardrops and Wayne Kramer. . . . ¶ Friday, May 8: Bush Tetras. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9: Plimsouls. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 10: Jack Reilly's trio. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 1-3, at 10: Tommy Flanagan and Barry Harris. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Public Theatre—Friday and Saturday, May 1-2: Roy Haynes quartet, with tap-dancer Jimmy Slyde. . . . ¶ Friday, May 8: Charles Brackeen quintet and Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9: Ambrose Jackson Orchestra. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Shows begin at 9:30.)

Savoy—Friday, May 1: Soupy Sales. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2: Jeff Lorber Fusion. . . . ¶ Tues-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, May 5: Santana. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 6-10: Patti LuPone. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Shows begin at 9.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 30: Hilton Ruiz. . . . Friday, May 1: Roy Haynes. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2: The fourth in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring jam sessions with Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Ben Webster, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 8: Joe Lee Wilson & the Joy of Jazz. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9: Rachel Faro. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Adams—Recent cast-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jankel Adler (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent drawings (at 33 E. 74th St.; open Mondays) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.). Both through May 23.

Karl Blechen (1798-1840)—Landscape drawings made on a trip to Amalfi by a German Romanticist. Through Saturday, May 9. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Phyllis Bramson / Howardena Pindell—Works on paper by a Chicago New Imagist. / Abstract works incorporating pins and confetti and glitter. Through Saturday, May 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Kenneth Campbell / Robert Cronin—Stone sculptures. / Table-size soldered-metal sculptures. Through May 13. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lily Harmon—Paintings and drawings, all of which deal in some way with the flower children of the nineteen-sixties. Through May 16. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Abstract oils on wood. Through May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Twenty prints. Through May 30. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Drawings and watercolors of languid young women and Breton peasants. Through Saturday, May 9. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Large Expressionist paintings, including a view of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and a stirring depiction of a bayonet charge by the French Foreign Legion. Through Saturday, May 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Semi-abstract oils and drawings: Northwest landscapes and still-lifes. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Susan Rothenberg—Five ten-foot-square paintings. Through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Lucy Sallick—Five watercolors with overlapping images of the Maine coast, and acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, May 9. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Alan Siegel—Small box constructions, each offering a tiny waterfront (or underwater) vista, and each appointed with a starfish. Through Saturday, May 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Catharine Warren—Abstract collage paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Recent paintings and drawings by an American realist who now makes his home in Germany. Through May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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Paul Wunderlich—Landscapes, chiefly, by a German surrealist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Graphic Americana: original paintings done by the better-known (and some lesser-known) magazine and commercial artists of the past hundred years—i.e., N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell, and some thirty-five other illustrators. Through May 22. . . . **mc kee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Drawings by Stuart Diamond, Jake Berthot, Philip Guston, Katherine Porter, and others. Through May 20. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, drawings (Braque, Matisse, Picasso), and sculptures (Archipenko, Maillol, Calder), many never seen here before. Twenty-three artists in all. Through May 30. . . . **paul rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through May 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

William Allan—Large abstract acrylics and studies of the plant iris in watercolor. Through May 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—This group of paintings, many on loan from museums, serves as the Grace Borgenicht Gallery's annual exhibit of Avery's work as well as the first show in the gallery's new home. Through Saturday, May 9. (724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Collages and boxes. Through Saturday, May 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

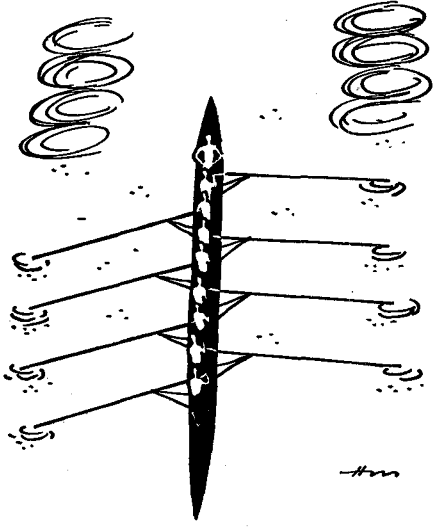
Daniel Brustlein—New paintings, including a series of four entitled "Quadriga." Through May 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Buckley—Abstract paintings by a London-based artist. Through May 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—New tables—cement and marble. Through Saturday, May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Large (floor-to-ceiling) nonobjective paintings, actually diptychs, with a sculptural quality. Through May 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Twenty-four collaged papier-mâché masks in Plexiglas boxes. Through Saturday, May 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)



Michael David—The cross, the Star of David, and the swastika (among other symbols), interpreted in oils and encaustics on shaped frameworks. Through Saturday, May 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Piero Dorazio / Sam Francis—Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, May 2. / Recent works. Through May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—New abstract oils, larger in scale than her earlier works. Through May 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—New sculptures and works on paper. Through June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Buckminster Fuller—Dymaxion sculptures, blueprints, and models by this Synergetic artist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Room after room of rowdy sculptures, reliefs, paintings, and drawings that deal with football, cowboys and Indians, sinister candy stores, traffic jams, Wall Street, and sundry other targets of opportunity for this maverick sculptor. Through Tuesday, May 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carol Haerer / Ross Neher—Recent paintings. / Abstract drawings. Through May 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

Juan Hamilton—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 9. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Colorful semi-abstractions based on vistas that catch the artist's eye as she rides to and from her farm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Through Saturday, May 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A three-gallery exhibit: Nine *paintings and two steel sculptures, through* Saturday, May 2, at the Blum Helman (20 W. 57th St.), drawings of plants at Castelli (4 E. 77th St.), also through Saturday, May 2, and more paintings at one of the Castelli galleries in SoHo (142 Greene St.), through Saturday, May 9.

William King—More than thirty new figure sculptures in painted wood and bronze. Through May 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and pastels, including a group of recent works, in the artist's first show here in ten years. Through Saturday, May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lilian MacKendrick—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, May 2. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through May 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Matta—A series of paintings entitled "The Magic Flute." Through Saturday, May 9. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70) / **David von Schlegell**—Surrealist paintings from the years 1930-46, about thirty-five in all. Through May 30. / New abstract wood sculptures, small in scale. Through Saturday, May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Hand-colored prints. Through May 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Barbara Siegel—Layered works on canvas and board in which a single subject (a landscape, *for instance*) is explored in several ways—as a collage, as a representational painting, as a Polaroid. Through Saturday, May 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nina Yankowitz—Abstract works on shaped panels. Through Saturday, May 9. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through May 30. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roger Brown—Stylized oil paintings: birds, flowers, and landscapes transformed into patterns. Through Saturday, May 9. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Pillar-shaped canvases in painted relief. Through Saturday, May 9. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Valerie Jaudon / Robert Kushner—Large pattern paintings that evoke Moorish ornamentation and Celtic manuscripts. / Fabric-and-paint profiles of women, twelve in all. Through Wednesday, May 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Harry Kramer / Beth Royer—Abstract paintings and drawings in colors thickly applied—a recent departure from his predominantly black-and-white palette. Also, drawings. / Wall works (painted muslin stretched over ribbed frames), suggestive of wings or sails. Through May 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Avital Oz / Marilyn Levine—Wall sculptures made from blocks of wood in a variety of shapes, all cut from four-by-fours. / Ceramic sculptures of everyday objects (a golf bag, a book bag, a handbag), made to look as though produced from leather. Through May 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Rachel Rolon de Clet—Works on paper. Through May 13. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Julian Schnabel / Douglas Huebler—Paintings (some incorporating broken plates) on canvas and on velvet. / Photographs (paired with storyboards) by a conceptual artist. Through Saturday, May 2. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Mary Boone Gallery, also at 420 West Broadway, has additional paintings by Mr. Schnabel. Through Thursday, May 7.

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through Saturday, May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Robert Swain / Nancy Genn—Paintings. / Handmade paper works. Through Saturday, May 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Photo-Realist oils and pencil drawings of commonplace objects and accessories (shirts on hangers, shoes on closet shelves). Through May 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Brian Wall—Abstract steel sculptures going back to 1954 and as recent as 1980. Through Saturday, May 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—The flower, as seen by seven painters and one sculptor. Included are two new oils by Elaine de Kooning, some small temperas by Morris Graves, and a large oil by Harriet Shorr. Through May 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

R. O. Blechman—Original drawings for *New Yorker* covers and other works. Through May 22. (International Typeface Corporation, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A joint exhibition of preparatory works for the construction of the Church of Saint-Pierre, at Firminy. The Institute of Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St., is showing (through June 13; open Mondays through Fridays) drawings and models from the first two stages of the church's development (1961-62); and Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St., will display (starting Monday, May 4; and thereafter open daily except Sundays) later drawings (1962-64) for the church by Le Corbusier, along with plans, drawings, and models (1970-79) by the Atelier Oubrerie, which continued the project after the architect's death.

Jody Pinto—A new sculptural installation entitled "Waterworks for Rapunsel and Henri La Mothe." Also, drawings and photographs of other recent works. Through May 19. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Jane Sargeant—Paintings and drawings, mostly still-lifes, but a few of them landscapes. Through May 16. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings on plywood and paper. Through May 16. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Images of Labor—Thirty-two original works (by Mimi Gross, William King, Seymour Chwast, and others) commissioned by District 1199, National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees. Through June 4. (Gallery 1199, at 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8.)

Group Show—The theme of the Goddard-Riverside Community Center's seventeenth annual art show, "Menagerie," is animal imagery in contemporary art. Among the forty-seven artists showing works on paper (mostly) are Benny Andrews, Rackstraw Downes, and Sandy Skoglund. Starts Saturday, May 2. (647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5:15 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fredrich Cantor—Current photographs of Paris and paintings on paper. Through May 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Capel-Cure (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Robert Doisneau—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past ("Les Pains de Picasso," "Les Animaux Supérieurs"). Through May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Roland L. Freeman / Bill Beckley—Photographs of black Americans at home and at work in rural communities and in large cities. / Twelve works combining photographs, drawing, and text. Through May 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Benno Friedman—Works in which a photograph and a pencil drawing are fitted together to form a continuous view. The subjects are landscapes and villages in the British Isles. Through Saturday, May 2. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

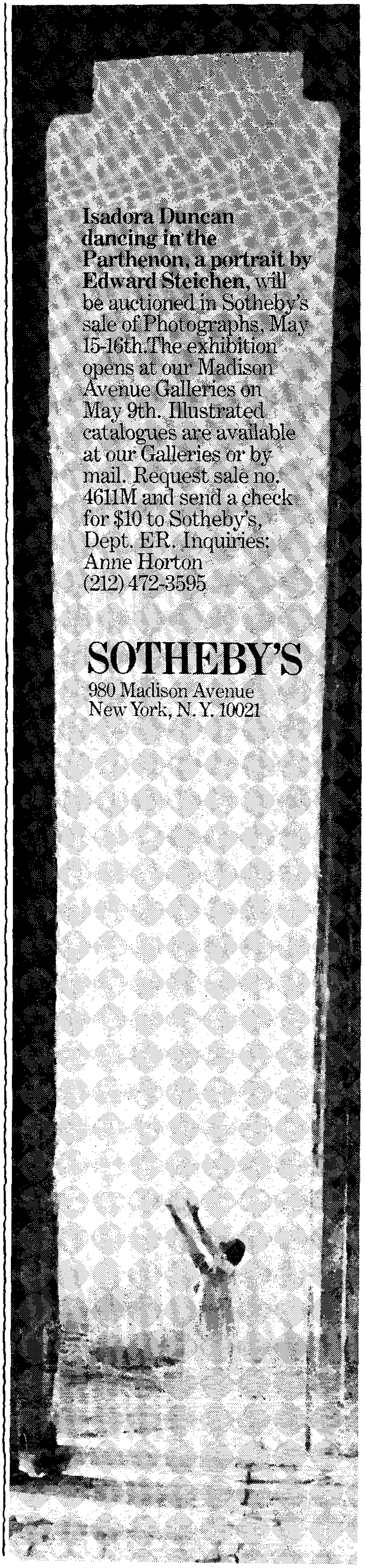
Tod Papageorge—Recent photographs of people taking their leisure by the chairman of the Photography Department at Yale. Through May 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Humphrey Spender—Photographs of (unaware) people taken in the thirties for the British anthropological project called Mass-Observation. Also a portrait of the artist's brother, Stephen Spender. Through May 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Surrealist Portraits—Fifty-five photographs by Man Ray, Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Saturday, May 9. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Starts Saturday, May 2. . . . ¶ A permanent installation of American glass, ceramics, silver, and pewter has opened on the balcony of the



Isadora Duncan dancing in the Parthenon, a portrait by Edward Steichen, will be auctioned in Sotheby's sale of Photographs, May 15-16th. The exhibition opens at our Madison Avenue Galleries on May 9th. Illustrated catalogues are available at our Galleries or by mail. Request sale no. 4611M and send a check for $10 to Sotheby's, Dept. ER. Inquiries: Anne Horton (212) 472-3595

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charles Engelhard Court in the new American Wing. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Starts Thursday, April 30. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, who organizes his paintings—some of which are gigantic—with grids and a commercial color-printing process. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ More than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions. Through Sunday, May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites will open its doors on Thursday, April 30. Devoted to the study of meteorites and related phenomena, this permanent exhibit will display photographs, lunar-rock samples, and the thirty-one-ton Ahnighito meteorite—the largest ever to hit the earth. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

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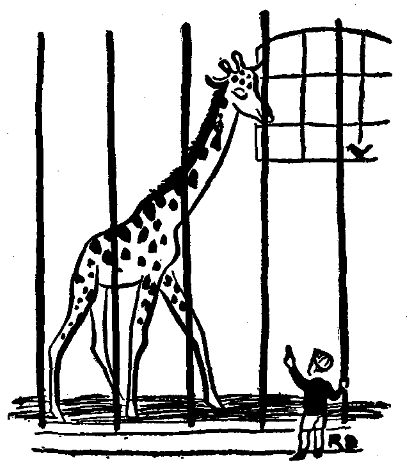
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), material (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan show of prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily, except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through Sunday, May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnet) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI," more than sixty works (none of which have been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Lebrun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, some on the wall, by contemporary artists from all over the country. Four of the artists are Dotty Attie, Charles Gaines, Liliana Porter, and Richard Yarde. Through May 23.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits containing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14. . . . ¶ On Saturday and Sunday, May 9-10, dance performances at 1, 3, and 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, staged by Nicholas Muni, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—The première of Lazar Weiner's opera "The Golem," conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sat-

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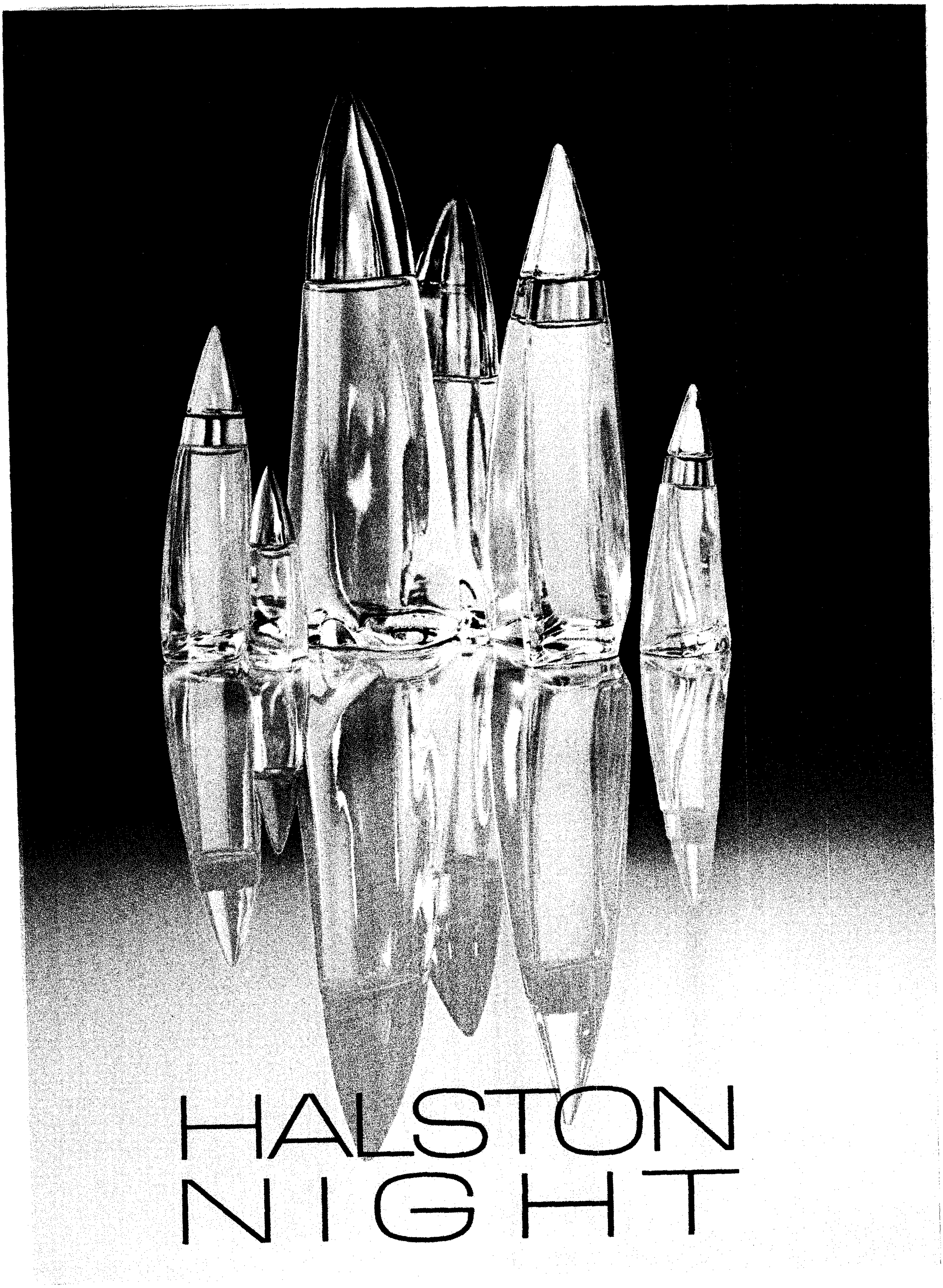
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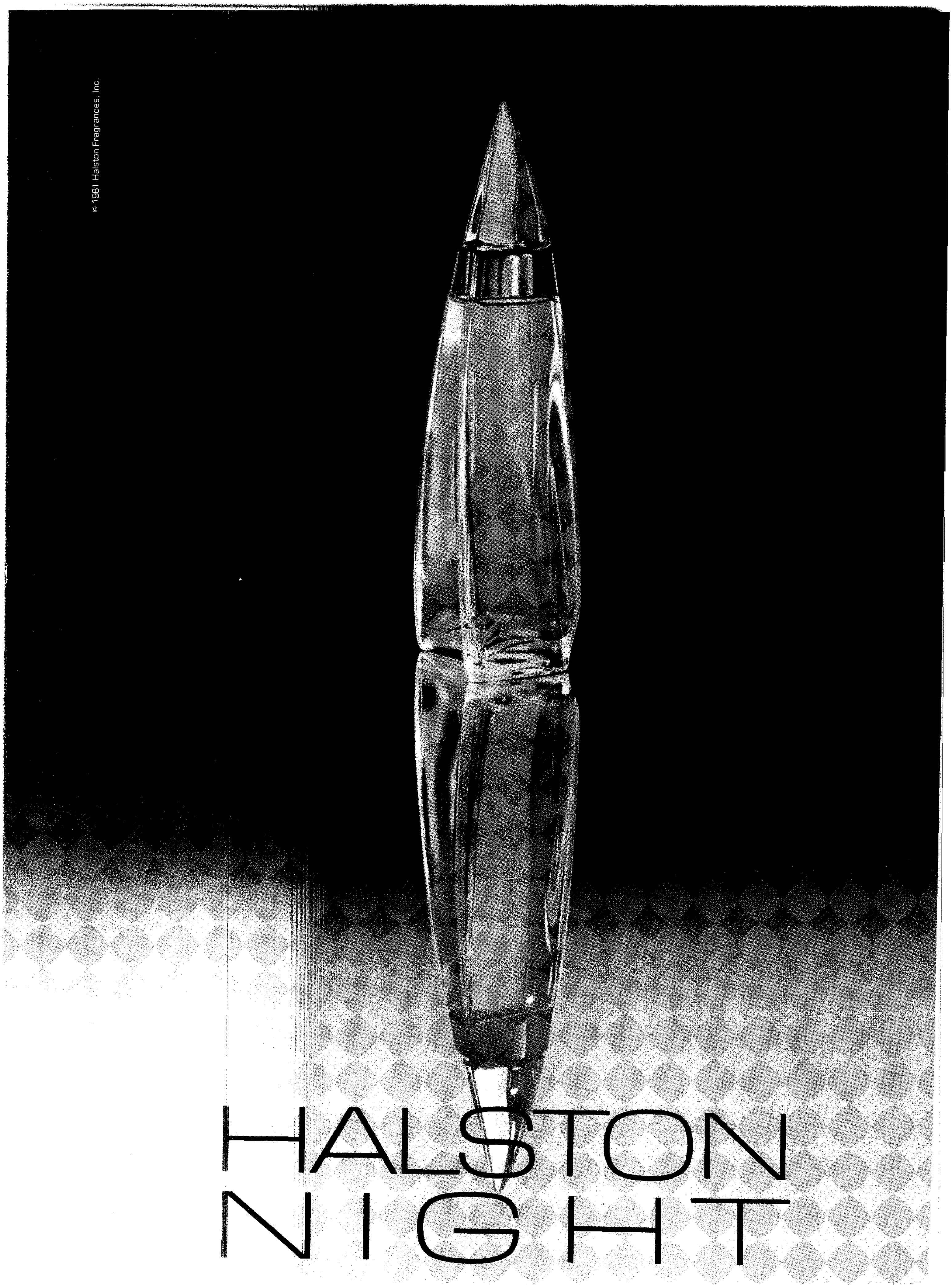
HALSTON
NIGHT

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The Royal Viking Sky finds a fabled landfall: the island of Moorea. Photograph by Elliot Erwitt.

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Where blue velvet mountains soar skyward, misted by a thousand waterfalls.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, May 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 3, at 2:30.)

New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Thursday through Saturday, April 30-May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season—Thursday, April 30, at 8; Friday, May 1, at 2; and Saturday, May 2, at 8: A Vivaldi-Liszt-Richard Strauss program, with Renée Siebert, flute; Carol Webb, violin; and Ken Noda, piano. Additional soloists on Friday will be Sol Greitzer, viola, and Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; and Saturday, May 9, at 8: A Bach-Penderecki-Berlioz program, with Mary Lindsay, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Boris Carmeli, bass; and the Westminster Choir.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, April 29, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8: Performances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; José van Dam, bass-baritone; Malcolm King, bass; Kenneth Riegel, tenor, on Friday; and Peyo Garazzi, tenor, on Saturday.

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—Lazar Gosman conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Friday, May 8, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Annabelle Bernard, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8: A performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; the Cleveland Orchestra Women's Chorus; and the Boy Choir of St. Thomas Church.

Mannes Orchestra—Gervase De Peyer conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing an Ives-Foss-Prokofieff program, with Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Evans, tenor; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus; and the New York University Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 3.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 2:30.)

Beethoven Society—Robert Shaw directing the Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music in an all-Beethoven program, with choruses from Bryn Mawr, Haverford, and Swarthmore Colleges. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 3.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting an all-Mozart program, with Daniel Phillips, violin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, May 3, at 3. For tickets call 275-5000.)

Melos Sinfonia of New York—Gervase De Peyer and Jean Françaix conducting the first concert by this new orchestra. With Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Jean-Jacques Kantorow, violin; Philippe Müller, cello; and Mr. De Peyer, clarinet. Aaron Copland and Mr. Françaix (whose Clarinet Concerto the orchestra will première) will offer commentary. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 9, at 8, and Sunday, May 10, at 3.)

Columbia University Collegium Renaissance Band—Susan Hellauer directing a program entitled "O Lusty May: Music for an English Springtime." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program entitled "The Italian Ars Nova: Vocal Virtuosity in the Springtime of the Renaissance." (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of German and American music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Concordia College Choir—Gerry Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing an all-Brahms program. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing performances of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Susan Belling, soprano; Catherine Robbin, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and Arthur Burrows, baritone. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The last two in a series of three programs, each consisting of a Brahms piano quartet and other works. Program II: With Michael Tree, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.) . . . ¶ Program III: With Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 5, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

New Repertory Ensemble of New York—A program of contemporary music from Brazil. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Daniel Phillips, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Robin Graham, horn; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of contemporary music, mostly premières, performed by the Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—A Mozart-Bartók program, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Robin Graham, horn; and Emanuel Ax and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, May 2, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, May 4-5, at 7:30.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, May 2, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—A program of German music performed by David Hart and Sandra Miller, baroque flute; James Richman, harpsichord; and Mary Springfels, viola da gamba. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Anthony di Bonaventura—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 3, at 3.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 3, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 8.)

Marion Thompson—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 4, at 8.)

Nelly Kokinos—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 4, at 8.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, May 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by James Kibbie. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 5:30.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The third in a series of four concerts played with a quartet, in this case Tashi. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Richard Shirk—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music by Josquin Des Prés, performed by the Symphonia Antiqua. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. For tickets, call 582-6464.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Elizabeth Rich and David Glazer—Piano and clarinet, in an all-Brahms program. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, May 7, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Jeffrey Kresky, and Erik Lundborg, performed by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; John Graham, viola; David Starobin, guitar; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

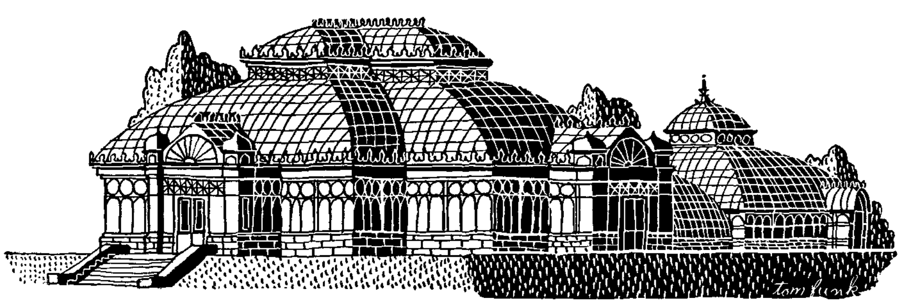
Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 8, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 2.)

New York Consort of Viols—A program entitled "The Sweet Power of Musicke," with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; John Genke, actor; Jerry Willard, lutenist; and the Court Dance Company of New York. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 9, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Indiana University School of Music—At Abraham Goodman House—Thursday, April 30, at 8: Robert Porco directing the Indiana University Chamber Choir in a program of works by Britten, Barber, Poulenc, Schoenberg, Petrassi, and Heiden. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 8: Frederick Fox conducting the



Indiana University New Music Ensemble in a program of works by Imbrie, Birtwistle, Mayuzumi, and others.

Greenwich House Music School Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Concert—Edward Houser conducting the Greenwich House Orchestra in a benefit concert, with Mayor Koch narrating "Peter and the Wolf" and the Bil Baird Marionettes performing "Carnival of the Animals." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Saturday, May 2, at 3:30. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

"Carnegie Hall at 90"—The hall's ninetieth anniversary will be celebrated by a re-creation of the inaugural program (Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture, Tchaikovsky's "Marche Solennelle," and Berlioz' "Te Deum"). The celebrants this time will include Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic and the Oratorio Society. Their counterparts that time were Walter Damrosch and the Philharmonic's then rival orchestra, the Symphony Society, and the Oratorio Society. The Oratorio Society goes on forever. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—The beneficiary is Symphony Space, and Peggy Cass, Agnes de Mille, Geoffrey Holder, Carmen de Lavallade, Eugene Istomin, Arnold Steinhardt, Michael Tree, and David Soyer, among others, will take part. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-8862, between noon and 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, May 1, at 8:05; Saturday, May 2, at 2:05; and Sunday, May 3, at 1:05 (double-header). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, May 5-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, May 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 9, at 2:05.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 2.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 2.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Rangers. The second game will be played at Nassau Coliseum (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100) Thursday, April 30, at 8:05; the third and fourth games at Madison Square Garden (Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400) Saturday, May 2, at 9:05, and Tuesday, May 5, at 8:35; and the final three, if required, at Nassau Coliseum on Thursday, May 7, and Tuesday, May 12, and at Madison Square Garden on either Saturday, May 9, or Sunday, May 10.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 2; the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 3; and the Withers, Saturday, May 9. . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 1, through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **Churchill Downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Washington. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 3, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Saturday through Friday, May 2-8, at 1:30; semifinals Saturday, May 9, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 10, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 268-6777.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 30, through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

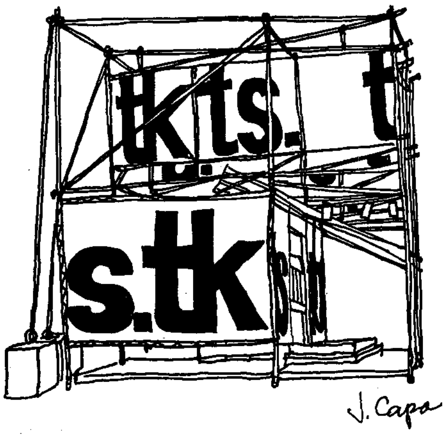
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the **92nd Street Y:** John Ashbery reading from his own poetry, Thursday, April 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Susan Sontag reading from her own prose, Monday, May 4, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **Manhattan Theatre Club:** David Ignatow, Stanley Moss, James Reiss, and Philip Schultz reading from poetry on the subject of fathers and sons. (321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, May 4, at 8.) . . . **Great Hall,** Cooper Union: Jayne Anne Phillips reading from her own fiction. (Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, May 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **Donnell Library Auditorium:** Linda Pastan and Dave Smith reading from their own poetry. (20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 7, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . **Books & Co.:** Carlos Fuentes reading from his own short stories and his novel "Distant Relations." (939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Thursday, May 7, at 7:30.)

Lecture—"Mexico and the United States: The Broader Issues," by Carlos Fuentes. (Low Memorial Library Rotunda, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-3769.)

Spring Antiques Show—American, European, and Asian rarities, including furniture, bronzes, glass, silver, jewelry, folk art, toys, books, and paintings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday through Sunday, May 1-3, from 1 to 10, and Monday, May 4, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, April 30, at 2: American folk paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, May 1, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Monday, May 4, at 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5-6, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, together with Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 2: Colonial paintings and sculptures of Latin America. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 2. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 8; Friday, May 8, at 2; and Saturday, May 9, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 2. . . . **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, May 1, at 10:15: American furniture and decorative works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, May 1, at 2, and Saturday, May 2, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorative arts, from the collection of John B. Schorsch and Marjorie H. Schorsch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 2. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 2. . . . **Sotheby's,** 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 29, at 2: Printed Americana, from the library of the late William E. Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts relating to Latin America and the Caribbean. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 30. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 30. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, May 1, at 10: American and British sporting paintings, drawings, and prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 30. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 10 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. Exhibition starts Friday, May 1. . . . **Phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, May 2, at 6: A hundred posters by such artists as Toulouse-Lautrec, Mucha, Steinlen, and Cassandre.



COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 24.

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, May 10 (day). Philadelphia, May 25 (d) and May 26-27 (night). Chicago, May 29 (n) and May 30-31 (d). Cincinnati, June 9-10 (n). . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, May 12-14 (night). Seattle, May 15-16 (n) and May 17 (day). Kansas City, May 18-20 (n). Cleveland, May 22-23 (n) and May 24 (d). Baltimore, June 2-4 (n). Chicago, June 5-6 (n) and June 7 (d).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 17.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. May 30.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 4-6.)

Racing—At **Pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 16. . . . **Belmont:** May 20-July 27. The Belmont, June 6. . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: June 1-Sept. 12. . . . **Epsom,** England: The Derby, June 3.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. *Toronto,* May 10. *Chicago,* May 17. Anderlecht of Belgium, May 20. Dallas, May 25. São Paulo of Brazil, June 4. Atlanta, June 7.

Music—**Avery Fisher Hall** (874-2424): Cleveland Orchestra, May 10. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic Spring Celebration: The Romantic Era, May 27-June 19. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, May 30. . . . **Carnegie Hall** (247-7459): Orquesta Filarmónica de la Ciudad de México, May 10-11. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 15. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony, May 16. . . . ¶ Ivo Pogorelich, piano, May 19. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, May 26. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Festival Concerts, May 28-June 11. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, June 8 (a concert postponed from March 15). . . . **Alice Tully Hall** (362-1911): Jupiter Symphony, May 10. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 11. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, May 13. . . . ¶ Ilana Vered, piano, May 21. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, May 30. . . . ¶ Michael May, piano, May 31. . . . **Kaufman Concert Hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Guarneri Quartet, May 12, 14, 19, 21, 26, and 28. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, May 13. . . . ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, May 16. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, May 20. . . . ¶ Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, May 31.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "It Had To Be You," a two-character comedy written and performed by Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna. . . . ¶ A three-week return engagement of Alec McCowen's recitation of St. Mark's Gospel. . . . ¶ A play by Oliver Hailey, "I Won't Dance," with David Selby, Gail Strickland, and Arlene Golonka. . . . ¶ Lena Horne will appear in "The Lady and Her Music," a musical show that traces her career. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Wally's Café," by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, with James Coco, Rita Moreno, and Sally Struthers. . . . ¶ A musical, "Oh Me, Oh My, Oh Youmans," which played Off Broadway briefly earlier this season. The music is, of course, Vincent Youmans', and the lyrics are those of Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Billy Rose, to name but a few. Repeating their roles for Broadway will be Todd Taylor, Sally Woodson, Jo Ann Cunningham, and Ronald Young.

Dance—Sydney Dance Company, at City Center, May 27-31.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 23-25, May 30-31, and June 6-7. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 25. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 3: "Joana Francesa" (1973; *directed by Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian* film, in Portuguese), with Jeanne Moreau and Carlos Kroeber, will be shown nightly at 8, after which the director will be present. At 10, another film by Mr. Diegues—a different one each night—will be shown.

May 4: Theatre closed.

From May 5: Films by the Argentine director Torre Nilsson—a different one each day, all in Spanish.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through May 5: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field), a documentary film; and "Love It Like a Fool: A Film About Malvina Reynolds" (Susan Wengraf), a short documentary film.

From May 6: "Impostors" (Mark Rappaport), with Peter Evans and Charles Ludlam.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through the afternoon of April 30: "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (†); and "Tribute" (Bob Clark), with Jack Lemmon and Robby Benson.

April 30 at 7:45 and 9:45: A benefit showing of "Revolution or Death," a documentary about El Salvador.

May 1-7: "The Elephant Man" (†); and "Middle Age Crazy" (John Trent), with Bruce Dern and Ann-Margret.

From May 8: "Raging Bull" (†) and "Interiors." (†)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through April 30: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.

From May 1 (tentative): "Caddyshack" (*Harold Ramis*), with Chevy Chase and Rodney Dangerfield; and "10." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through April 30: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

From May 1: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Excalibur." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Thief." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through May 7: "Ordinary People." (†)

From May 8: "This Is Elvis" (Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach. From May 3: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. From May 8: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Cocktail Molotov" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron.

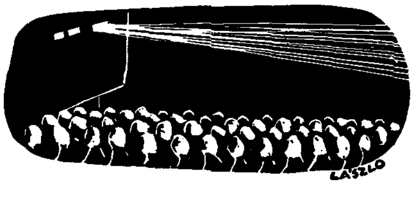
Theatre 2: Through May 7: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 8: "Second Hand Hearts" (Hal Ashby), with Robert Blake and Barbara Harris.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 30: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

From May 1: "Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie and Marlene Dietrich.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)



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3	4	5	6	7	8	9

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

Theatre 1: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Theatre 2: Through May 2: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold. From May 3: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris. May 1-7: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms. From May 8: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Excalibur." (†)

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Alice in Wonderland." (†) From May 1: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

Theatre 2: "Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Atlantic City." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through April 30: "Raging Bull." (†)

May 1-7: "Thief." (†)

From May 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

Through April 30: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

From May 1: "Ordinary People." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 30: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris.

May 1-7: "Caddyshack" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Rodney Dangerfield; and "10." (†)

From May 8: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through April 30: "The Fog" (†) and "Halloween." From May 1: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter. From May 1: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through May 7: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. From May 8: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan.

Theatre 2: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through April 30: "D.O.A." (directed by Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock.

From May 1: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Thief." (†) From May 1: "Portrait of Teresa" (Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados.

Theatre 3: Through May 7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8 (tentative): "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 1: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "Ossessione." (†)

May 2: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "Double Indemnity." (†)

May 3: "Double Indemnity" (†) and "The Big Sleep." (†)

May 4: "The Big Sleep" (†) and "Farewell, My Lovely." (†)

May 5: "Farewell, My Lovely" (†) and "Murder, My Sweet." (†)

May 6: "Murder, My Sweet" (†) and "Marlowe." (†)

May 7: "Marlowe" (†) and "The Long Goodbye." (†)

May 8: "The Long Goodbye" (†) and "The Thin Man." (†)

May 9: "The Maltese Falcon" (†) and "Lady in the Lake." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Where's Poppa?"(†) and "King of Hearts."(†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through May 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

From May 3: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Atlantic City." (†)

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 2: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Theatre 3: "Don Giovanni." (†)

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

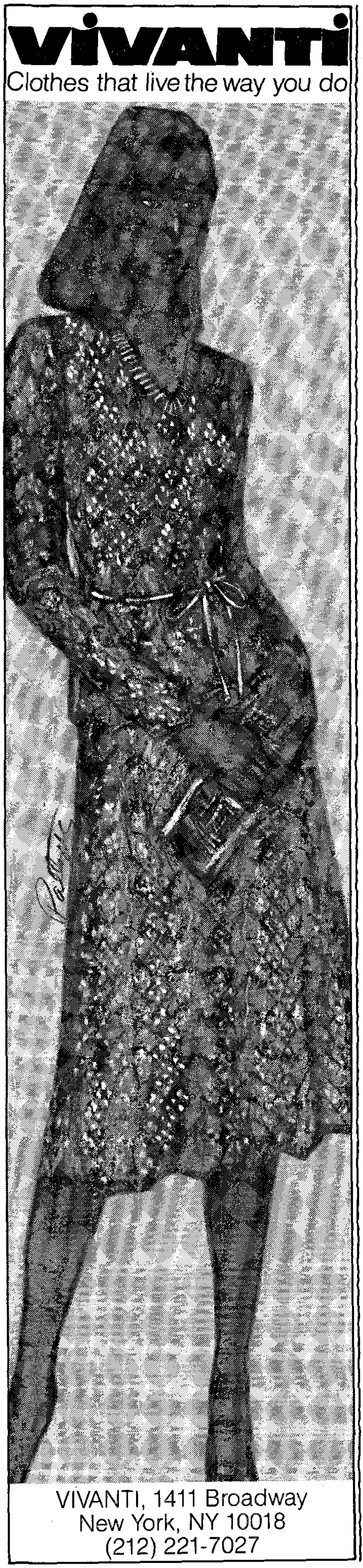
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." (†) From May 6: "Black and White Like Day and Night" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through May 7: "Ordinary People." (†) From May 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: Through May 7: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tobakov and Yelena Solovei. From May 8:

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN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"Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Excalibur." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci.
Theatre 3: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)
Theatre 4: "Eyewitness." (†)

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) May 1–7: "Eyewitness." (†) From May 8: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 30: "Thief." (†) May 1–7: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From May 8: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Halloween" (†) and "The Fog." (†) From May 1: "Caddyshack" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Rodney Dangerfield; and "10." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 3: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 4: "Knightriders" (George A. Romero), with Ed Harris; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
Theatre 5: "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 6: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Thief." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
Theatre 4: Through April 30: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold. From May 1: "Atlantic City." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Alice in Wonderland." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Heaven's Gate" (Michael Cimino), with Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through April 30: "Atlantic City." (†) From May 1: "King of the Mountain" (Noel Nosseck), with Harry Hamlin and Joseph Bottoms.
Theatre 2: Through April 30: "Going Ape!" (Jeremy Joe Kronsberg), with Tony Danza and Jessica Walter. From May 1: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Excalibur." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 7: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
From May 8: "Squeeze Play" (Samuel Weil), with James Harris.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 7: "The Hand" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Caine and Andrea Marcovicci. From May 8: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Caveman" (Carl Gottlieb), with Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 29: "The Shining" (directed by Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall.
April 30: "The Joke" (1969; Jaromil Jireš; in Czech); and "The Shop on Main Street" (1965; Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos; in Czech), with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska.
May 1: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.
May 2: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
May 3: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.
May 4: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "I Vitelloni." (†)
May 5: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Scandal" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
May 6: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Burn!" (1970; Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando.
May 7: "Mondo Cane" (1963; Gualtiero Jacopetti); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.
May 8: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
May 9: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 29: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
April 30: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
May 1: "Savage Messiah" (1972; Ken Russell), with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
May 2: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
May 3: "Humoresque" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Joan Crawford and John Garfield; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945; Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. At 11:30 A.M., a free showing of "Carnegie Hall" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Marsha Hunt, William Price, and others, shown in celebration of Carnegie's ninetieth anniversary.
May 4: Three films by the Danish director Jørgen Leth: "A Sunday in Hell" (1976), "Good and Evil" (1975), and "Step on Silence" (1981). Mr. Leth will be present at 6:45 and 9:45.
May 5: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, and Melvyn Douglas; and "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine.
May 6: "La Notte" (†); and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
May 7: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Cat and Mouse." (†)
May 8: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
May 9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Odd Couple." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach.
May 1-2: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
May 3-5: "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly"

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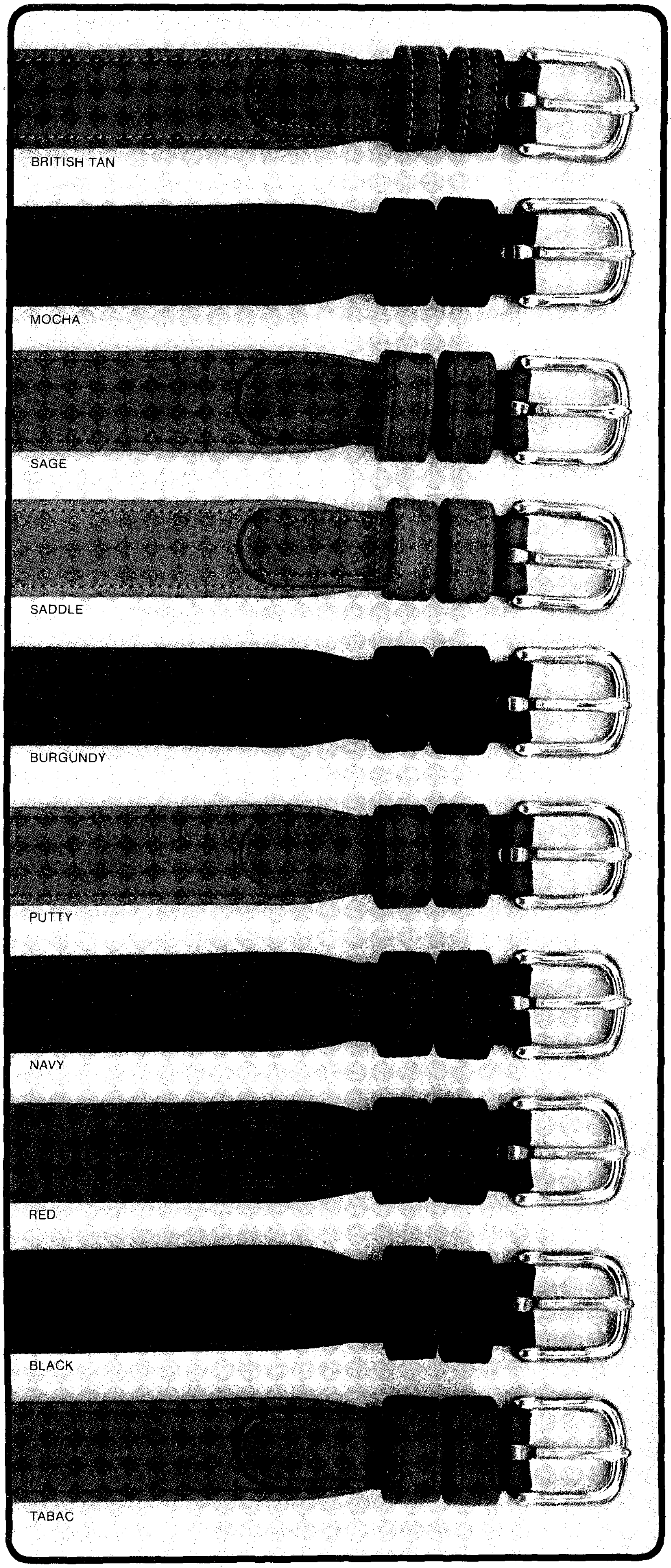
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1968) and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), both films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.

May 6-7: "Stay As You Are" (1979; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

May 8-9: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 30: "Breaking Glass" (Brian Gibson), with Hazel O'Connor.

From May 1: "Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie and Marlene Dietrich.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 29: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (1955; Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg.

April 30-May 2: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

May 3-5: "The Thin Man" (†); and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 6-9: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (Busby Berkeley), with Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert, Dick Powell, and Gloria Stuart.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 29: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

April 30-May 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

May 3-5: "The Stunt Man" (†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" (1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.

May 6-9: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 30: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

May 1-3: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

May 4-6: "Born Yesterday" (†); and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

May 7-9: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Olympia Triplex I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through April 30: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

May 1-2: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Joseph Andrews" (1978; Tony Richardson), with Ann-Margret and Peter Firth.

May 3-5: "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

May 6-7: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

May 8-9: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 2: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

May 3-4: "As You Like It" (†) and "The Beggar's Opera." (†)

May 5-6: "Khartoum" (1966; Basil Dearden), with Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier; and "Battle of Britain" (1969; Guy Hamilton).

May 7-9: "Carrie" (1952; William Wyler), with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe and Olivier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 29: "No Man of Her Own" (1932; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Hands Across the Table" (1935; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, and Astrid Allwyn.

April 30: "Last Command" (1928; Josef von Sternberg), with William Powell; and "Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg), with George Bancroft.

May 1-2. "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

May 3: "Robert et Robert" (†) and "Cat and Mouse." (†)

May 4: Three Second World War documentaries: "Let There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), "Battle of San Pietro" (1945; John Huston), and "War Comes to America" (1945; Frank Capra).

May 5: "Les Biches" (1968; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Jacqueline Sassard, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran; and "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff.

May 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Big Carnival" (1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

May 7: "China Gate" (†); and "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.

May 8-9: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

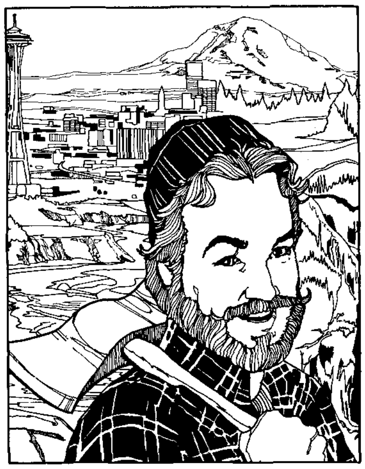
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 29: "High Pressure" (1932; Mervyn LeRoy), with William Powell, Evelyn Brent, and Ben Alexander; and "The Key" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Colin Clive, William Powell, and Edna Best.

April 30: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and Olivia de Havilland; and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

May 1-2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

May 3: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel,



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Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

May 4: "The Public Enemy" (†) and "Little Caesar." (†)

May 5: "Juarez" (†); and "Dr. Socrates" (1935; William Dieterle), with Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak, and Barton MacLane.

May 6: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

May 7: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (1962; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas.

May 8-9: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe); and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: April 30 at 2:30: "A Matter of Fat" (1969; directed by William Weintraub). . . . April 30 at 6: "Jean Carignan, Violoneux" (1975; Bernard Gosselin). . . . May 1 at 2:30: "Pour la Suite du Monde" (1964; Michel Brault, Marcel Carrière, and Pierre Perrault). . . . May 2 at noon: "Au Bout de Ma Rue" (1958; Louis-Georges Carrier), "La Patinoire" (1963; Gilles Carle), "I'm a Mammal and So Are You" (1972), "The Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes" (1968; William Mason), and "Le Beau Plaisir" (1968; Pierre Perrault, Bernard Gosselin, and Michel Brault). . . . May 2 at 2:30: "A Matter of Fat." . . . May 3 at noon: "Au Bout de Ma Rue," "La Patinoire," "I'm a Mammal and So Are You," "The Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes," and "Le Beau Plaisir." . . . May 3 at 2:30: "Cree Hunters of Mistassini" (1974; Boyce Richardson and Tony Ianzelo) and "You Are on Indian Land" (1969; George C. Stoney, Mort Ransen, Noel Starblanket, and Mike Mitchell). . . . May 4 at noon: "Some American Feminists" (1978; Luce Guilbeault, Nicole Brossard, and Margaret Wescott). . . . May 4 at 2:30: "Les Voitures d'Eau" (1967; Pierre Perrault). . . . May 5 at noon: "Some American Feminists." . . . May 5 at 2:30: "Going the Distance" (1979; Paul Cowan) and "Pretend You're Wearing a Barrel" (1978; Jan-Marie Martell). . . . May 7 at 2:30: "Cree Hunters of Mistassini" and "You Are on Indian Land." . . . May 7 at 7:30: "North China Factory" (1980) and "North China Commune" (1980), both directed by Boyce Richardson and Tony Ianzelo. . . . May 8 at 2:30: "Wet Earth and Warm People" (1971) and "Waiting for Fidel" (1974), both directed by Michael Rubbo. . . . May 8 at 6: "Le Canot à Renald à Thomas" (1980; Bernard Gosselin). . . . May 9 at noon: "Snow" (1961; Barrie McLean), "Above the Horizon" (1964; Roman Kroitor and Hugh O'Connor), "La Moisson" (1966; Arthur Lamothe), and "Gold" (1955; Colin Low). . . . May 9 at 2:30: "Going the Distance" and "Pretend You're Wearing a Barrel." . . . May 9 at 5: "North China Factory." . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC films scheduled during this period: April 30 at 8:30: "Handicapped Love" (1979; Marlies Graf; a Swiss film). . . . May 7 at 6: "Fried Shoes, Crooked Diamonds" (1979; Constanzo Allione). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 29 at 6: "In for Treatment" (The Netherlands; Erik Van Zuylen and Marja Kok). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8:30 and May 1 at 6: "An Italian Woman" (Italy; Giuseppe Bertolucci). . . . ¶ May 1 at 8:30: "In for Treatment." . . . May 2 at 6: "Immacolata e Concetta" (Italy; Salvatore Piscicelli). . . . ¶ May 2 at 8:30 and May 3 at 6: "Bhavni Bhavai" (India; Ketan Mehta). . . . ¶ May 3 at 8:30 and May 4 at 6: "Brussels-Transit" (Belgium; Samy Szlingerbaum). . . . ¶ May 4 at 8:30: "Immacolata e Concetta." . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "Pixote" (Brazil; Hector Babenco). . . . ¶ May 5 at 8:30 and May 6 at 6: "Aziza" (Tunisia/India; Abdellatif Ben Ammar). . . . ¶ May 6 at 8:30: "Pixote." (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Time Zones" (1980; Ira Schneider), a videotape installation, with Tom Zafian. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 29 at 8: "Orphée" (1950) and "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960), both films directed by Jean Cocteau, in French, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "Presents" (1981; Michael Snow). . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: A program of films by Bob Branaman, Wallace Berman, Michael Stewart, and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 1 at 10: "She Had Her Gun All Ready" (1978) and "Beauty Becomes the Beast" (1979), both films directed by Vivienne Dick. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2: A video program by Taka Iimura. . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: A program of films by George Landow, Manuel de Landa, and Ericka Beckman. . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Guerillere Talks" (1978; Vivienne Dick) and "Children of the Golden West" (1977; Lenny Lipton). . . . ¶ May 5 at 8: A program of video films by Edin Velez, Suzanne Tedesko, and Dimitri Devyatkin. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Liberty's Booty" (1980) and "Visibility: Moderate" (1981), both films directed by Vivienne Dick. . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: A video program by Bill Viola. . . . ¶ May 7 at 8: "She Has Her Gun All Ready" and "Beauty Becomes the Beast." . . . ¶ May 7 at 10: A program of films by Branaman, Berman, Stewart, and Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "Vermont in 3½ Minutes" (1963; Linda Talbot) and "The Dancing Souls of the Walking People" (1974-78; Paula Gladstone). . . . ¶ May 8 at 10: "Liberty's Booty" and "Visibility: Moderate." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: A program by Silvianna Goldsmith. . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: A program of films by George and Mike Kuchar.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Cinema Studio; through May 5.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ Loews New York; through April 30.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this British production is by no means contemptible; it's enjoyable even in its disappointing moments. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a great theatrical technician who specialized in heartbreaking gamine charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is necessary, and she's handicapped by her age (she was close to forty) and by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines. One doesn't think of her as Fräulein Rosalind—one just doesn't make contact with her Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando; there's a real interpretation at work here—his reactions make one grin. With Henry Ainley, Richard Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, Leon Quartermaine, Felix Aylmer, Aubrey Mather, John Laurie, and Peter Bull. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. Adapted by J. M. Barrie and Robert Cullen. (Regency; May 3-4.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Loews Tower East, and Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews State; through April 30. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting May 1.)

The Beggar's Opera (1953)—Pure pleasure: the ballad-opera about the highwayman Captain Macheath and his escapes from the law and the ladies, with Laurence Olivier doing his own singing (he has a pleasant light baritone) as the dashing Macheath. This is one of his most playful, sophisticated, and least-known roles. It was Swift who suggested that a "Newgate pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing," and John Gay worked out the idea in a new form—a musical play with the lyrics fitted to existing music. To Londoners weary of the bombast of Italian opera, Gay's corrupt gang of thieves, highwaymen, whores, and informers was the fresh, sweet breath of England. Gay satirized the politics of the day as well as the heroics of Italian opera; many of his targets are now a matter for historians, but the large butt of the joke—the corruption and hypocrisy of mankind—is still around. And by the time Peter Brook directed this film (his first, and the only comedy he has ever made), a new set of conventions, as tired and inflated as Italian opera, was ready for potshots—the conventions of the movies: the chaste heroines, the intrepid Robin Hood heroes, the phony realism. Dennis Cannan and Christopher Fry adapted the text freely, retaining the mocking, raffish spirit, and Arthur Bliss arranged the score so that we come out humming the pretty airs. And the actors are having such a good time playing scoundrels that their zest for villainy is infectiously satiric. Stanley Holloway is a magnificent Lockit, and shows off his fine, deep voice. Most of the others are dubbed, but they perform in such an offhand manner that the dubbing is inoffensive. It even comes in for a bit of parody when Dorothy Tutin, as dear Polly Peachum, sings while rowing a boat. She obviously isn't singing the way anyone rowing would sing; she smiles like a cat who has swallowed a canary, as indeed she has. Athene Seyler is a great Mrs. Trapes; George Devine is Peachum; Yvonne Furneaux is Jenny Diver; Daphne Anderson is Lucy Lockit; Hugh Griffith is the Beggar; Mary Clare is Mrs. Peachum; Margot Grahame is the Actress. The color cinematography is by Guy Green. Commercially, the film was a disaster, and it has rarely been revived. (Regency; May 3-4.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (Harold Clurman; May 3-4.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Manhattan, and Olympia Triplex; starting May 8.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Mini Cinema; May 4-6.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Cat and Mouse (1978)—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (Thalia; May 3. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

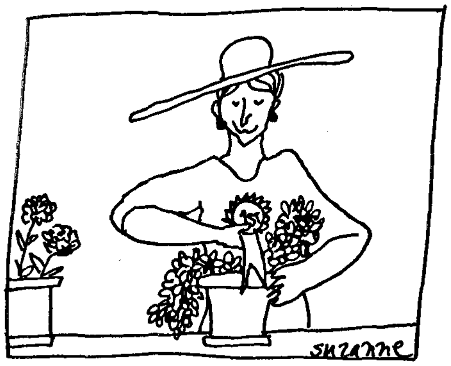
China Gate (1957)—Samuel Fuller wrote and directed this sock-it-to-'em action melodrama, in which Nat (King) Cole appeared, along with Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Lee Van Cleef, and Marcel Dalio. Victor Young and Max Steiner were responsible for the music. (Thalia; May 7.)

Don Giovanni (1979)—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story, and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the *film-noir* genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman-husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hard-boiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect isn't: except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Byron Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklos Rozsa. (Harold Clurman; May 2-3.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (St. Marks Cinema; May 1-7.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film is like Flaubert's more exotic fantasies—one lush, enraptured scene after another. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. The characters aren't scaled heroically enough for the myths built on their adventures, so we don't experience the elation that we have come to expect at the end of a heroic story, but the film gives us a different kind of elation. It's as if Boorman were guiding us down a magic corridor and kept parting the curtains in front of us. With Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)



Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; May 1-7.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (Harold Clurman; May 4-5.)

The Fog (1980)—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Loews Orpheum, and Criterion Theatres; through April 30.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—There's a bloom on everything Paul Newman does in the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through the afternoon of April 30. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; through April 30.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Cinema 3, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting May 1.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera's tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. "Halloween" keeps you nervous and jumpy rather than pleasurably excited. Yet it has been a huge box-office success, and a lot of people seem to be convinced that it's a classic. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, P. J. Soles, Nancy Loomis, and Tony Moran as the monster. Music by Carpenter; he also wrote the screenplay, with the producer, Debra Hill. Shot in Los Angeles. (Loews Orpheum, and Criterion Theatres; through April 30.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 8.)

Juarez (1939)—The time is the eighteen-sixties. Paul Muni is the straight, stern President of Mexico, with bowed, heavy shoulders and a rigid profile. Brian Aherne, in blond sideburns and chin whiskers, is the gentle, ineffectual Hapsburg Archduke Maximilian, who becomes a puppet emperor, and Bette Davis, huge-eyed and wearing a black wig, is the barren, doomed Empress Carlota. She looks both fragile and tempestuous, and gets a chance to show off her best violent spasms when she pleads for help at the Tuileries and frightens the Empress Eugénie (Gale Sondergaard, who doesn't frighten easy). It's a lumpy movie; Muni's big-star solemn righteousness is like a dose of medicine. But there are incidental diversions: John Garfield, as Díaz, gives a blue-ribbon bad performance, and Claude Rains, Joseph Calleia, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp, and Harry Davenport all stomp around in fancy costumes. William Dieterle directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star and the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Harold Clurman; May 9.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—In his novel, set in 1953, Raymond Chandler situated his incorruptible knight Philip Marlowe in Los Angeles, the city famed as the place where you go to sell out. And Chandler wrote to his agent that what he cared about in this book was "how any man who tried to be honest looks in the end either sentimental or plain foolish." Chandler's sentimental foolishness is the taking-off place for Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares*. Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" parodied the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," this picture is just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Altman tells a detective story all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. Vilmos Zsigmond is responsible for the offhand visual pyrotechnics (the imagery has great vitality); John Williams' score is a witty series of variations on the title song; the script is credited to Leigh Brackett, but when you hear the Altman-style improvisatory dialogue you know you can't take that too literally. (Harold Clurman; May 7-8.)

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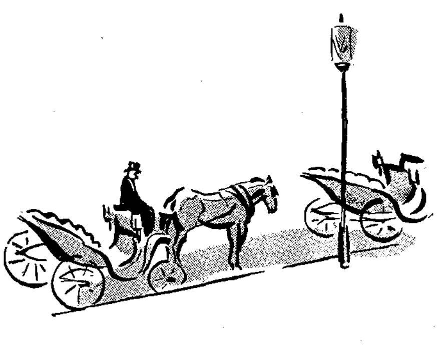
The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economical dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters who are so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. It is (and this is rare in American films) a work of entertainment that is yet so skillfully constructed that after many years and many viewings it has the same brittle explosiveness —and even some of the same surprise—that it had in its first run. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, and Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops. Huston was a good enough screenwriter to see that Hammett had already written the scenario, and he didn't soften Sam Spade's character. Bogart played him as written by Hammett, and Hammett was not sentimental about detectives: they were cops who were going it alone—i.e., who had smartened up and become more openly mercenary and crooked. Bogart's Spade is a loner who uses nice, simple people—a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual: he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. A flaw: the appalling Warners music (by Adolph Deutsch), rising and swelling to call our attention to the big "I won't, because all of me wants to" speech at the end, almost kills the scene. And a regret: that Huston didn't (or couldn't) retain Hammett's final scene—when Effie realizes what a bastard Spade is. But perhaps the absence of that final scene is part of what made the movie a hit: Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), which was a box-office failure—perhaps because the audience was forced to see what was inside their hero. Warners had already got its money's worth out of "The Maltese Falcon"—in 1931, with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels, and again in 1936, as "Satan Met a Lady," with Warren William and Bette Davis. (Harold Clurman; May 9.)



Marlowe (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Harold Clurman; May 6-7.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; starting May 8.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Harold Clurman; May 5-6.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems a vacant pose. Marcello Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot,

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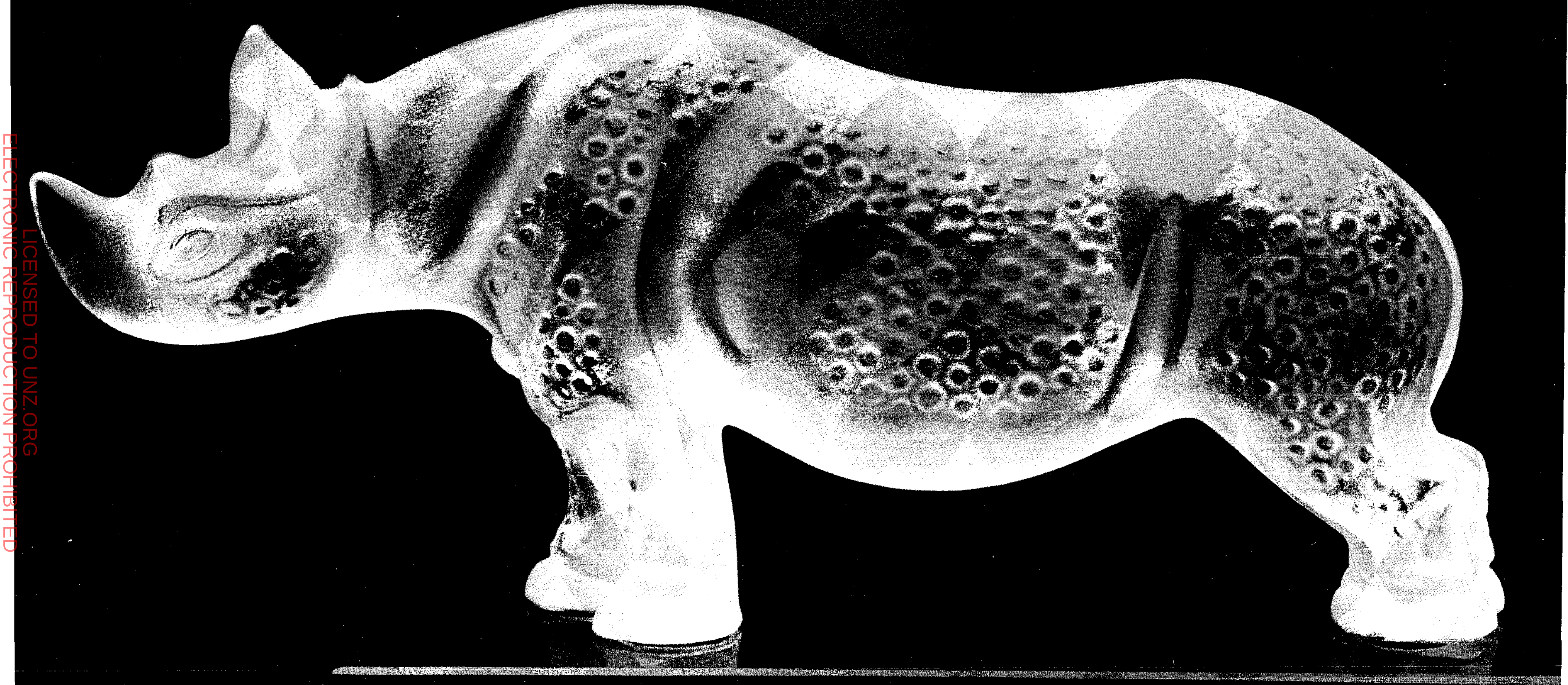

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Gene Saks the director. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Sutton, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting May 1.)

Ossessione (1942)—Directed in Italy by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie (see below). The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Somewhat dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (Harold Clurman; May 1.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossy bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, pre-moral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a show-offy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Harold Clurman; May 1-2.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of the novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his over-deliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Coronet; through May 7. . . . ¶ Loews New York; starting May 1.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Theatre 80 St, Marks; May 4.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro). Scorsese tries to turn raw, pulp power into art and loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (72nd Street East; through April 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 8.)

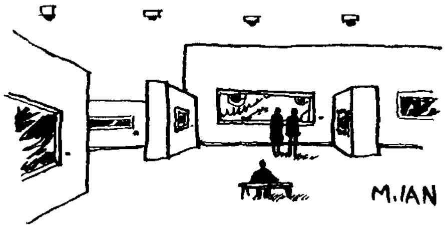
Robert et Robert (1979)—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonely-hearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch (who gave us the stifling "A Man and a Woman") is more interested in pathos than in humor, and his patronizing banality eventually silences laughter and makes us sense that we have been somehow used. In French. (12/10/79) (Thalia; May 3.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 3-5.)

10 (1979)—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (U. A. East; May 1-7. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting May 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 1, tentative.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

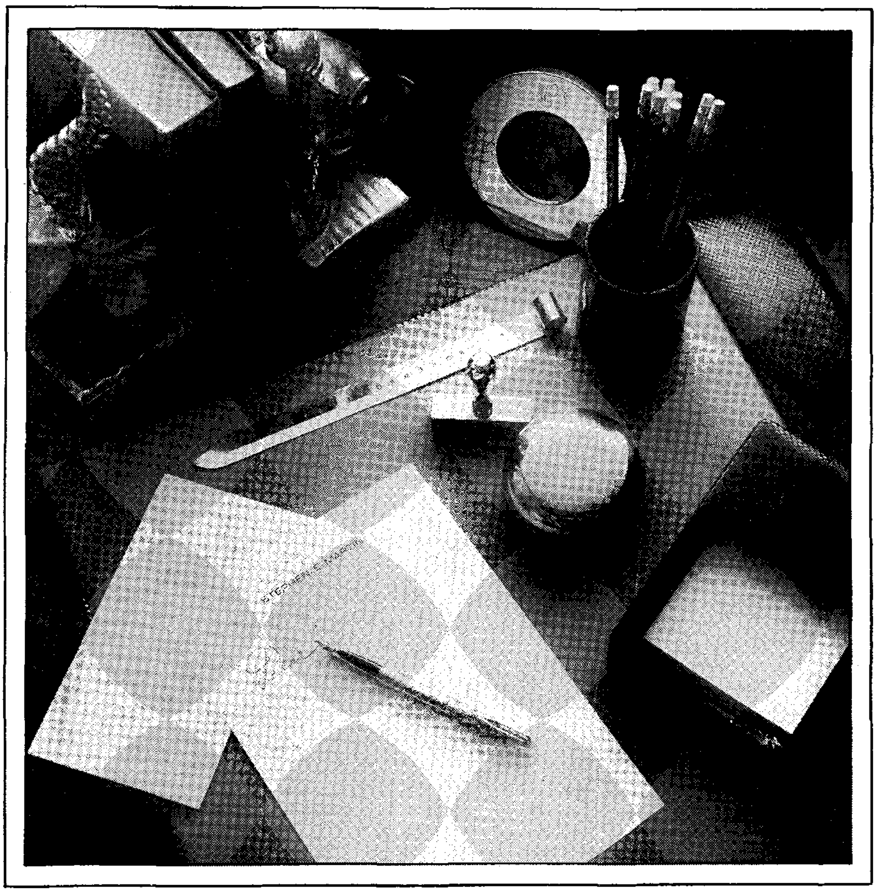
Thief—With James Caan and Tuesday Weld, directed by Michael Mann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Triplex; through April 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 1-7.)



The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 3-5. . . . ¶ Harold Clurman; May 8.)

I Vitelloni (1953; originally released in the United States as "The Young and the Passionate;" an idiomatic translation of the title would be something like "Adolescent Slobs") —Frustrated small-town boys with big ideas, the central characters are sons of indulgent, middle-class families, who cadge off their parents, loaf, and dream of women, riches and glory. Their energies are wasted in idiotic pursuits; whatever dreams or ideals they have are pathetically childish or rotten. The director, Federico Fellini, observes the farce of their lives without condescension; his tone is satirical, yet warm and accepting—the distinctive Fellini tone, in his first fully confident piece of direction. Americans have argued that the actors are too old for their roles; Europeans reply that this misses the point—that it is not the actors but the characters they portray who are indeed too old for the parasitical lives they lead. (The Italian film historian Mario Gromo described them as "eternal adolescents, even though approaching thirty—and when they reach it, it makes them more slothful.") The group suggests an American wolf pack. There is Fausto the flirt (Franco Fabrizi), who will become another unhappy, middle-class family man; plump, ludicrous Alberto the buffoon (Alberto Sordi, Fellini's "White Sheik" of the previous year, and before that a music-hall actor who first achieved recognition as the dubbed voice of Oliver Hardy); Leopoldo the poet (Leopoldo Trieste), whose naïve artistic illusions wilt when he is propositioned by an ancient homosexual actor; and Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi, who a few years earlier had been one of De Sica's two great child stars in "Shoe Shine"). Fellini's autobiographical hero, he is the only one who finds the guts to say goodbye to this futile provincial life. There was, as yet, no indication that the road Moraldo took would lead to the corruption of "La Dolce Vita." Screenplay by Fellini and Ennio Flaiano; score by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Festival.)



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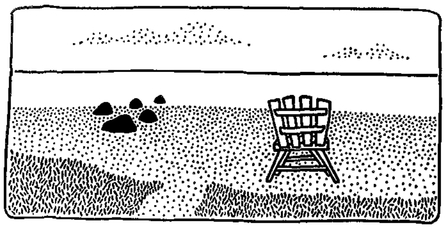
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OF all the political institutions in the world today, the Communist government of Poland is surely one of the oddest. It is able to perform almost none of the tasks usually expected of a government. It cannot serve its own people, who have turned for real representation to the Solidarity movement. It cannot serve its international sponsor, the Soviet Union, whose official press almost daily fulminates against some new "counter-revolutionary" development in Poland, such as the government's recent recognition of Rural Solidarity, an independent trade union for Poland's non-collective farmers. It cannot pay its foreign creditors in the West, to whom it owes tens of billions of dollars. In a sense, it cannot even lay claim to the allegiance of its own presumed supporters, inasmuch as in recent days a considerable part of the rank and file of the Communist Party have been in open rebellion against it, so that, in addition to having to withstand all those external forces, it is being hollowed out from within. Yet not only does the Polish government survive but each of the other parties engaged in the struggle in Poland or much concerned about it has gone out of its way in recent weeks to profess—however insincerely—its confidence in that government. At the Czechoslovak Communist Party conference in Prague last month, President Leonid Brezhnev, of the Soviet Union, announced that "one must suppose" that the Polish Communists would surmount their difficulties. The Solidarity movement paused long enough in its series of confrontations with the government for the movement's leader, Lech Walesa, to affirm that Solidarity did not "want to overthrow the Communist Party." The Catholic Church, which has suffered continual repression at the hands of the government, has also made it clear that it wishes the government to remain in place. Our State Department regularly professes its confidence that the Polish authorities, together with the Polish people, can solve their own problems. Rarely has such an unpopular and ineffectual institution had so many well-wishers. They all want it to survive, it seems, not because anyone likes what it is but because it is their only common ground. Like the table at which negotiators sit for their deliberations, and which figuratively keeps them from flying at one another's throats, the government of Poland is the in-between that keeps the Polish nation and the Soviet state from going to war. Because it is there, Solidarity can hold back from assuming the political power that its popular acceptance would otherwise entitle it to, and the Soviet Union can hold back from attempting to seize control of Poland by military force. And if the government has one talent, it is the cunning required to present itself to the Polish people as their guarantee against a Soviet invasion while at the same time presenting itself to the Soviet Union as its guarantee against a takeover by Solidarity.

There is a passage in the writings of the Chinese philosopher Chuang Tzu which teaches the value of apparently useless things. "I have a big tree of the kind men call *shu*," Hui Tzu, a logician, is quoted as saying to Chuang Tzu. "Its trunk is too gnarled and bumpy to apply a measuring line to, its branches too bent and twisty to match up to a compass or square. You could stand it by the road and no carpenter would look at it twice." To this, Chuang Tzu responds, "Now you have this big tree and you're distressed because it's useless. Why don't you . . . relax and do nothing by its side, or lie down for a . . . sleep under it?" The government of Poland is just such a useless but invaluable object. Like the *shu* tree, it is everyone's excuse for inaction, and, as such, it has come, through no virtue of its own, to stand for nothing less than peace. And when the contending forces give it their support, what they are really supporting is peace. History, as though to play a joke on everybody, has found a use for the useless Polish government—has, in fact, assigned it a noble role that all its rivals have somehow been unable to fill.



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Narrator

MAYOR KOCH didn't have time to come to the piano for the first *Sitzprobe* of Sergei Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" with the Mayor as Narrator—a performance of which with the Greenwich House Orchestra, celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Greenwich House Music School, was scheduled for the afternoon of Saturday, May 2nd, at Town Hall—so Edward Houser, the conductor of the Greenwich House Orchestra, arranged to have the *Sitzprobe* take place in the Mayor's car, early one morning last week, en route from Gracie Mansion to City Hall, and we were invited to ride along.

Houser, who is twenty-six years old and has bright-red curly hair, a matching beard, and the classic look of joyous innocence somehow characteristic of dedicated musicians, had with him the score for "Peter and the Wolf" and a pocket-sized tape recorder. The morning was one of the sunniest so far this spring, and the Mayor, as he emerged from Gracie Mansion, was in comparable form, having, he reported to us, got up at six, when he was awakened, as usual, by his "internal time machine;" jogged for a mile along the East River Drive; and—after putting on a Brooks Brothers olive-green gabardine suit, a maroon-and-white striped shirt, and a navy-blue necktie decorated with green maple leaves (a New York City tie, designed by Gordon Davis, the Commissioner of Parks)—met over breakfast with Deputy Mayors and other staff members. He greeted us cordially and arranged where everybody should sit in his car, a dark-blue 1979 Chrysler sedan: himself, Houser, and us, in that order, in the rear, and, in front, a hulk of a police-officer-driver named William Kraus and a hulk of a detective named Dennis Martin, with Tom Goldstein, the Mayor's press secretary, squooshed in between them. The Mayor assured *Houser that a quick run-through in* the car was all he needed in the way of preparation for his début as Narrator of "Peter and the Wolf."

"I'm a fast learner," the Mayor said as we started downtown in the car.

"It's very important to cue these things in—" Houser began, deferentially.

"Of *course*," the Mayor said seriously. "I can't sing or dance, but I do have timing."

In the front seat, William Kraus and Dennis Martin exchanged knowing looks over the head of Tom Goldstein.

"I've done four Inner Circle shows, you know," the Mayor said. "Those annual shows put on by the reporters in Room Nine at City Hall. The Mayor is always required to do a reprise at those shows. I was terribly frightened when my turn came to do it. Lindsay was a good song-and-dance man. Beame did it, too. But I *did* it. Four times. If I can do that, I can do anything."

In the front seat, Tom Goldstein, who had been listening to a beeping portable push-button telephone, turned around and reminded the Mayor that there would be a brief stop at the Hilton, where the Mayor was supposed to welcome delegates to a convention of the National Catholic Educational Association at nine o'clock, and that he had the meeting on his budget at ten.

"Fine," the Mayor said crisply. "Shall we start?" he said to Houser.

"This is the Introduction," Houser said, handing the Mayor a separate sheet of paper. "You read from the top. And I'll play—"

"Got it," the Mayor said, pointing a finger at Houser's tape recorder. Then he read, "I'm going to tell you the story of Peter and the *Wolf*, and I've asked the instruments of the *orchestra* to *help* me," and he pointed again at Houser's tape machine.

Houser pressed the "On" button on *the machine.*

"Peter's tune is played by the *stringed* instruments," the Mayor read, his cadence leaving nothing to be desired and his projection exemplary. There was much appreciative nodding in the front seat as the stringed instruments played Peter's tune.

"His friend the *bird* is represented by the *flute*," the Mayor read, and then he paused.

The flute was heard.

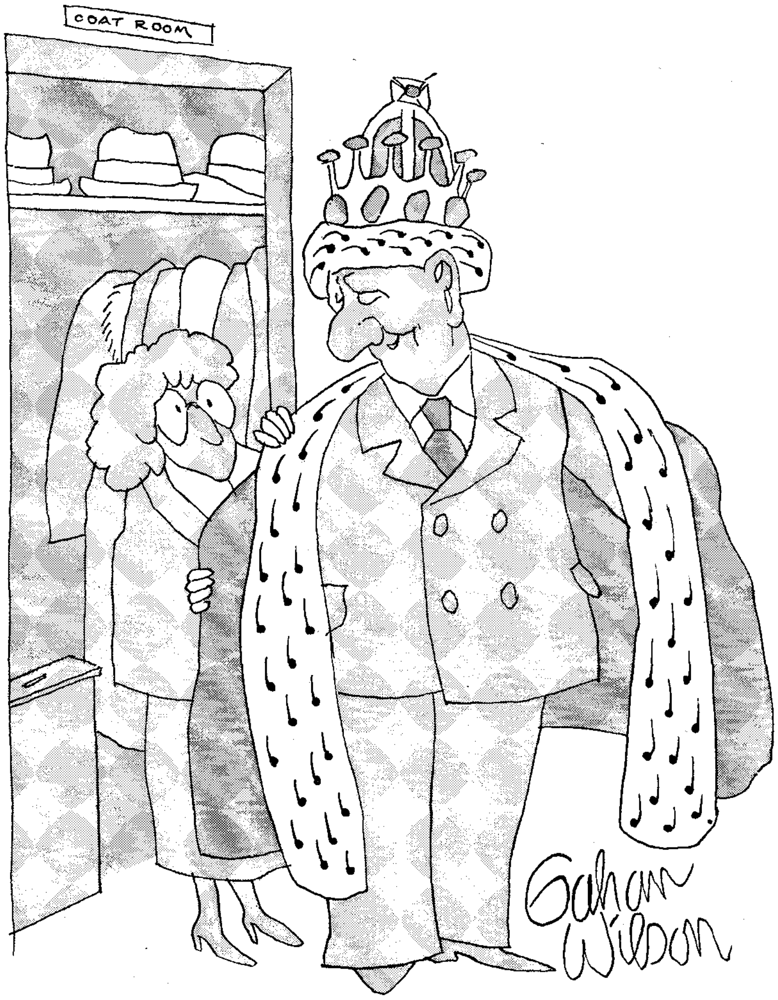
"There is a *duck*, too, and his quacking song is played by the *oboe*." Pause. Oboe. "The *clarinet* plays the sound of the *cat*." Pause. Clarinet.

The Mayor seemed to have fine control of his performance. "The grumpy grandfather is played by the bassoon, which is a very *grumpy instrument*," the Mayor read. Bassoon. "The wolf is played by *three French horns*." French horns. We were going down Second Avenue in heavy traffic, passing the Roosevelt Island Tramway. Grumpy drivers around us indicated a few times that we seemed to be moving too slowly, but William Kraus didn't seem to notice them. Bicycle riders came alongside our car, *but none looked in.*

"And the *hunters*," the Mayor read, "are played by the kettledrums and the *bass* drum." As Houser's machine emitted the sounds of the kettledrums and the bass drum, we reached East Fifty-seventh Street. There was a bus between the Mayor's car and the right turn. Our driver missed the turn, shrugged, and went on listening to the performance.

"I'm quite amazed," Houser said, looking amazed and handing the Mayor the full script of "Peter and the Wolf."

"Shall I start?" the Mayor asked, and he started. "Early one morning, Peter opened the gate and went out into the *big green meadow*," he read, and the piano music on Houser's machine came in as we worked our way west on East Fifty-third Street. "On the branch of a *big tree* sat a *little bird*, Peter's *friend*. 'All is *quiet*,' chirped the bird gai-



"I'll keep the crown, thanks."

ly.” Again, the music came in on cue.

“I’m quite amazed,” Houser said again. “Everything is completely synchronized.”

The Mayor made a sign for silence and read on: “Soon a *duck* came waddling around. She was *glad* that Peter had not closed the gate, and decided to take a *nice swim* in the deep pond in the *meadow*.”

In the front seat, the hulks pursed their lips in what looked, in the rearview mirror, like complete mesmerization. The traffic was heavier than before, but the Mayor ignored it. His concentration on his role was total. His reading became more and more dramatic.

“Just then the *hunters* came out of the *woods*,” he was reading when his press secretary turned around and pointed out that we were a couple of blocks from the Hilton.

“Shall we pause?” asked Houser.

“No, let’s go on,” the Mayor said, and he read on: “. . . following the *wolf’s trail* and *shooting* as they went.”

The Mayor put his script down reluctantly as we reached the Hilton.

“I’ve heard Tom Seaver do it,” Houser told the Mayor while we were all walking inside. “Boris Karloff did it. David Bowie did it. Eleanor Roosevelt did it. But this will be the first authentic New York version. Do you have experience in reading to kids, Mr. Mayor?”

“No, it just comes natural,” the Mayor said. “As a child, I used to listen on Sunday to fairy tales on the radio told by the Singing Lady, Ireene Wicker. She was *wonderful*.”

“I can’t get over how synchronized you are with the music,” Houser said.

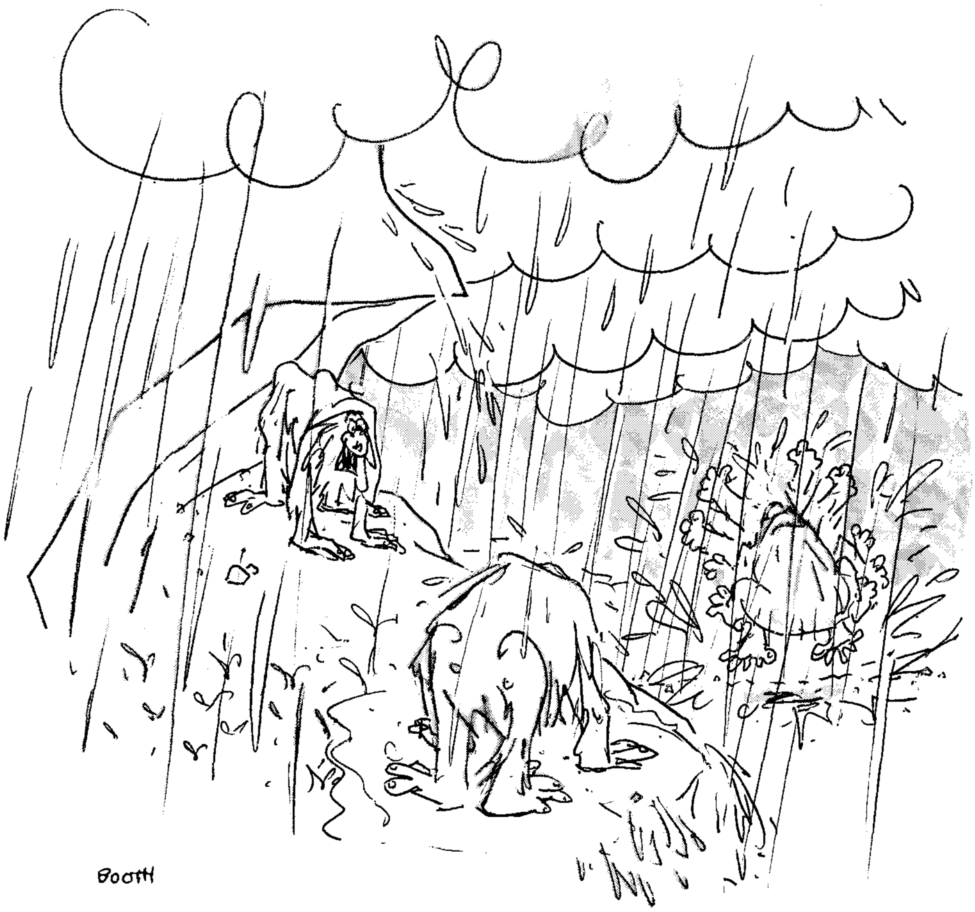
“I took lessons at your Greenwich House Music School,” the Mayor said. “When I first moved to the Village, as a young man, I lived at Bedford and Barrow, and down the block was this settlement house, with its school. So I decided to learn to play the guitar. But I made a mistake. I wanted a guitar for folk music, and they gave me a *Spanish* guitar. But I struggled through, learning chords. At about three dollars an hour.”

“Now the lessons are about sixteen for adults, fourteen for children,” Houser said.

“You know the way they have an annual concert? Every December?” the Mayor said. “When everybody gets up and does his thing in the music? I was all ready, with my Spanish guitar and my *chords*, but the part they gave me in the program was the checking of coats and hats. I didn’t care. I was part of the program. We’ll finish the rest before the budget meeting, O.K.?”

“Yes,” Houser said. “And it’s going great.”

“My feeling is, *whatever* you do, throw yourself *into* it,” the Mayor said. “Very important. I’m not afraid of it now.”



“Lots of people complain about the weather, but Bul is the only one I know who does anything about it.”

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Media Spin

A YOUNG Manhattan friend writes:

If you’re sitting around at home late on Sunday night and you’re not yet ready to admit to yourself that the weekend is really over, *and* you have cable TV, try this: spin your television dial quite rapidly. I spun mine at midnight on Easter night, and here’s how I fared:

Charlton Heston raised his staff and the Red Sea parted at his feet. An Egyptian Yul Brynner looked surprised.

Spin.

Two cowboys socked it out. There was a cut to a needle on a meter, moving as fast as the second hand on a clock. A man in a suit watching both the fight and the needle said, “If they don’t shut it down, they’ll be blown to bits!” The needle kept moving.

Spin.

A wristwatch played “The Yellow Rose of Texas.”

Spin.

A woman seated in front of a mirror applied makeup to her face. Another woman stood next to the mirror and said, “Love, love, love. Everyone acts like they wrote the damn book.” Then they talked about love’s being just like an artichoke.

Spin.

Two mimes mimed eating at a table and then, suddenly, the Heimlich Maneuver.

Spin.

A member of an Israeli self-defense team showed a young blond woman with frizzy hair how to defend against a punch. He said, “Don’t do it so slow. That’s right. Now with your left.”

Spin.

Audio: A man promised good lemon-cream pie and said, “Have Joe arrange a party table for you.” An instrumental rendition of "Maria" followed.

Visual during audio: Amex figures hovered at the top of the screen. Under them appeared American League line scores. Beneath the line scores were the time and the date. Then, at the bottom of the screen, New York Stock Exchange figures travelled on a ribbon going from right to left.

Spin.

Peter Ustinov talked about a Madonna-and-Child painting hanging a few feet behind him. "When I was a baby," he said, "a color reproduction of this hung over my bed."

Spin.

An elderly lady dressed in a sparkly gown and seated next to David Susskind said, "The world will change greatly when our first U.F.O. lands." David Susskind asked her what it would bring. "Oh, light, love, and high frequencies," she said.

Bedtime.

Signs

A MAN carried a sign on his shoulder. Across the street, there was a sign shop. The man with the sign on his shoulder did not go over there—passed right by. We went over to the sign shop. Inside we could see signs to announce the price of pizza and varieties of Chinese food. A little handwritten sign stuck in the door said, "I'm painting a truck on the street." We turned around and looked at the street. The sign shop was at the corner of Delancey and the Bowery. On the Bowery, there was no truck, no sign painter. On Delancey, there were two trucks—blue step van and big, tough red International—but we didn't see a sign painter. We went back to the shop. Door ajar. Nice tile floor—rust-red tile, beige tile, tan tile—like the floor a certain sort of barbershop might have. Inside, many signs and one oil painting. We looked at the oil painting. It was a wilderness scene. A wide blue stream; large trees rising from the banks. There was a kayak in the stream, and a canoe. In the kayak: two men with dark skins. In the canoe: two men, more fair-skinned, in overalls and hats. It was a very large painting—four feet by six, approximately.

Going outside again, we found the sign painter, painting letters on the back of the blue step van. He is named Kim Mori, and he comes from Tokyo. He has had his sign-painting business at Bowery and Delancey for four years. He works alone. He has turned against his business as against an ungrateful friend. He said, "I don't like it, this business. There is no money. Very bad. I quit soon." As he said this, he continued to paint the back of the blue step van. The back of the truck said, "BUDGE-WOOD LAUNDERY." Then he moved to the near side of the van, which presented a larger surface. Here some work had been completely done; other work had been done in outline. The work that had been completed included "BUDGE-WOOD LAUNDERY" again and two large tennis racquets and seven red tennis balls. In outline was what looked like a tennis net. Mr. Mori went to work with a small can of white paint and a small brush on the outline of what looked like a tennis net. "I'm very disappointed," Mr. Mori said. "Very soon I'm going to buy a hot-dog pushcart. You know those. That will be one hundred million times better than my business."

We asked him what the hardest job he'd ever had was.

"Nothing hardest. I can do everything—I like it," he said.

We asked him what the most beautiful job he'd ever done was.

"None. I like perspective a little better."

We asked him if he had painted the wilderness scene.

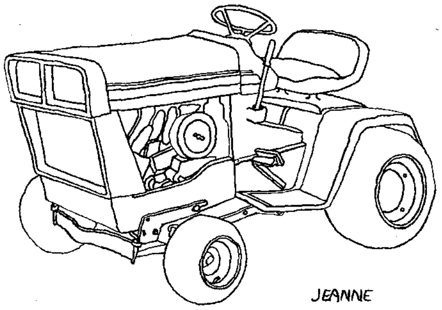
"Oh, yes," he said. "They explained what they want."

Mr. Mori is about forty. He is a fine artist. He had two shows in Washington, D.C., when he first came to this country, but, he says, he sold only four paintings. The sign over his shop is most beautiful. It has a wonderful tiger on it. It says:

Picture With Signs
Tiger Sign Co.
Paper Cloth Plastic Metal
Design Menu Mural

The tiger appears between "Metal" and "Design."

Other facts: As Mr. Mori continued to work, it came out that he was painting not a tennis net but a laundry line. Mr. Mori said he thought that the laundry was owned by a tennis player. Actually, Budge-Wood was at one time owned by the tennis players Don Budge and Sidney Wood, but it has passed out of their hands. Mr. Mori uses a special paint, supplied by PK Supply of Brooklyn, in business for forty-three years. PK sells a highly pigmented paint that will withstand sun and weather for between five and eight years, while normal house paint will begin to fade in three.



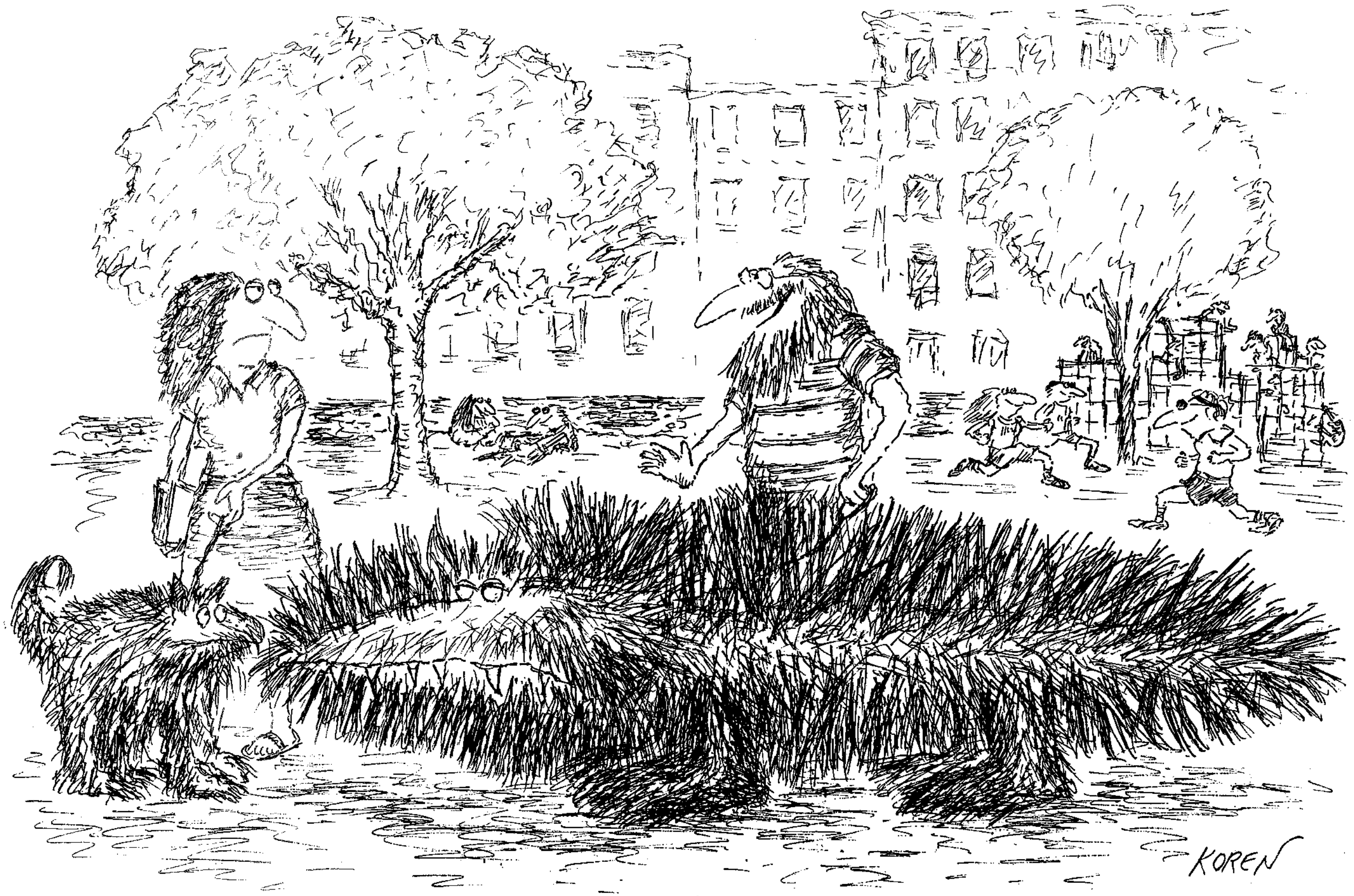
Other signs: Messages of some length have begun to appear on the streets off the Bowery. One message on a wall on Prince Street reads:

The Whole Livery Line
bow like this with
the big money all
crushed into these feet

Top Contenders

THERE is an hour to go before the start of the eighty-fifth annual Boston Athletic Association Marathon. Almost seven thousand runners have gathered in the town of Hopkinton, twenty-six point two miles from here. Normally, this is a tenth-floor conference room in the underwriting-and-issue division of a building, on Boylston Street, in Back Bay, that is owned by the Prudential Insurance Company of America. Today, however, the room is being used as the press headquarters for dozens among the hundreds of clever, outstanding, quick, aggressive, perennial, obviously talented, consistently improving, ever-competitive, occasionally disappointing, always tough, rigorously trained, press-kit-scrutinizing, fast-finishing sports journalists from all over who have come to Boston to test themselves against their peers. This is how the top contenders here look at the moment:

Ernie with the Curly Blond Hair: The American record-holder in stroking his own mustache, Ernie with the Curly Blond Hair has been a standout performer in six consecutive Boston Marathon press headquarters. . . . Off to an injury-riddled start in 1981—in January, bad laryngitis caused by unfiltered cigarettes; in February, an accident with a folding chair in the press box during a Boston Bruins game—Ernie seems at last to be back in form. . . . Most recent top effort was an in-depth interview with a Red Sox fan who owns a funny hat.



"Don't worry. He doesn't bite."

* *

. . . Should be able to type at forty-eight words per minute and turn out a thousand-word post-race "color" sidebar in time for the final home edition. . . .

Manuel the Shy Little Mexican Gentleman: A newcomer to Boston, Manuel the Shy Little Mexican Gentleman, in the gray pin-striped suit and tiny black boots, is an unknown factor. . . . Fluent only in his native tongue, Manuel the Shy Little Mexican Gentleman either will or will not succeed in securing a spot at one of the coveted Royal 440 typewriters with the easily adjustable margins. . . . Part of the Shy Little Mexican Gentleman's strategy will be determined by the early maneuvers of Dick the Laid-Back Photographer and Vic the Young Nerd in the Black Windbreaker. . . .

Neil the All-News-Radio Sports Reporter: Thought by many to be unorthodox in his race-coverage preparations, Neil the All-News-Radio Sports Reporter, wearing the orange velour V-neck and the vanilla flyaway-collar sports shirt, likes to loosen up for this event by watching "Donahue" on a Hitachi solid-state black-and-white portable TV. . . . A naturally gifted jiggler of loose pocket change and car keys, Neil is a genuine threat to put some serious moves on Jennifer and Sally, the two Simmons College coeds who will be in charge of the AM International 5000 photocopier. . . .

Linda the Free Lance from California: An obvious dark horse among the women competitors, Linda the Free Lance from California comes to Boston with a brown Samsonite vinyl briefcase and small enough fingers to bang out some really fast, hot copy on an I.B.M. Selectric typewriter. . . . After some initial difficulty obtaining press credentials, Linda the Free Lance from California is in a position to surprise several other scribes. She is a determined performer who knows what it takes to parlay her long brown hair, year-round suntan, and lightweight Panasonic tape recorder into some neat post-race interviews. . . .

Terry the Beefy Boston College Grad: When he burst on the scene in 1978, Terry the Beefy Boston College Grad outpaced all others in his ability to use the phrase "Beantown Classic" again and again in a single story. He is well suited to defend that standard once more. . . . A savvy wordsmith, Terry the Beefy Boston College Grad is also tied with Walt the Tall Bald Guy in the all-time rankings for the use of the term "home-town rooters." The duel between that pair should provide an interesting sidelight during today's competition. . . .

Walt the Tall Bald Guy: Wearing gray-and-white checked slacks with a forty-six-inch waistband, Walt the Tall Bald Guy comes to this year's event well prepared. . . . Last January, in New Orleans for the Super Bowl, Walt topped all other competitors in the important calling-the-home-office-back-in-Colorado-to-check-his-phone-messages category. (Walt's personal records: six calls to the office in a single day, five messages for Walt in one call-in.) . . . A tenacious adversary when it comes to pushing and shoving his way into an elevator, Walt the Tall Bald Guy should be the one to watch out for as the lead marathon runners near the finish line and the crowd from the tenth-floor press headquarters rushes to get down to street level. . . .

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—Marshall Brickman

SAFEWAY

FIRST you see the woman's beautiful hair, steel gray and cut to brush the shoulders of her vanilla silk blouse. She is thin and too elegantly dressed for the supermarket. Her coat is folded neatly over the center of the shopping-cart handle. You pass behind her and stop thirty feet away, facing the low-fat milk, for a second look. You shove the half-gallons around, reading the dates on the cartons without registering them. She is standing on one foot, leaning on the yellow handle of her basket, studying some generic-brand product.

She skips the next aisle, leaving you there to read the labels on two spaghetti sauces.

You go to the front of the store, see where she is, keep your distance—skip aisles, slip by her with a preoccupied expression on your face, compare products—until the two of you have made one complete turn through the market. When she stops in the far corner to look at the whole fryers, her basket is still relatively empty; yours contains only two quart bottles of Tab. You pull a folded envelope from your shirt pocket to check your list.

The first aisle in from that side of the store is bread and cookies. There you stop near the back, staring at the Oreos. From that position you can watch her when she leaves the chickens.

Up front, you can see two checkout counters, and beyond them, through the plate-glass windows, the late-winter afternoon. It has been raining all day; you are wet, your coat is spotted, your hair is slick and dark. A college-age couple comes down your aisle very fast; he is wearing an ankle-length raincoat, she a gray hooded sweatshirt and a pair of faded khakis, soaked at the cuffs. She starts to put a loaf of wheat bread into their cart; he stops her, pointing at the white bread.

"Get the Colonial," you hear him say.

"This is natural," she says.

"I don't care," he says. He tries to snatch the bread out of her hands.

"I don't ask much," she says, pulling away.

The young man sighs melodramatically. "O.K.—you get yours, I get mine."

She looks past her boyfriend's shoulder at you, raising her eyebrows. The couple passes you, two loaves in the basket, still arguing breads. They are playing, having a good time.

The woman leaves the poultry cooler and comes down your aisle, looking directly at you. She is tan. Without thinking, you reach out, grab a box of cookies, pull it off the shelf, and drop it into your basket: Nabisco gingersnaps. The woman smiles prettily. Her hair, which is darker than you'd first thought, with many thin streaks of gray, moves so gently as she moves, and so regularly, that when she stops her cart and, with the long fingers of her left hand, lifts the hair slightly and draws it back, it falls strand by strand until it comes to rest again, in perfect order.

You look at her shoes. They are high-heeled, buff-colored. "Hi," you say.

She doesn't stop, only pushes on toward the front of the store.

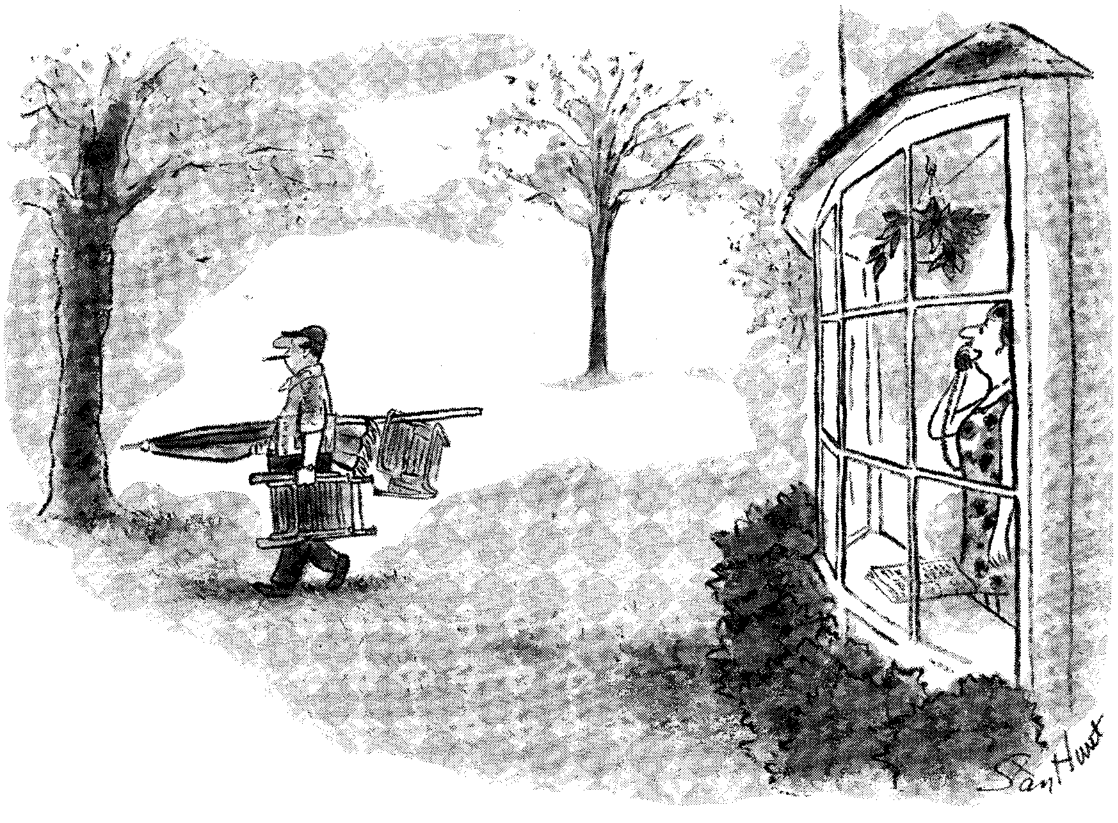
You race in the opposite direction, trying to get the waffles and the *TV Guide* and find her checkout line for a last look, but the store is out of the waffles you want, Kellogg's, so you take the house brand—small squares in a clear plastic bag.

Only three checkers are working; the woman is not in any of the lines. You linger at the magazine mini-rack on the end of one of the unused counters, thumb through a current *People*, waiting, feeling foolish.

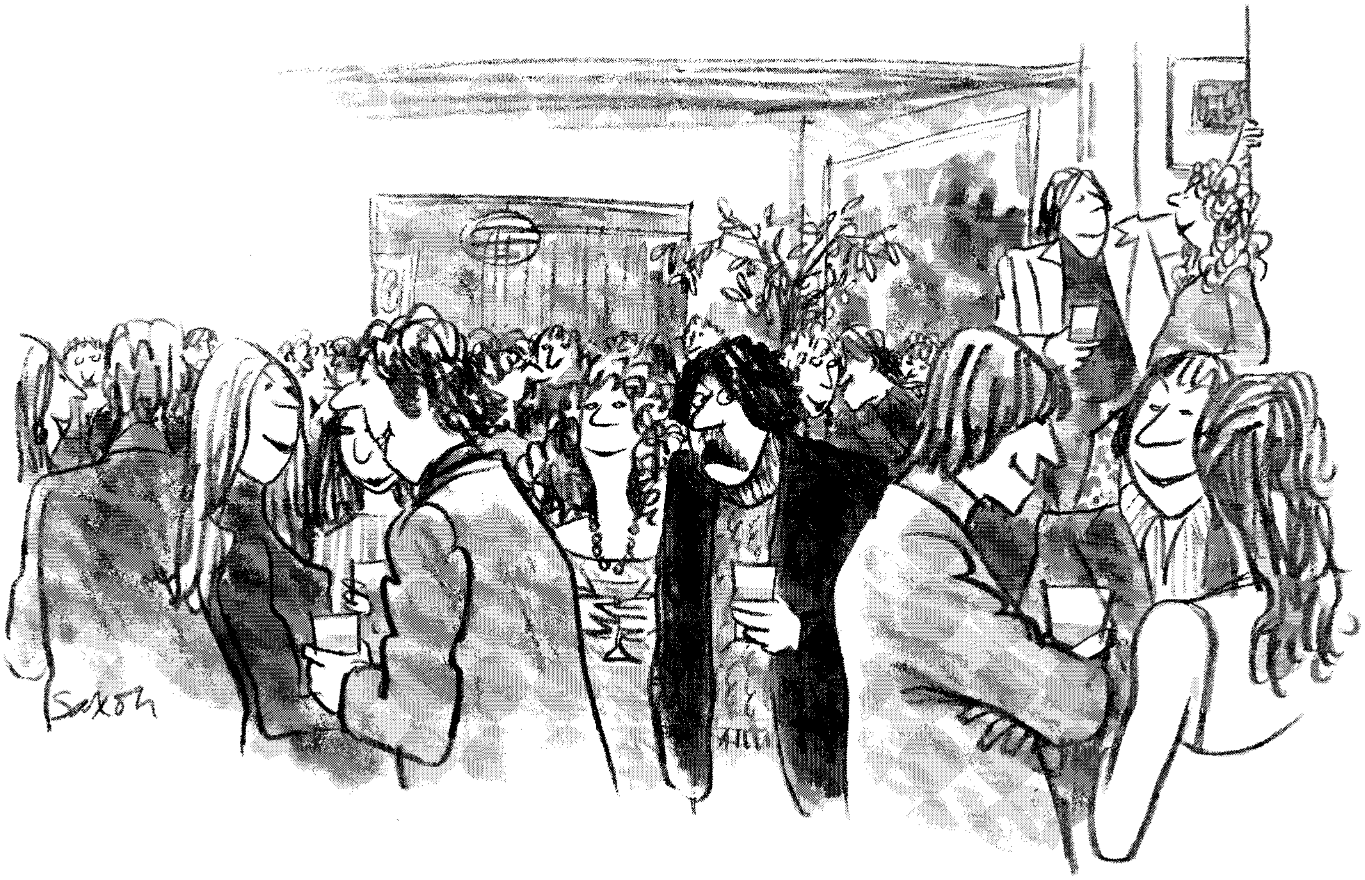
She arrives unexpectedly out of the aisle behind you—soaps and toiletries—and as she gets in line behind two men, you catch a trace of her scent, delicate and flowerlike, almost jasmine.

You drop *People* into its wire slot and pick up *TV Guide*, then push your basket into line behind hers. You stare at the back of her head, the glistening hair, and at her shoulders, noticing, where the fabric is tight to her skin, the precise, shallow relief of straps.

She looks into her basket, then turns suddenly to you. "Will you go ahead of me? I forgot something. I'll just be a second."



"He's out conducting spring maneuvers."



"While Rome burns!"

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You move forward, taking her place. The two men, wearing Wranglers and colorful nylon jackets over T-shirts, glance at you. With your left hand you pull the woman's basket in behind you until it's touching your leg. The taller of the two men drops his checkbook onto the counter and waits for the checker to ring a pack of cigarettes and several quart bottles of Miller beer; the checker moves the bottles, punching the repeat button on her cash terminal with a fingertip, her pink lips counting the repetitions.

THE glass in the store windows is covered with transparent tinted Mylar—blue; waiting for the woman to return, you look at your reflection. You tug on your collar and straighten your tie, then look at the reflections of the two men. One of them is short, heavy, tough-looking, with a jowly face and a couple of days of beard. He looks unclean in the blue glass. His stringy blond hair hangs in chunks from under a straw cowboy hat creased into a tight wedge. The second man is taller, better-looking. You look from the window to the man—his face is smooth, but still there is a shadow; his teeth are perfect. The ugly man is talking.

"I don't know why I came in the first place," he says. He squeezes the brim of his hat, pushes it back from his forehead.

"Fletcher," the second man says, "calm down. I didn't promise anything."

"Of course not," Fletcher says. "Of course you didn't promise anything. Why should you? You can't deliver."

The checker takes the tall man's check, looks at it closely, turns it upside down on the top of her terminal, stamps it with a rubber stamp, carefully fills in the new blanks. You push your basket forward, bumping into the counter, then unload your few purchases—the bottles of Tab, the waffles, the *TV Guide*, and the gingersnaps. You arrange these in a neat row at the end of the rubber conveyor belt. Then you see a small, peculiarly shaped bottle of maraschino cherries in your basket. You don't remember taking the cherries, and you don't remember the cherries' having been in the basket before you started shopping. You pick up the jar and examine the label, noting that these are cherry halves, stemless, "packed in natural juices." You stare at a high stack of toilet-tissue cartons, feeling the weight of the jar in your hand.

You are standing in the line like that, thinking, trying to remember, when the woman returns.

"We match," she says, showing you a jar identical with the one you are holding.

"Are these yours?" you ask. "They aren't mine. I found them in my basket, but I'm sure I didn't buy them." For a minute you wonder if you took the jar out of her basket, but then you realize that you could not have—her basket is behind you.

"Thank you," she says, and she takes your jar. Then, waving her hand toward her basket, she says, "Was there anything else you wanted?" Both of you laugh at this small joke, and you point at her food, saying, "That, and that, and that looks pretty good," but as you point, and as you laugh nervously, you are thinking of her lips, her startling rust-colored lipstick, her fair skin, her severe cheekbones and the light white down on her cheeks; you are thinking about the lovely hair, perfectly proper, perfectly behaved, waving softly around her head and shoulders as she laughs; you are thinking about her slim waist and about her ankles in their ultra-thin straps.

The moment passes. The woman opens her purse and begins fiddling with something inside it; you turn back to the counter and rearrange your purchases, thinking how foolish your Tab and gingersnaps and *TV Guide* must look.

The man in front of you is staring at your frozen waffles. He smiles. It is not a pleasant smile meaning "Yes, the flesh is weak" but a smile more on the order of "This poor bastard is buying frozen waffles": his opinion of your entire life is instantly communicated. He is waiting for the checker to finish with his check, and the checker is on her tiptoes, scanning the store for the manager.

The one called Fletcher picks at his teeth with a green toothpick, hissing occasionally to determine whether or not he has cleared the gaps; he nudges his friend with an elbow, jerks his head toward you, then whispers something. The taller man pivots, looks past you at the woman.

This makes you angry; you move forward, toward the counter, hoping to block his view of her. Then, to see how she reacts to the man's glance, you turn to her, but she is looking away toward the special racks of Pepperidge Farm products.

Then Fletcher taps your shoulder and whispers, through a twisted little smile, "Roy told me before we came that it'd happen here, but I didn't believe him. I told him you don't want to let 'em dig those flashy brown nails into your rump—you want to get one that speaks Japanese or something, else you end up singing Disney disco tunes off the TV the rest of your life." He lowers his voice more and says, "His woman's got juice for brains is the problem; you got to squeeze her chin to make her grin, and if you don't look out, she won't wash herself all over—she'll end up with little scabs of chocolate pudding on her chest, here," and he pops himself on the chest.

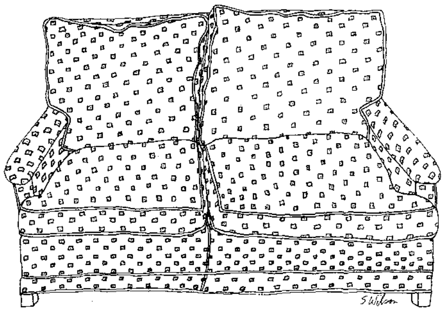
Roy turns around at this point, shrugs at you, and says to his short friend, "Listen, Fletcher, why don't you go sit in the truck?"

"What?" Fletcher says. "I was just telling this fellow about the best day of your marriage; I mean, he needs to know, Roy. You can see he's on a need-to-know basis, can't you?" Then Fletcher looks at you. "Roy put a cast on her leg up to here"—he draws his hand like a blade across his upper thigh—"told her to look sexy, and shot her with his OneStep. Ain't that right, Roy?"

"That's right," Roy says to you.

"She's there with this cane his grandfather or somebody brought back from Europe after the Great War, and she's leaning on the cane with both hands, you see what I mean?" Fletcher says, suggesting the posture with his own. "And she's in front of a big Confederate painting with this look on her face, but Roy here don't show the picture to just anybody. I mean, he shows it to me, but we're friends maybe twenty years now—right, Roy?"

"Sure, sure," Roy says, and he's looking past you again, at the woman.



You're thinking of her, too, but you've got the idea that Fletcher is going to tell his story no matter what, that if you try to shut him up he's going to grab your shoulder, spin you around, and tell you, so you're trying to let it go.

"Listen," Roy says to Fletcher, dropping an arm around the thick man's shoulder and turning him back to the counter. "Maybe we ought to mind our own business, huh?"

"I feel bad," you hear Fletcher say. "I don't feel so hot."

The woman is still digging in her purse, pulling papers out and wadding them into a tight ball in her hand. The papers are mostly white, a few are yellow; they look like charge receipts. You grab your frozen waffles and wave them at her, hoping to lighten the moment, turn it into a mutual appreciation of some kind. "Not for me, of course," you say. "The kids—the kids demand them."

You put enough sarcasm into your voice so that the woman will understand what you are after: a little conspiratorial recognition, a small pleasure; but she seems to take you seriously. Looking up from her purse, letting her pretty smile open across her face, she shakes her head and shrugs, as if agreeing with you about the childishness of children. This is not the response you had hoped for, but

THIS TIME OF THE YEAR

I've stayed awhile along the river
that runs through the city, walked
upriver to the monuments north of our rooms,
and downriver, over to the city center
to look at the store windows and walking couples

and the Caravaggios in San Luigi dei Francesi.
The sky has cleared itself of the end of the year.
It is almost warm—the burning of oxygen
by the crowds in the large, decorative piazzas,
the unobstructed sun in these windless streets.

It is the time of day when the bells begin
and the trattorias open their doors onto tables
of cold dishes floating in olive oil.
I stayed awake last night to consider yet again
the old meditation: in this city of what has remained

my panic is a soft commotion, but I am closer to it.
The automobiles that gun the streets brush by me,
and, above, the plaster gods and goddesses carry on—
the air so pure, so warm for this time of year,
and so permanent.

—Daniel Halpern

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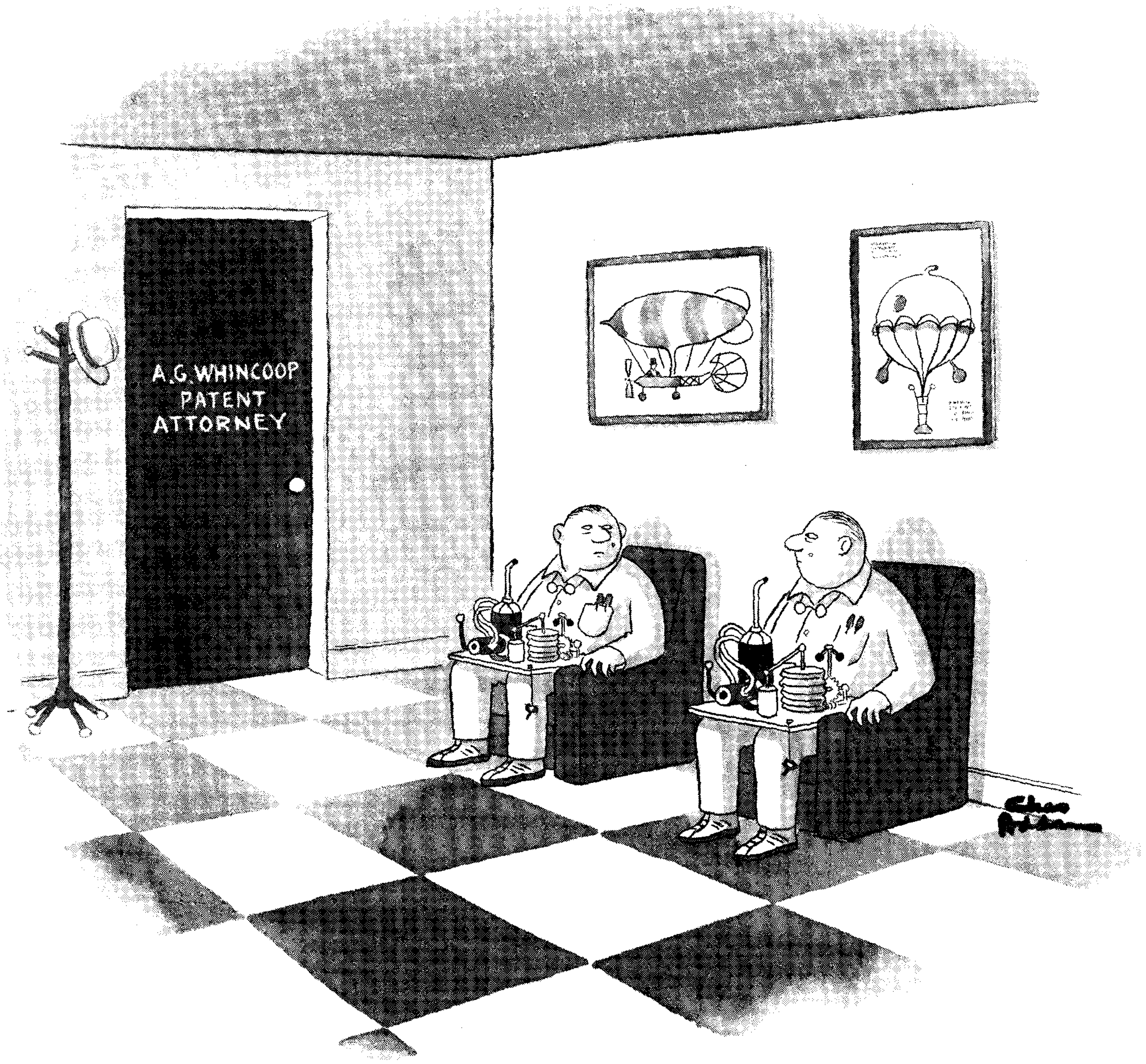

Separated at birth, the Mallifert twins meet accidentally.

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it will do. You slide your basket away from the counter so that she can move forward, and when she does, you think about resting your hand on the uppermost chrome bar of her shopping cart, looping your fingers through the wire mesh—but you decide against it.

Fletcher has gotten impatient. Unzipping his yellow nylon jacket with one hand, he points the other, fingers folded to make a gun, at the checkout girl. "Listen, honey, I don't feel good at all," he says. "What is this crap? I'm taking this to the truck."

The girl is very young, maybe sixteen or eighteen, very tall and very skinny, wearing an ill-fitting rust-orange-and-brown smock; her makeup is smeared at the outside of one eye, but the cheap look of her face is strangely attractive to you. She is afraid of Fletcher, and nervously fingers the midget gold pen attached by a retractable cord to a disc on her lapel.

"We're not supposed to let things—" she begins, looking frantically at the kid in the checkout enclosure two down. "The manager was here a minute ago. If you can wait, I'll go find him."

"We'll wait," Roy says.

The girl almost jumps out from behind her terminal, half running and half walking toward the manager's office.

Fletcher says, "I'll dance with that one, Roy. I'll have her wearing rubber pants in no time."

"Take it easy," Roy says.

"Those lips are so thick they got muscles you can't even imagine. Like crawling on oysters."

You stand there with your frozen waffles still in your hand, looking over the top of the chewing-gum rack at a huge nurse in a crisp white uniform waddling along behind a basket stuffed with meats and paper towels.

The woman behind you bends over the handle of her basket and picks up a package of Sara Lee frozen cinnamon rolls, holds this up for you to see, looks quickly from you to your waffles and back to her rolls. "I know what you mean," she says. "My husband loves them." And she and you stand for a moment waving frozen pastries at one another, smiling, while you think about the mention of her husband.

Then Fletcher's voice, loud again, comes from behind you. "I wouldn't eat that crap for anybody."

"Excuse me?" you say, almost automatically stepping backward.

"I said that crap'll kill you." He points at the waffles.

"We know," the woman says. "That's what we were saying."

"They were saying that to each other," Fletcher says, pulling on Roy's jacket. "Get it?"

"Are you a nutritionist?" the woman asks, leaning to her left to look around you.

"He's a plumber, lady," Fletcher says. "We're both of us plumbers, but we know how to eat."

"So what's going on these days in plumbing?" she says. "What's all this PVC-pipe business?"

"Sorry," Roy says. "Forget it."

Fletcher tugs his hat over his eyes and pushes past you to get to the woman. "She's rich," he says, and he reaches up and runs a stiff finger along the woman's cheek.

She does not move, only stares at him.

"Jesus," you say to Roy. "Can't you control him?"

Fletcher says, "I like the checker better anyway. This one, you give her two weeks and she'll be wanting money for new panties. The other one, you wrap her ass around a thirty-dollar bicycle seat and you can stand her on her head in a mirror for life."

The checker is returning from across the store, walking slowly, pinching her smock, pulling it down in front.

"Here comes your friend," you say to Fletcher.

She slides into her booth, waves the check, and says, "It's O.K. I'm sorry it took so long. The manager was out on the loading dock talking to the architect about renovations. It'll just be a minute now." She sticks a button on her terminal with the point of her pen.

"Hey," Fletcher says, pulling on Roy's arm. "Hey, I think I'm going to take me a little walk—you take the beer, O.K.?"

"It's wet outside."

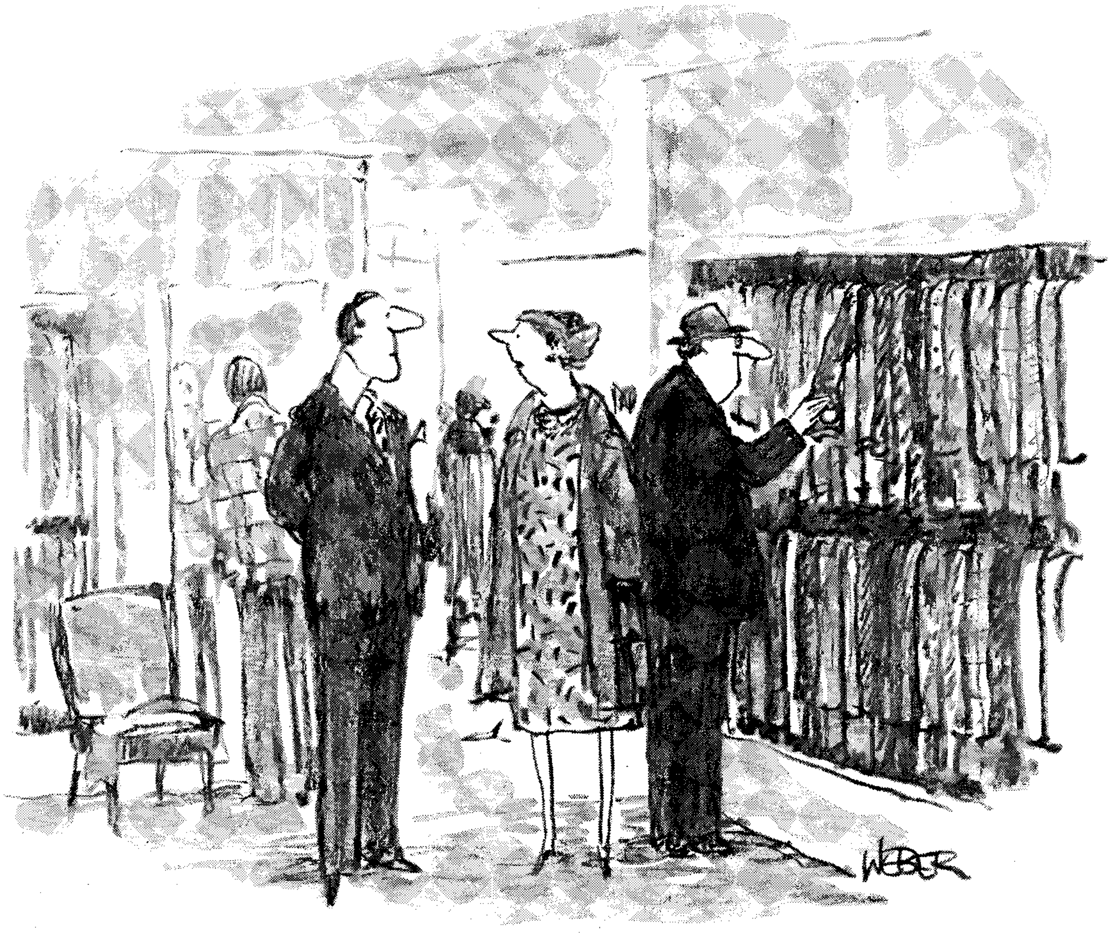
"I like wet," Fletcher says, walking out backward.

"It's the cash over," the checker says to Roy. "That's the problem, that's why I had to get the O.K." She counts twenty-five dollars into Roy's hand.

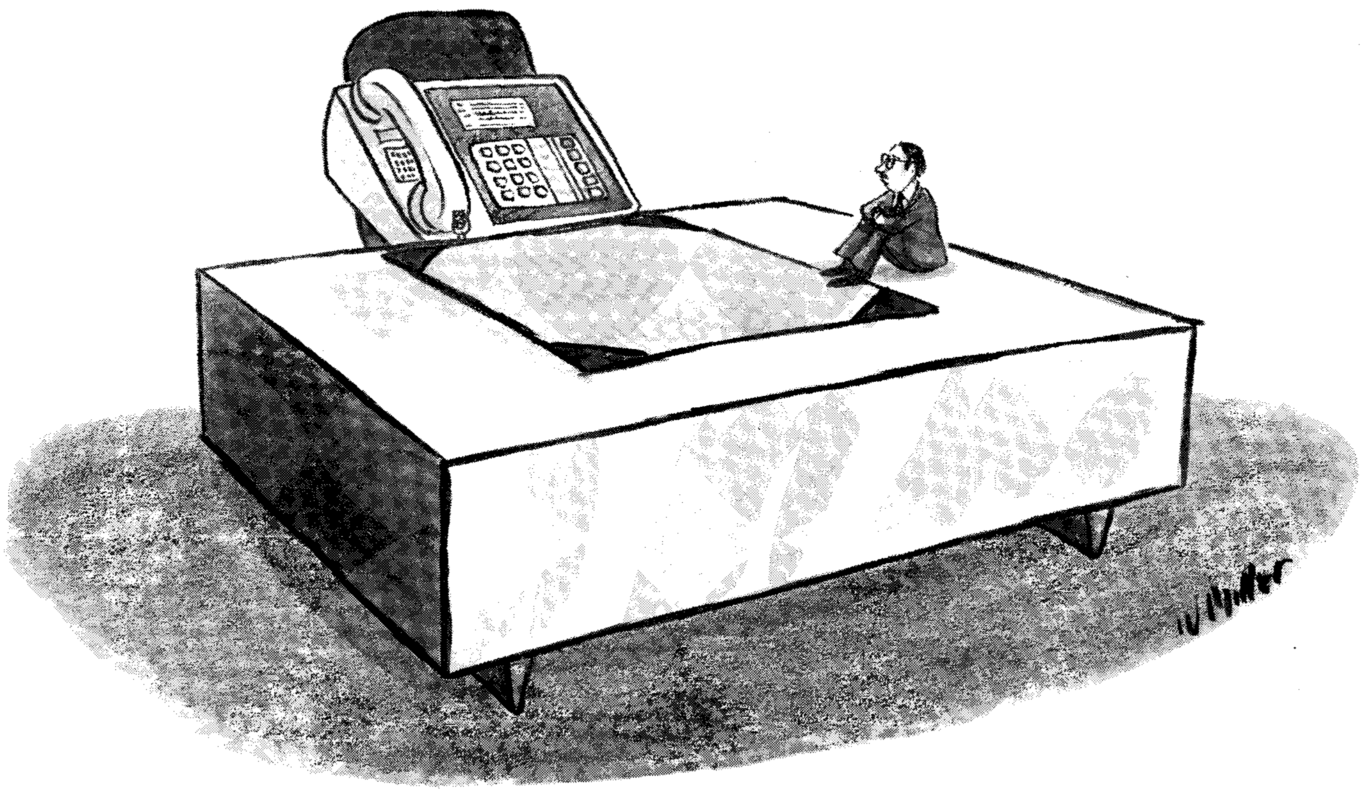
He folds the money over his thumb, then turns to the woman. "I'm sorry," he says. He squints at you and goes out the double door.

The checker begins with your cookies, pressing a button on the terminal and slipping the box to her left, calling out the price in a soft, childlike voice.

You start to say something to the woman behind you, but the conveyor belt suddenly lurches forward, knocking a bottle of Tab off the counter. It bursts when it hits the floor, spraying her thoroughly. Her blouse is soaked—the entire area beneath her breasts clings to her stomach. She takes two steps backward and stands there with her arms outstretched like a scarecrow, shaking her hands and looking down at her chest. All other activity in the supermarket seems to stop; your aisle is stared at like a traffic accident. Then you are surrounded by boys mopping and being solicitous, and everyone is laughing. The woman is laughing. The manager, who appears from nowhere, is laughing and trying to blot dry her blouse with a yellow sponge. The checker is laughing and at the same time apologizing. The boys are laughing as they fall to their knees in order to clean up the mess. Someone goes to get another bottle of Tab, and while the lane is still crowded with people, while everyone is still laughing, the checker shoves your purchases to the foot of her counter, where yet



"My husband's style is hard to describe."



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another tall, thickset, smiling teenager stuffs the goods into a brown sack.

YOU stop by the ice machine just inside the door to let a small boy in a silver costume of some kind run by you; he jumps with both feet onto the rubber pad that controls the twin sliding-glass doors. He runs out and back in twice, his Suzuki violin case slung over his shoulder like a toy rifle, then attaches himself to the leg of a middle-aged woman who is holding a transparent shopping bag, standing on the covered walk outside the store and gazing at the fine slate-gray rain. She is startled by the boy, and turns quickly to scold him; but then, almost as quickly, she stops scolding and smooths the child's hair as if unable to resist his charm. In the far corner of the parking lot, just across the street from the Pee Wee baseball diamond, you see Roy getting into the cab of a three-quarter-ton gold pickup truck; the truck is backed against the curb under a tall light, facing the store. Shoppers are starting their cars, which suddenly steam at both ends; the steam and the dark sky, the rain, and the water thrown off by windshield wipers give the parking lot a close, magical look.

"Well, we can't simply stay here," your woman says. She has come up behind you, her smallish sack of groceries held against her chest.

"Oh, hello," you say. You turn too fast, hitting her shoulder with your forearm. "I'm sorry," you say.

"Two's a charm," she says, laughing softly. "Who's watching the store?"

Before you can reply, two nuns in brilliant-blue habits start to walk out the door but, on seeing that it is still raining, stop suddenly. One of the nuns, quite a bit older than her companion, stands on the pad, and the doors slide open to the hiss of the outside. She turns to you and says, "Will it ever end?"

You look at the ceiling and say, "No," and the nun gathers her robes into a bundle at her knees and motions for the younger one to follow.

When they are out and the door is closed, the woman beside you says, "They make me nervous."

"All that beautiful blue," you say. "My name is Fred."

"Well, Fred, how do you do?" She frees one hand from her package and thrusts it at you. "I'm Sarah Garner."

"Hello, Sarah."

"Wet, isn't it? Still, I don't know why none of us has an umbrella."

"I was thinking that myself," you say, although you aren't thinking that at all. You're thinking about her perfect hair—for it to be so perfect, she has to *know* it's perfect. "Actually, I have one, but it's in the car."

"Ditto," she says. "I didn't remember until I was deep in peanut butter."

"Right," you say, laughing too abruptly, too loud.

People are coming into the store, shedding rain gear, stomping feet as they pull shopping baskets out of the rack and wheel off in the direction of the produce. Sarah Garner puts her groceries down on the brick ledge at the bottom of the huge blue window you are both standing in front of, then lights a cigarette from a gold case. She offers you a cigarette.

"I feel like John Garfield," you say.

"Maybe if you dirty up a little," she says. "Take one—see if you can let it fall out of your mouth without using your hands."

"Some trick," you say, taking a cigarette.

"So—you're going to protect me all the way to the coffee shop?" She points out the window, diagonally, across the parking lot. "We can take the long way around and never get wet, although some of us are already wet." She sweeps a hand in front of the stain on her blouse. "And sticky."

"Didn't I apologize for that already?"

Sarah Garner looks at you, then at

her cigarette, then at the dense haze of the parking lot. "Yes," she says.

You navigate the covered walk around the rim of the lot in silence, which makes you nervous. She's got a trenchcoat over her shoulders, like a cape, and as you walk, you measure her—her height, the length of her stride, the impact of her shoulder accidentally hitting yours, the sound of her heels on the slick pavement; you register this random data too consciously, flicking in imagination from one observation to the next, as if the moment might soon be lost. When she gets a step ahead of you, her gray hair catches the cold fluorescent light of the walkway and turns a startling silver; you begin to imagine yourself in bed with Sarah Garner, making slow and detailed love, touching her hair, and her shoulders, and her skin in response to stern commands.

THE coffee shop is a House of Pancakes. A tiny woman with her hair in a wiry bun shows you to a window booth done in turquoise Naugahyde. You order coffee.

Sarah Garner drops her coat from her shoulders, and it sits up against the blue seat-back like a shadow. She plays with her fingers, interlacing their tips, then opening her hands like a kid playing here's the church and here's the steeple; you watch her eyes as she glances around the empty room.

"Do you go to New Orleans?" she finally asks, without looking at you.

"No," you say. "I hate it. I lived there a couple of years, went to school there. It's depressing."

"I love it. But I've only been once or twice."

"I guess it's O.K." You're not doing so well. She likes New Orleans. Where is the coffee? "I like the blouse," you say.

She looks down, then raises her eyebrows to look at you. "The wet look. Dangerous and seductive, but not so healthy." She sticks a finger between two buttons and pulls the blouse away from her chest.

"I'm sorry," you say.

The window beside the booth is bubbled with condensation; she starts to draw something on the window, something that looks like a rabbit, then quickly erases the drawing with the butt of her fist. "My husband's in New Orleans now. He's in contract law, oil law." She's still not looking at you—she's looking at the glossy window, at the distorted, flashing reflections of tail-lights and headlights.

"You always shop at the Safeway?"

"Night and day." She laughs. "I don't come over here very much. I used to live around here, by the park, but I don't now."

"I have an apartment on Richburg Hill," you say. "Forest Royale."

"Oh, yeah, those are nice."

You nod. "I work at the hospital."

"You play doctor?" she says, smiling.

The waitress arrives with two mugs and a steaming glass coffeepot. She grins at you, showing huge gums. She's wearing a black uniform with a slick lavender apron. "Coffee?" she says. "Sorry I'm slow, but Mrs. Kelso forgot to tell me you were in my station, and from the counter you seemed to be in Janet's." She fills the mugs, then slides one to Sarah Garner and one to you. "Cream?"

"Yes, thank you," Sarah says.

The waitress reaches into her apron pocket and produces half a dozen cartons of cream, each the size and shape of a gumdrop. "These be enough?" she asks. "I don't know why they bother with these things. Here, I'll give you a few extras." She deposits another handful on the table, starts to leave, but then stops and returns to the booth. "The thing is that it wouldn't have mattered even if you were in Janet's station, because she's home sick today anyway."

"More work for you," you say. "That's too bad."

"Oh, I can handle it. With this rain, nobody's going to come in."

You and Sarah Garner watch the waitress walk away. "She walks like a man," Sarah says. "Do you think that's attractive in a woman?"

You pull all the cream cartons in front of you and begin arranging them. "Sometimes. I guess. I don't know."

"Peter says I walk like a man."

"Peter's your husband?"

"Yes. He plays racquet ball a great deal, but he's not as good-looking as you."

"More distinguished, I imagine."

"Shorter," she says. "But we get along all right."

You look down at the tabletop and see that you have organized the cream cartons like players on a football team.

"He loves to go out of town," Sarah says. "And I don't mind; I like to be alone sometimes, at night, late. It's quiet."

"Sure," you say. "I watch television all the time."

You find a small hole in the turquoise seat and stick your finger in it, then suddenly realize she might be able to see what you're doing. You glance at her sheepishly.

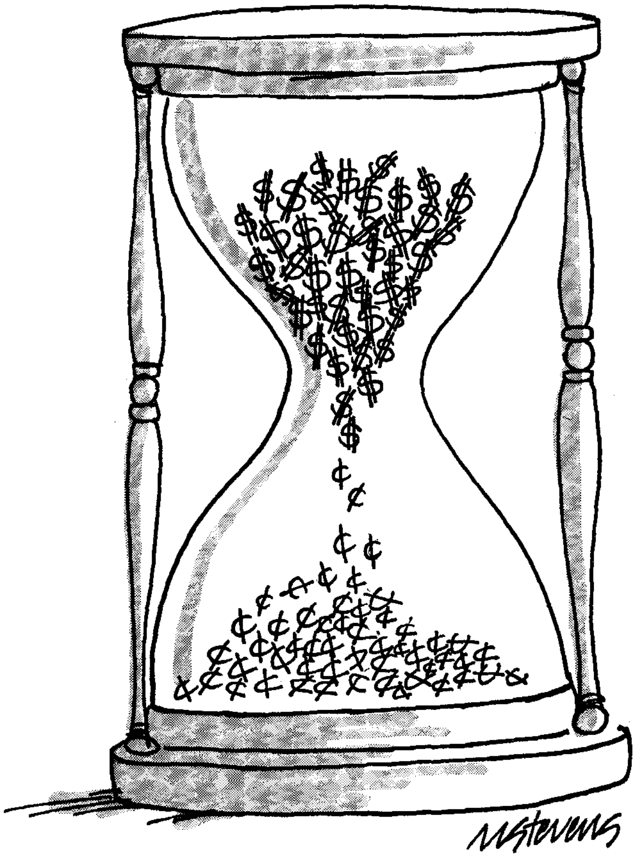
"What do you watch?" she asks. Then quickly adds, "Never mind—I don't want to know."

"Movies. Mostly."

"The tall one wasn't scary," she says, wagging her mug at the window. "He seemed to know what he was doing."

"Do you have any more of these?" you ask, pointing to your team.

She picks two cartons



out of the clean ashtray on her side of the booth, spins them onto the tabletop. Then she watches you carefully reseal the foil tops and place the containers with the others.

"I've got to freshen up," she says. She lifts her hair off her forehead, as if to illustrate the remark. "Did you see the rest rooms?"

"They're by the door." You point behind her, toward the entrance, over a tray of very green vines that sits on top of a panelled, chest-high room divider. "See that little hallway?"

She slides out of the booth, carefully sidestepping a bubble-topped dolly loaded with pastries. She doesn't walk at all like a man. When she's out of sight, you pull a napkin from the dispenser and wipe the window, then peer out into the parking lot: Roy's truck is there, shining.

YOU push your mug to one side and move the cream cups around in an approximation of a football play—a sweep around right end, the quarterback pitching out to the tailback. But because you have too few cartons, and because you must move the cartons in sequence, one after another, and because you have no defensive team at all, the play isn't much fun. You start to arrange the players again but decide not to, and start stacking the cups into a kind of tower. You remember the frozen waffles in your grocery sack, which is tucked into the booth on the floor next to your feet, and you pull the sack out and put it on the seat. You look inside: the waffles are wet and limp, and there are spots on the bottom of the grocery sack.

You close the sack, then see Sarah Garner pressed up against the entrance door of the House of Pancakes, looking out, her hands cupped around her eyes. You push the cream cartons aside and pull the coffee back in front of you. You take a sip of coffee and watch Sarah come around the divider.

"I wanted to see if it was still raining," she says, slipping into the booth. "It is." The waitress is moving in your direction.

"Are you long-waisted or short-waisted?" you ask.

"What?" She is looking at the large, near-round spot where you wiped the window. "Long," she says. "I think. Long-waisted. Listen, we'd better go or my stuff will spoil." She reaches under the table, and with one hand pulls her groceries up between the seat and the tabletop.

"My waffles," you say, pointing into the top of your sack.

She waves at the waitress, who is by now almost beside the booth. The waitress rips a green sheet from her pad and places it face down on the table.

"Something wrong with the coffee?" the waitress asks, pointing her pencil at your mug.

"Very good," you say.

Sarah Garner shoves a dollar bill toward you.

"I thought this was my treat," you say.

"Wrong." She starts to put on her coat, and in the bending and pulling you notice that she has opened the neck of her blouse.

On the walkway outside the House of Pancakes you say, "Do you want to follow me? My car's over here."

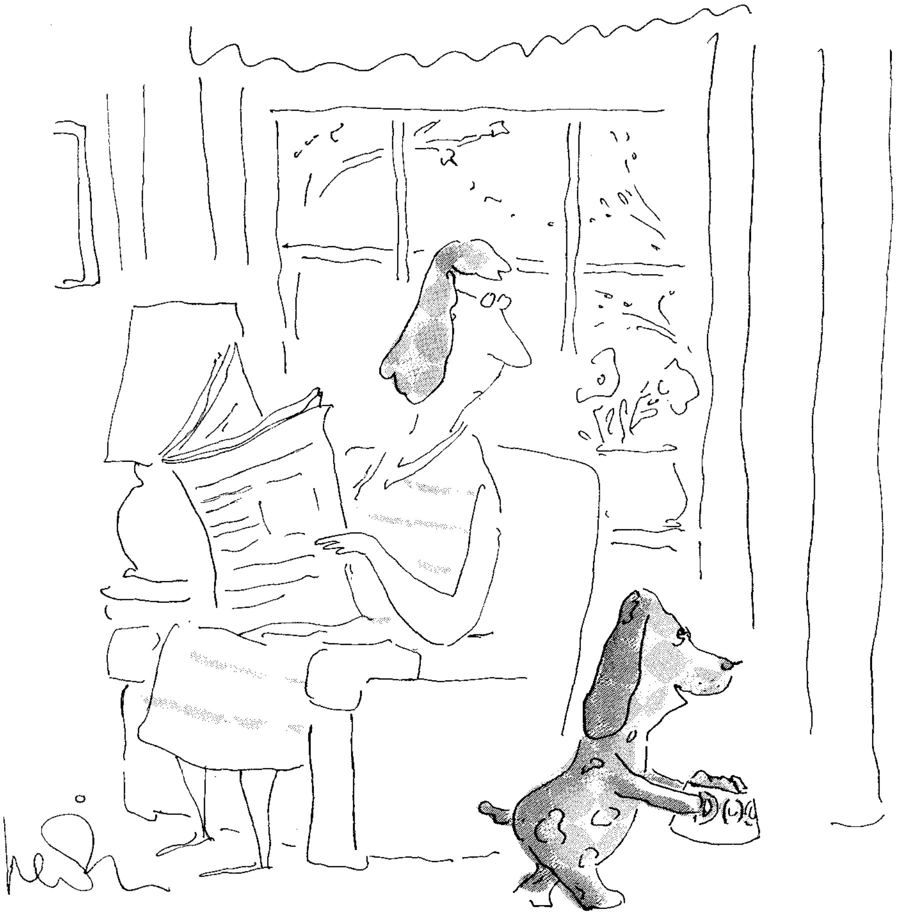
"You go ahead," she says. "Forest Royale, right? I forgot something at the store. I forgot I'm completely out of facial tissues. Just give me the apartment number." She looks at the truck in the corner of the parking lot.

"One twelve," you say, reading the numbers from a license plate.

"Fine. I'll see you shortly." She reaches for your hand, squeezes it, and smiles. Then she heads for the store, diagonally, through the brittle rain.

It's cold, and the sky has turned inky blue. You stand under the overhang for a minute, watching Sarah Garner walk stiffly away. At the door to the Safeway she turns, sees that you are still watching, and waves. You wave, too, in a quick, jerky movement, then step out into the parking lot, whistling, looking over the tops of the sparkling cars for your black Mazda.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME



"It's such a nice day I thought I'd eat outside."

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Reagan's chance is now, Simon indicated. "That window of opportunity is only open for a brief time, and Mr. Reagan may be finding that out. But while he is wallowing in good will it is easy to shove castor oil through the window."—*San Diego Union.*

To coin a phrase.

THE SPORTING SCENE

ONE HARD WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

THE flags are run up, the players are on the field. The early standings shift ridiculously from morning to morning in the papers, April weather is already messing up some pitching rotations, the first feats and shocks of the season appear in the late-night news and the next day's box scores—the four authoritative victories (three of them shutouts) thrown by the Dodgers' portly twenty-year-old rookie southpaw, Fernando Valenzuela; the Oakland A's' record-breaking bolt from the starting gate with eleven straight wins—and hope and attention stir again like seedlings in the south-facing beds of the mind. Baseball has begun, and surely we should all feel better because of that. I feel terrible. Maybe it's all those new names in the lineups—or, rather, the appearance of so many old names with the wrong teams, after a winter of expensive and frantic buying and trading in the player market. Maybe it's the distraction of the price tags and business squabbles and owners' statements and press releases that are now attached—in this fan's mind, at least—to so many stars and teams, and even to the simplest and most cheerful scraps of early baseball news. It's not quite right, for instance, to say that baseball has begun again. It has begun for the present, but it may stop again on May 29th, when the Major League Players' Association has voted to halt play unless the issue of compensation for teams losing players to free agency is resolved between the players and the owners. This is the same disagreement that brought the sport within hours of a full-scale strike last May, and a year of subsequent study and discussion by groups representing the two sides has carried the matter no closer to resolution. The details and substrategies of the difference, which centers on the idea (and definition) of a "prime player," whose loss to free agency would require the team that signed him to dispatch one of its own players to the roster of his old club, will not be reëxplicated here, but the deeper causes of the conflict are easy to perceive. The owners wish the players to agree to some plan that would curb the owners' own unbridled extravagance in bidding for free-agent players. The players, for their part, claim that the owners' compensation proposal would effectively put an end to free agency, which has been responsible for increasing the average major-league salary from $46,000 in 1975 to $143,000 last year. "But that's too much money!" cry the owners. "Some of the new salaries are insane! Some owners will do *anything* to buy a pennant. Only the rich clubs can play this game now, and the rest of us are going broke. Help!" To this the players reply, "How much is 'too much,' anyway? Who started these big salaries? You did. Wouldn't *you* take all that loot if it was offered to you? Why should we punish our teammates who are going to be the next free agents by agreeing to solve your problem? Go talk to George Steinbrenner—or throw a net over him."

The players may be right in all this, but neither side, I realize, now has my sympathy, or even much of my interest. The compensation dispute does not appear to be beyond compromise, but the inflation and devaluation of the game may be beyond control. I have no idea whether there will be a strike, but if one comes I don't think the fans will easily forgive either party, or perhaps ever feel the same about the old game, which is *their* game, after all, and not just a lucrative occupation for a few hundred athletes or an investment and tax dodge and plaything for a couple of dozen millionaires. I think baseball is in bad trouble.

Most of all, I guess, it's the money that's got me down. For several summers now, I have carefully reminded myself that the irony of our laying out hundreds of thousands of dollars in salary for a fireballing young relief pitcher or an indomitable veteran switch-hitter but only a small fraction of such sums for a first-class teacher or a promising poet or pathologist says a good deal about our society but can't quite be blamed on baseball itself. In much the same fashion, I have argued, reasonably or heatedly, with friends of mine who claimed that today's players just aren't good enough, at the plate or on the mound, to deserve such gargantuan rewards. ("That's not the point!" I have said. "It's the *market* that sets those prices.") But now I have been silenced. That market keeps going up, and the top salary figures, whatever their explanation, are beyond ignoring and beyond rational defense, for they deform and shame the sport.

Last winter, George Steinbrenner, the owner of the Yankees, signed Dave Winfield, a free-agent outfielder lately of the San Diego Padres, to a ten-year contract that will bring him a million and a half dollars per year, and may total more than twenty million dollars by the end of that period, thanks to various deferrals and subclauses. Winfield thus steps into the cleanup slot on the 1981 All-Star Money Team that I drew up one evening during spring training, with expert advice from the estimable Peter Gammons, of the Boston *Globe*. The players we chose were picked by the value of their current contracts, position by position; the figures are careful estimates of their annual salaries, subject to some uncertainties of information about the details of the contracts:

1B:	Eddie Murray (Orioles)	$1,000,000
2B:	Rennie Stennett (Giants)	600,000
3B:	George Brett (Royals)	1,300,000
SS:	Rick Burleson (Angels)	767,000
C:	Ted Simmons (Brewers)	820,000
OF:	Dave Winfield (Yankees)	1,500,000
OF:	Fred Lynn (Angels)	1,300,000
OF:	Dave Parker (Pirates)	1,000,000
	or	
	Andre Dawson (Expos)	1,000,000
DH or Utility:		
	Rod Carew (Angels)	900,000
	Pete Rose (Phillies)	800,000
	Garry Maddox (Phillies)	800,000
	Gary Matthews (Phillies)	800,000
	George Foster (Reds)	700,000
P:	Nolan Ryan (Astros)	1,170,000
	J. R. Richard (Astros)	1,000,000
	Phil Niekro (Braves)	1,000,000
	Joe Niekro (Astros)	900,000
	Don Sutton (Astros)	900,000
	Bruce Sutter (Cardinals)	800,000

This lineup is less stable than any in baseball, for the owners and the players' agents now engage in year-round bargaining and renegotiation which will continue to produce fresh rookies and restore old stars for the Mammons. Sometime this summer, Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner will, in all likelihood, come to terms over a new contract that will put Reggie out ahead of his teammate Dave Winfield as the best-paid player in the game (unless Mike Schmidt gets there first), and the autumn free-agent class of 1981 may include Ken Griffey, B

Madlock, and Mike Norris. Conversely, some of the best-paid players of the past half decade have become benchwarmers on this squad; just three years ago, Pete Rose's $800,000 topped every other salary in the game, but he gave way, in turn, to Parker, who was then pushed aside by Ryan, and so on. A similar lineup of player plutocrats set forth in these pages only four years ago was topped by Reggie Jackson and his $580,000 salary, and it included five players who were manfully struggling along at about $300,000 per year. It averaged $346,562 per man, as against this year's All-Star Money average of $952,850.

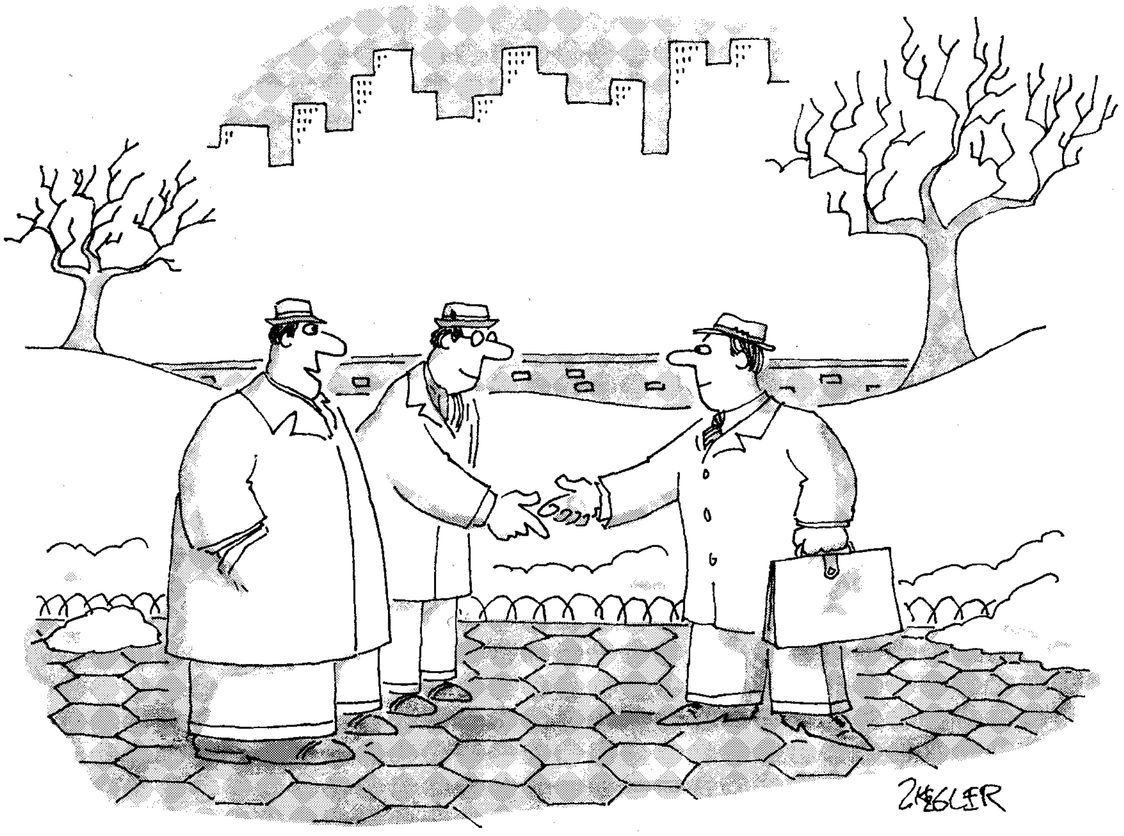
Wm Hamilton

"I want more than a slogan—I want an aphorism!"

Two more salary figures for this season seem significant: the $600,000 awarded to Tiger outfielder Steve Kemp by the process of salary arbitration, and the $700,000 offered by the Braves' flamboyant owner, Ted Turner, to Claudell Washington, a free-agent outfielder who batted .278 while playing for the White Sox and the Mets last summer. Salary arbitration was once considered a routine apparatus for adjudicating wage differences between a club and a player who had no wish to jump ship but felt himself undervalued; its unique feature is a clause that requires the arbitrator to award either the club's offer or the player's demand but nothing in between. Last year, however, an arbitrator (the arbitrators are professional labor consultants, often with no baseball background or expertise) astounded the Chicago Cubs by awarding $700,000 to their ace relief pitcher, Bruce Sutter. This, when taken with Kemp's arbitrated $600,000 this year, suggested that the arbitrators are now counting free agents' salaries as a fair basis for comparison when making their decisions—a development that no owner and no player had ever foreseen, and one that may inflate the basic pay scale of the game far more than free agency itself. Ninety-eight players put in for preliminary salary arbitration last winter.

Claudell Washington's new salary of $700,000 proves once again that the skills of a free-agent player have very little to do with what a fast-spending and ambitious owner may be willing to pay him. Washington had played for four previous teams during his seven-year stint in the majors, compiling a lifetime average of .280 and a total of fifty-seven home runs. Similarly modest credentials have not hampered other free agents, who have occasionally seemed to embody a shimmering, holy vision vouchsafed to some prayerful and ambitious owner—a vision of the one true star player needed to fill out a fragile pitching staff or plug a leaky infield. Stennett, the second baseman on my 1981 Gold Sox, is no longer a full-timer with the Giants, whom he joined as a free agent after the 1979 season; he has batted .275 and has struck forty homers during his nine-year career, and has yet to show much fondness for executing the pivot at his bag in the midst of a close double play. Claudell Washington's new contract with the Braves was cited by R. R. M. (Ruly) Carpenter III, the president of the World Champion Phillies, as a prime factor in the Carpenter family's decision, announced a few weeks ago, to put their club on the market. The Carpenters are dedicated baseball people who have worked for thirty-seven years to bring home their present championship, but they are getting out of the game because of "deeply ingrained philosophical differences" between them and "some of the other owners as to how the baseball business should be conducted." Ruly Carpenter also said, "I don't blame the players. It's just that a few of my peers don't think the same way I do." Mr. Carpenter's peers include nine owners who have acquired major-league clubs within the past five years—more than one-third of all the teams, that is—and while some of the new executives (Edward Bennett Williams, of the Orioles, for instance, and Roy Eisenhardt, of the A's) seem to represent a rare infusion of intelligence and business acumen into the game, the departure from the field of old baseball gentry like the Carpenters is an ominous sign indeed.

The fans, I think, have their own reasons for depression. Many lifelong loyalists have begun to understand that imbalances of financing and demographics make it more and more unlikely that their particular club will be able to compete on even terms with gold-platers like the Yankees, the Dodgers, the Angels, the Phillies, and the Astros. This spring, someone noticed that the sum of the salaries paid by the 1981 Astros to only five of their pitchers (Nolan Ryan, J. R. Richard, Don Sutton, Joe Niekro, and Joe Sam-

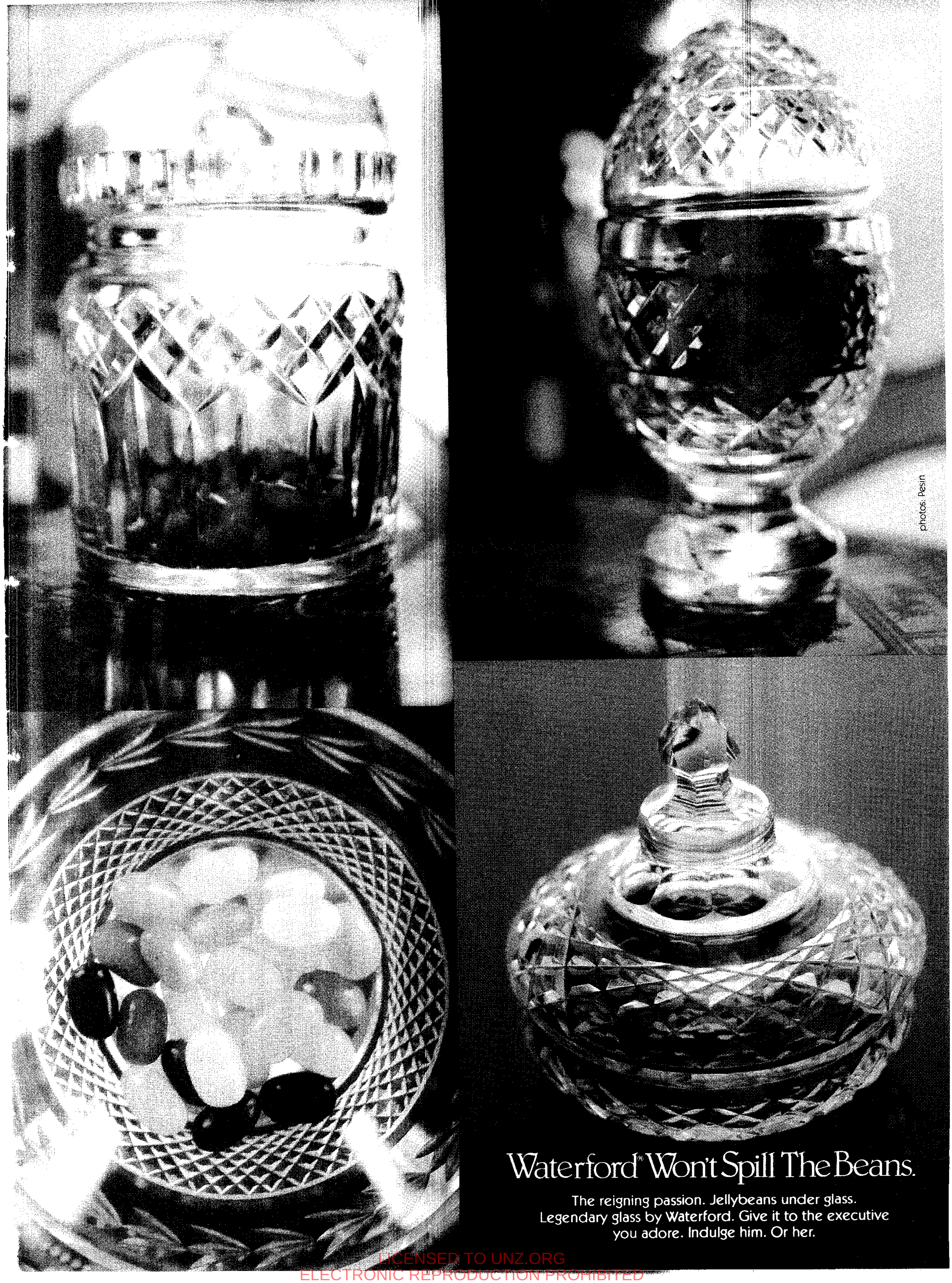


"Bill, meet Tom. Tom and I used to be in collusion with each other, but now we're just good friends."

bito) exceeded the entire team salaries paid by eighteen major-league clubs last year. It is true that careful free-agent purchases, patient player development, canny trades, and enlightened salary negotiations can still produce winners in limited-market areas, as the Orioles and the Kansas City Royals have demonstrated in the past five years (the Baltimore team re-signed virtually all its young stars to multi-year contracts last winter), but front-office brilliance is rarer in baseball than the triple play. More often, it happens that long-term contenders suddenly take on the appearance of dying brontosaurs, drooping with the weight of their bloated payrolls. Last winter, the Red Sox appalled their pain-gnarled rooters when they traded away Rick Burleson and Freddie Lynn, the best shortstop and the best center fielder in the American League, and then distractedly lost their splendid catcher Carlton Fisk to free agency through a front-office blunder. The losses were explained or defended in various ways, but they were in fact the result of the club's unwillingness or inability to pay the sums that all three stars could have been awarded this spring by salary arbitration. The Red Sox have entered the Ice Age.

Fans in the park, at a game, may feel a deeper malaise. Dave Winfield is six feet six inches tall and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, but each time he steps up to bat this year he will be virtually invisible. Watching him, many of us will be unable to keep from thinking, There's a million and a half bucks up at the plate! As the count progresses, we may even do a little figuring ("A million five divided by a hundred and sixty-two—well, make that a hundred and fifty, because it's easier and probably he won't play every day . . ."), and then we'll suddenly think, My God, this man is pulling down ten thousand dollars per game. Winfield hits with power (twenty homers last year, thirty-four the year before that), and he has a strong arm and runs the bases exceptionally well, but none of this will matter much now. The team and the pitcher that Winfield is facing will have lost their interest and excitement, for what the man is batting against this season is a million and a half dollars. He can't succeed out there—who could bat or field or run well enough, or hit enough homers, to earn that much money? Babe Ruth? Ty Cobb?—but that no longer matters, either, because Dave Winfield is no longer a ballplayer but a celebrity. We have lost him, and we will lose more and more like him, as the subtle, ancient bonds of imagination and appreciation and expert knowledge that have connected each true fan to each player of this beautiful and difficult sport become frayed or severed by distraction and greed. It is no wonder that ballpark crowds are so angry these days, and so often drunk and violent. The ballplayers we come to see are no longer close to us, no longer part of our team or, by that psychic extension that gives all sport its meaning, part of us. They are entertainers, and the game is just another hyped, grossly expensive show, guaranteed to gain our initial attention and our ultimate boredom and self-loathing. About half of all the ballgames played are not especially close or interesting; about a quarter of them—half of that half—are truly tedious. Fans know these ratios and accept them without much distress, for bad games prepare us for better ones and whet our appetites for the unequalled pleasures of a great game. But if we are lured to the park by money and celebrity, we expect something big in return—a guaranteed million-and-a-half-dollar, thrill-a-minute special. We know it won't happen, of course, and when that sullen inner conviction is confirmed by a foolish, 10–2 laugher or by a dim, error-filled performance by our home team, we are consumed with rage, for we have been gulled again, just as we knew we would be. So baseball, the quiet show, slips away from us, season by season, and, as with so many of our other lost amenities and gifts—our cities, our countryside—we don't seem to know how to reverse what is happening and win back something we had prized and counted on always.

Most of the owners have no such feelings about the game. George Steinbrenner knows baseball, but his



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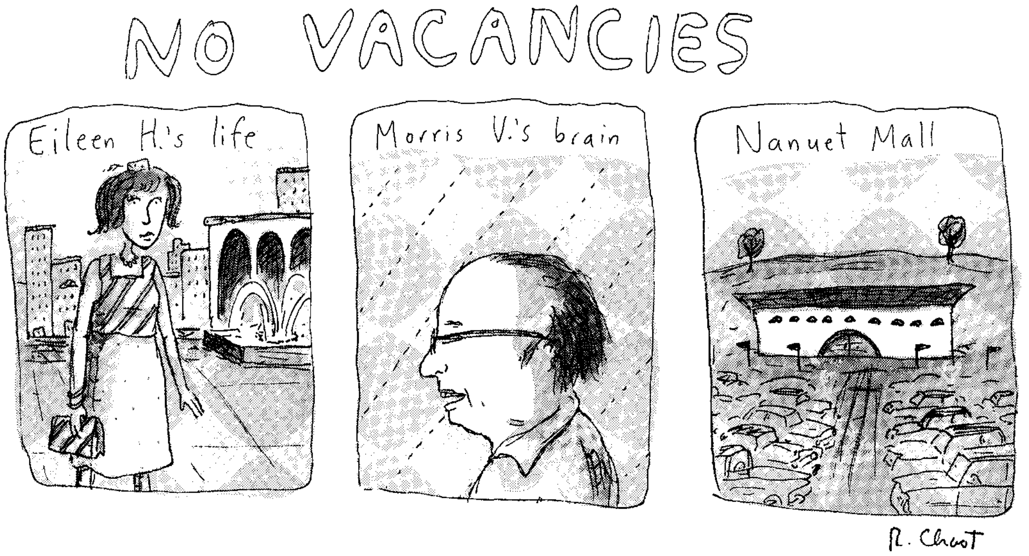


true business—and he is a genius at it—is publicity. He has won the crowd and the media, and he himself is the central player, Numero Uno, on his team. He and Reggie Jackson play the fame game with skill and passion, and their moves and fakes grab us, even against our will, right through the year. Reggie turned up two days late at the Yankees' spring-training camp, in Fort Lauderdale, this March, and was fined five thousand dollars. George Steinbrenner let it be known that Reggie's tardiness had so displeased him that he was postponing the negotiations over Jackson's new contract, which could again make him the highest-paid player in the game. Reggie had already said that he didn't know if he was "secure enough not to have the largest numbers next to my name," so the delay upset him. All this was reported at great length in the sports pages, of course. A few days later, Jackson announced that the postponement of the confrontation with his boss had turned him into "a walking keg of dynamite," and that he wanted to "tear this building down." Then he added, "I'm tired of the whole situation."

Me, too, Reggie baby. Me, too.

SPRING training is always optimistic, but no club I visited this March looked younger or more lighthearted than Billy Martin's Oakland A's, at Scottsdale. By the time I arrived, at mid-Ides, the Camp Billy nine had won five of its first six games, stealing fourteen bases in that brief span, while the club pitching stats showed an earned-run average of 2.00, with no saves at all. The team, in short, had taken up exactly where it left off last year, when it finished a dashing second in the American League West, improving its 1979 record by twenty-nine games, and delighting classicists everywhere with its combination of brilliant pitching, great outfield play, and fiery speed on the bases. Winter trading did not turn up much help for the club's considerable remaining deficiencies, in power, the infield, and the bullpen, but these young A's feed on hope and suggestibility. "Nobody has better arms than we do," said pitcher Matt Keough. "We had ninety-four complete games last year"—an astounding total in this day of bullpen specialists—"and once you begin to expect to finish what you start out there, you pitch a whole lot smarter and better." Rickey Henderson, the twenty-two-year-old left fielder, who set a league record last year with a hundred stolen bases, was working hard at his bunting every day, in the expectation, he told me, of adding thirty or forty points to his 1980 average of .303. ("Three-forty is a lot," I said when he mentioned the figure. "Why not?" he said at once. "Why not three-*fifty*?") Manager Billy Martin, still lacking much team muscle at the plate, had hired Eddie Mathews and Harmon Killebrew as joint spring batting coaches, thus suggesting that fame and the long ball may be contagious, like the measles, and at morning practice in Scottsdale the sense of exuberant hope around the batting cage could be sniffed and savored, along with the aroma of the reporters' coffee and the smell of fresh-cut grass, on the bright desert air.

"Oh, this man is sweet-swinging today," said Eddie Mathews as first baseman Dave Revering hit a low liner to center field. Mathews and Killebrew were side by side behind the netting, each wearing sunglasses and each with one foot up on the metal frame of the cage. Revering pulled a shot to right and gave way to Wayne Gross, who was wielding an aluminum bat—a "cheater," in player parlance, since metal bats are not permitted at the major-league level. Gross whaled a pitch (a musical *ping!* from the bat), and the ball flew away toward the 430-foot marker on the green outfield fence.

"You're going to put a hitch in your swing with that thing," Killebrew said mildly.

"It's only a hitch when you're in a slump," Mathews murmured. "When you're hittin' the ball, it's called rhythm. Hitches are just a superstition."

"I once asked Hank Greenberg if he had any superstitions," Killebrew said after the next pitch. "He said yes, he had one—he liked to touch all four bases after he hit a home run."

During his team's spring games, Billy Martin always sits on a folding chair set out on the grass beyond the Oakland dugout, with his coaching staff—Clete Boyer, Art Fowler, George Mitterwald, Jackie Moore, Lee Walls, Camilo Pascual, Harmon Killebrew, and Eddie Mathews—ranged alongside. The tableau suggests Napoleon on a knoll at Austerlitz or Jena, with Ney and Bernadotte and the other marshals in close attendance. Mathews and Killebrew always seemed to sit together—one thousand and eighty-five lifetime homers leaning back in two little chairs, catching the sun.

Leathery baseball visages were even more numerous (and more elderly) at the Cubs' training ground, in Mesa. Lunchtime in the little pressroom at Ho-Ho-Kam Park offers the finest spring flowering of scouts' hats in the land—identical circular canvas buckets, in a tasteful range of colors and band stripes, each surmounting a large, heavily tanned outdoor face, a deep voice, and a dome stuffed with baseball anecdotes and diamond strategies left over from the nineteen-thirties and forties. The Cubs have been owned by the Wrigley family for more than sixty-five years, and belonging is the name of their game. When the team played its first exhibition of the spring season this year, against the Taiyo Whales, of Japan, *nine* living Cub managers (including the incumbent, Joey Amalfitano) turned up for the occasion. I looked up another famous Cub before a game at Mesa—Billy Williams, the Chicago batting coach, who batted .290 and hit four hundred and twenty-six homers during his sixteen years with the Cubs (and two with the Oakland A's), and at one time ran off a skein of 1,117 consecutive games played, which is a record for the National League—and we talked hitting. Billy talked, that is; I listened.

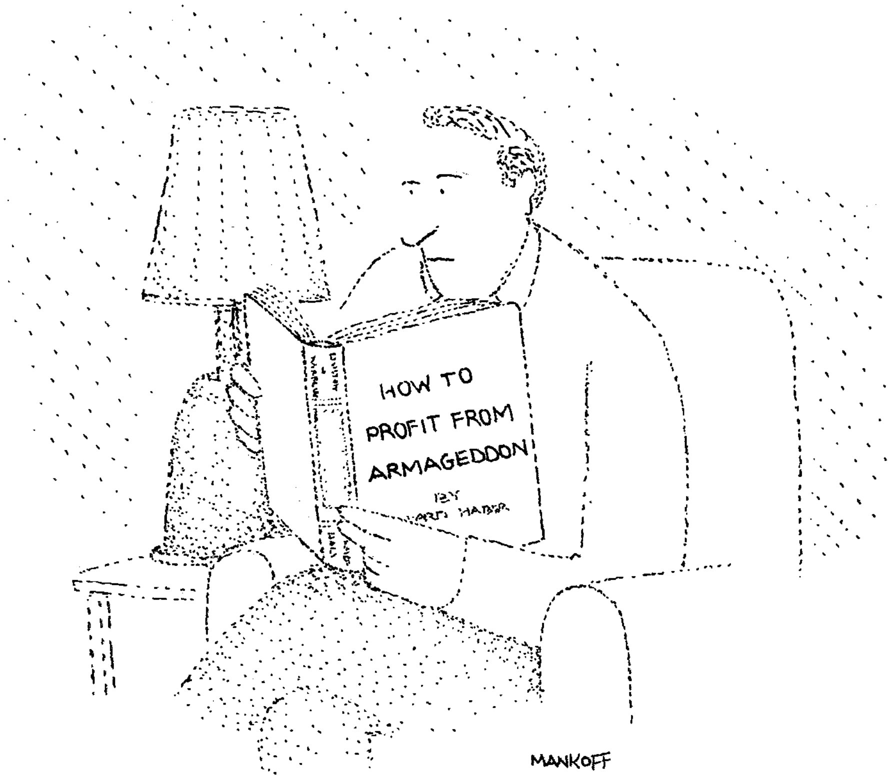
"There are some little things you learn to do after a while," he said. "Against some pitchers who threw real hard—a Koufax, a Bob Veale—I'd sometimes turn my back foot in a little, just an inch would do it, in order to open up my body that much faster. If a pitcher went the other way, with a lot of slow stuff, maybe I'd do it the opposite way—twist that foot back a mite. I never did like to move my hands, adjust them, although some batters do that, you know. The Cubs' uniforms always had this insignia in the same place here on the shirt, and when I'd go take batting practice for the first time each day, I always checked to make sure my hands were at the level of this 'C,' which was just right for me. My weakness was overstriding. When that'd begin to happen, I'd try to stay with the pitch just a little longer and drive it up the middle, because most of the time if you're going bad, you're coming off the ball too quick, and pulling too much. But each time I was in a slump it seemed like I'd have to go out and face a Drysdale, a Koufax, or a Marichal that particular afternoon. It never failed.

"You have to stay aggressive, though. 'Go out and *get that pitch!*' is what Henry Aaron always said. And Rogers Hornsby, who helped me when I was coming up, always emphasized the strike zone. 'Hit the strikes!' he said. You know, when you're up there you're most always going to get one good pitch to swing at. The good hitters hit the hanging curve, the bad hitters miss it. Henry Aaron would sometimes hit the pitcher's *best* pitch, but he never let the bad one get by him. There's only about twenty or thirty hits a year difference between a bad hitter and a good one, you know. You hit those thirty hangers and you'll see your name up there in the papers."

Bill Buckner, the Cubs' first baseman, stands in the batter's box in a squared-up, easy stance, with his left foot (he bats lefty) on the back line of the batter's box. His stride is short, and his rip at the ball is brusque and economical. He hits lots of line drives—enough of them last year to rack up a batting average of .324, which was the best in his league. He has a thick mustache and heavy eyebrows, and he runs with a slight limp—the result of a severe injury to his left ankle and subsequent surgery, which almost terminated his career in 1975. When I talked to him in Mesa, he struck me as being simultaneously intense and relaxed, if that is possible. At the time, I thought that this might be caused by his boredom at having to answer a lot of dumb questions from reporters during a week when he was anxiously hoping for word that he had been traded back to his old club, the Dodgers (the trade never came off), but later on it occurred to me that this air of intense calm, of burning imperturbability, is the ideal condition for any man who must go up there all summer and swing against major-league pitchers. A lot of the hitters I watched and listened to this spring gave off exactly the same vibrations; the machine was at rest, but you could almost feel the engine ticking over just under the hood.

"Hitting is confidence," Buckner told me. "It's the feeling that you can hit certain pitchers in certain situations. The hard thing for young hitters is knowing that—just knowing they can do the job. You've got to keep it simple. There are a lot of guys who can hit the ball nine miles in batting practice, but when they get up there they begin thinking about this pitch or looking for that pitch, guessing and wondering, and they tie themselves up. You make a few adjustments—as few as possible. Against a fastball pitcher like Nolan Ryan, I try to stay on top—hit the ball on a line drive down, so I don't just pop up every time. But it's the difference of speeds that makes major-league pitching so hard—the fastball and then the slider, which gets you leaning. You've got to go out there and decide to do well every day. Don't let an at-bat slip away here and another there. You might lose ten, twelve hits that way, and there goes a good year gone."

Nothing to it, I decided that evening. Well, almost nothing. Hit the hangers, don't let the at-bats get away. Keep it simple. Both Billy Williams and Bill Buckner had pointed out that a handful of hits could make quite a difference, but when I got out a pencil and paper I was startled to see what a big difference that was. A man racking up a hundred and fifty hits in five hundred and fifty official at-bats (close to a full season) is hitting .272. Ten more hits raises his average to .290. Another five hits—a hundred



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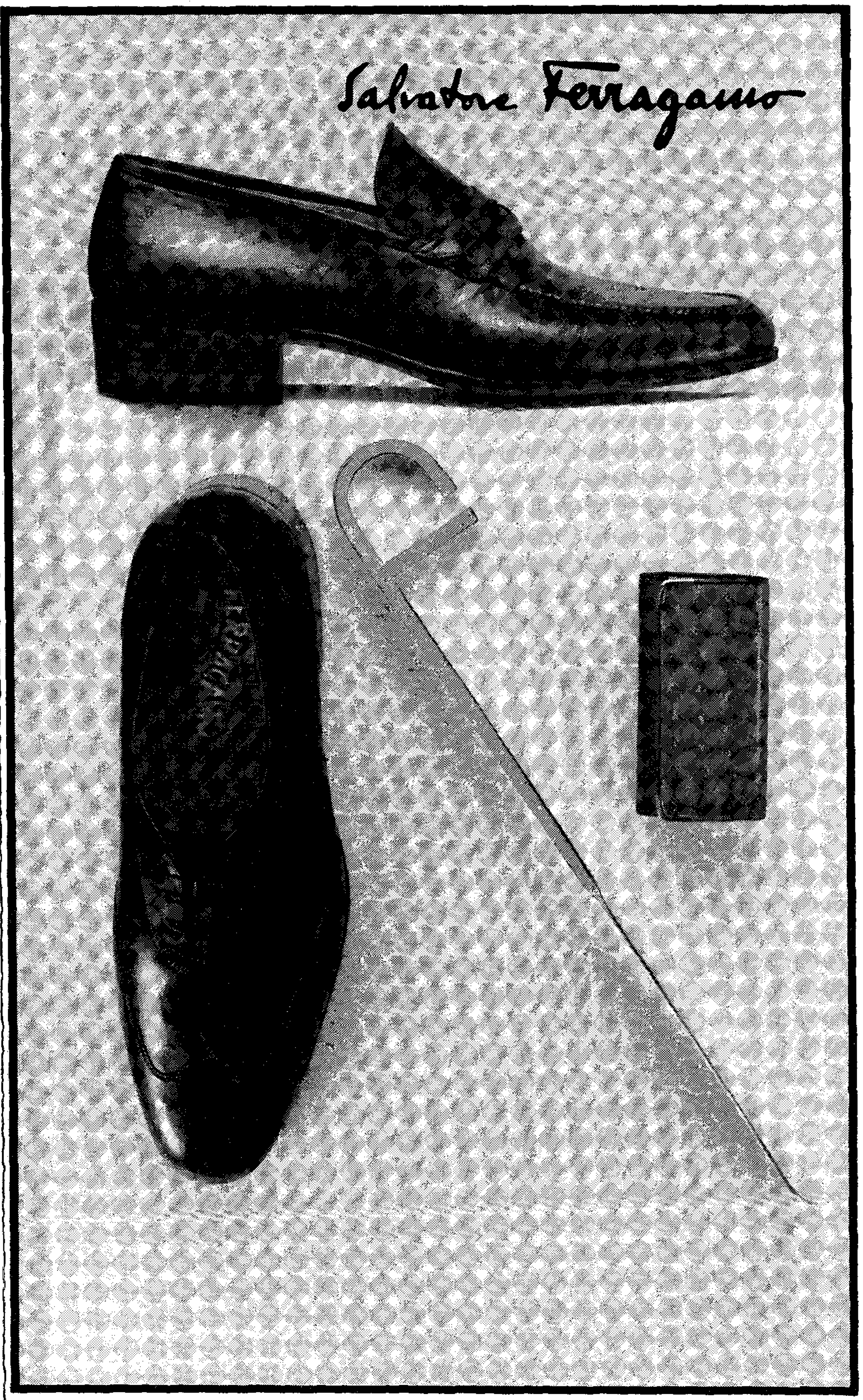
and sixty-five hits in the same five hundred and fifty at-bats—and he's a .300 hitter. If he's bumping along around .250, fifteen extra hits means .276 and respectability. Fifteen extra hits spread over a summer is a bit more than three extra hits per month—less than one extra base hit every week.

Nothing to it, perhaps, but when I gave a little more thought to the real nature of the hitter's job—the business of making contact with a blurry white missile that is flying at you at a speed that ranges between seventy-five and ninety-five miles per hour, of hitting a ball delivered with guile and spin (or no spin), and sometimes with malice, which will sail or sink or bend through a narrow panel of the strike zone (or just miss it: don't swing!) in something less than a quarter of a second after its launching, and must be intercepted with your bat, which is (most unfairly) a cylinder, of course, and then redirected with enough force and plan and muscle and confidence and plain luck to land it untouched somewhere out there on that ruled, overdefended pasture, so that— Well, let's forget it, folks, because it clearly can't be done. A fairer and more realistic appraisal of the hitter's prospects will always take away that extra hit—the crisp, low line drive that zaps into the shortstop's glove; the mighty shot (I got it all *this* time, man!) that hooks foul at the last second; the terrible call by a rookie ump on a pitch that was three inches off the black; or, worse, the strike-three fastball, up and in, that really ate you up, made you look like a real jerk up there, because you were looking for the slider away, of course. So forget that extra hit; let's take away a hit instead. Or take away two hits every week. Let's face it: .250 is much more like it—no, better make that .238.

I talked to hitters all spring—dozens of them, in the end: young hitters and older ones, retired hitters and free-swinging kids, Hall of Famers and hangers-on, and a lot of coaches and managers, too. I hadn't exactly planned this crash course, but once I started I could hardly wait to go on with it. Learning something new is said to be the quickest way to combat a depression, and I badly wanted to shake my miseries over the money side of the game. Hitting is certainly the hardest part of baseball, and possibly the hardest thing to do in any sport, so the curriculum would keep me busy. As it happened, I ended up talking to a lot more National League than Amer-



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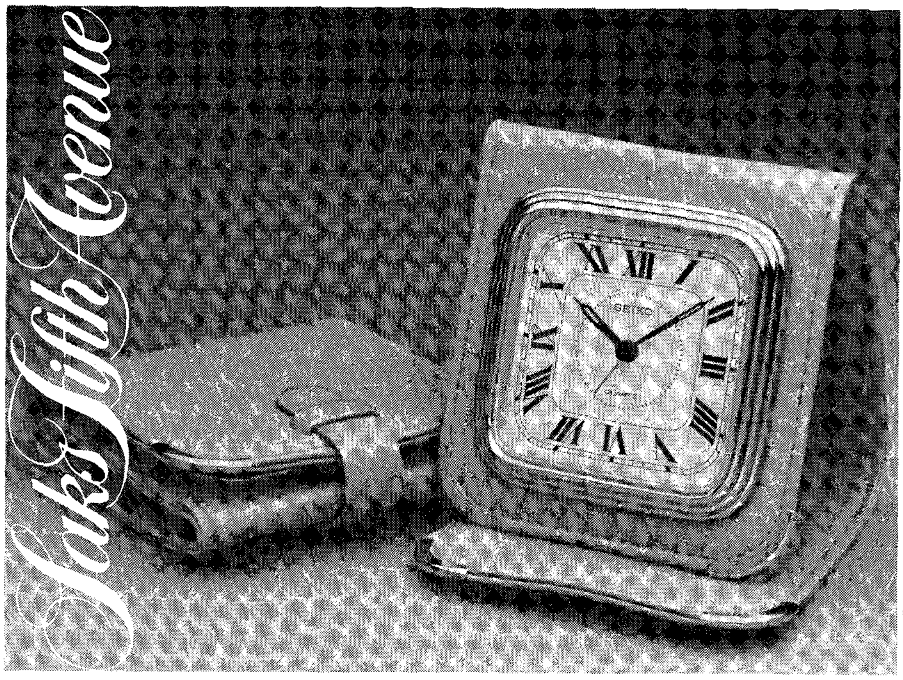

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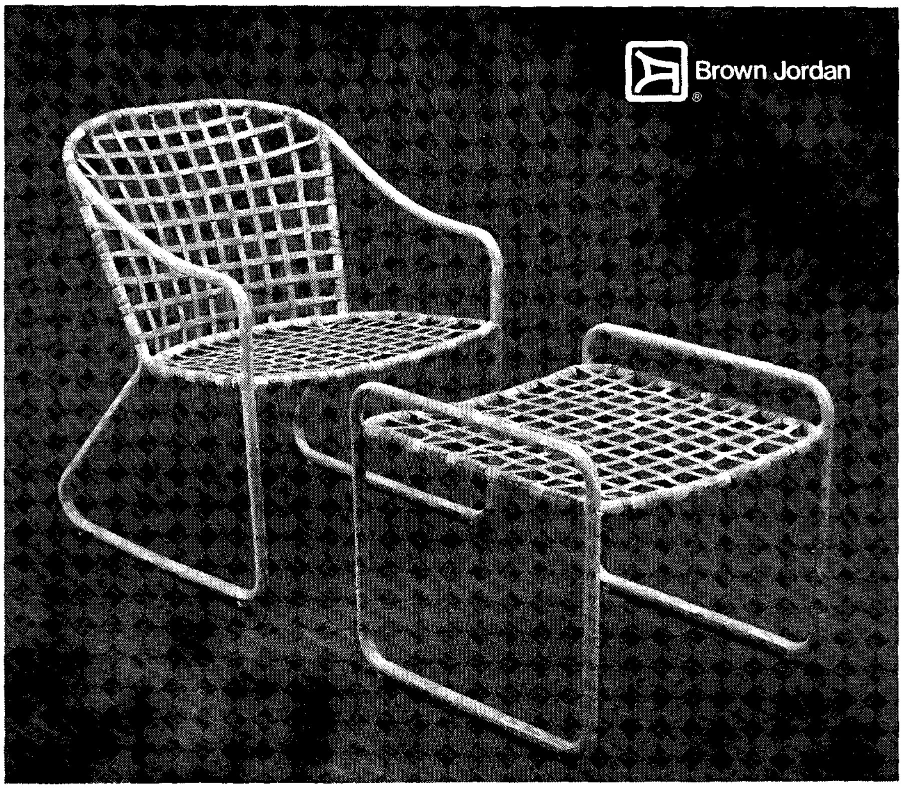

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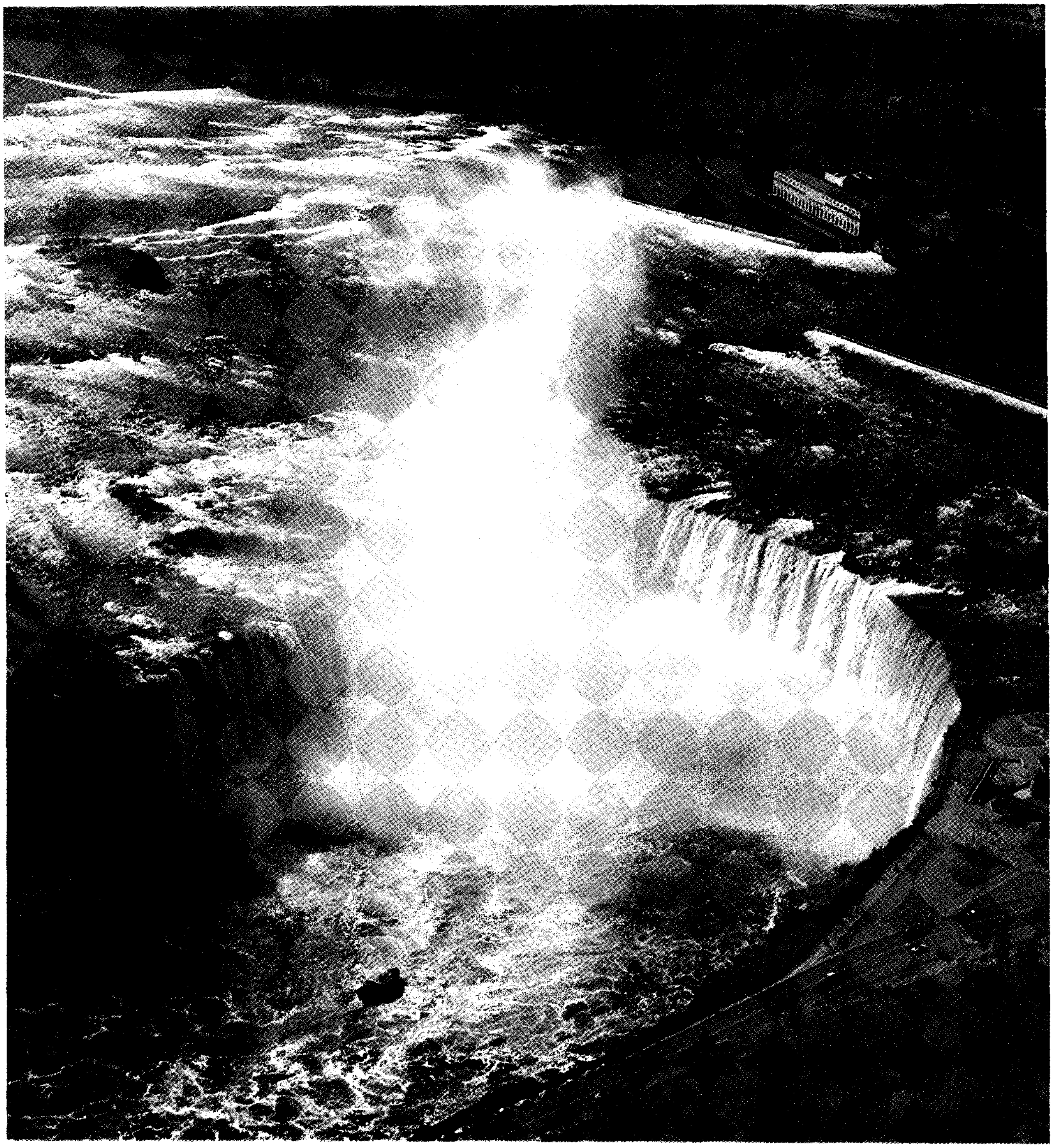
ican League hitters along the way, but that was pure accident and didn't much influence my education. I did steer clear of some of the very best hitters of our time—Rod Carew and George Brett, for instance—because I had already read so much about them or listened to them so often, and because anyone *that* good always seems to make hitting sound easy. I also skipped most of the great contemporary philosophers of bat-and-ball and their theorems (Ted Williams: Cock the hips. Study the zones of the plate. Hips open first, *then* shoulders. Swing slightly upward. Harry Walker: Be late. Wait, wait, wait, then wait some more. Do it *my* way! Waitwaitwaitwaitwait. Talktalktalktalktalk. Wally Moses: Throw the head of the bat at the ball. Charley Lau: Stance *and* rhythm. Be back. Swing back to front. Swing through the ball. Head down at point of contact. Don't turn the top hand over before contact. Keep a tension-free swing), because I didn't want to entangle myself in doctrine and heresy, and also because most of them seem to be saying the same, sensible sort of thing. Some of the batters I did corner sounded surprised at being asked about their demanding line of work. Pitchers are usually more cheerful than batters, I have noticed, probably because their success ratio looks so much rosier; there are twenty-seven outs per team in a game, and less than a third that many hits most of the time. Pitchers are full of ideas; at least they and their catchers know what the ball is meant to do each time it is pitched, while the batters are forever in the dark. "It's always two against one out there," a .257-hitting outfielder said to me sombrely. "Or *three* against one, if you count the umpire. No wonder it's so damned tough."

TOMMY DAVIS poured me a glass of orange juice in his motel room in Phoenix, and told me to watch the inside of his knees. Batting righty, he was standing up at an imaginary plate, just at the foot of his bed, and his knees were bent slightly inward. "Knee-knockers!" Davis said. "Balance!" Then he told me to watch his left hip and his left knee; he dipped the knee, and the hip rotated slightly inward with the motion. "See what happened!" Davis cried. "Now watch me swing. Excuse me—" He stepped past me and picked up a bat from a group of three bats standing in a corner, and resumed his position. "Here comes the "pretty spectacular"



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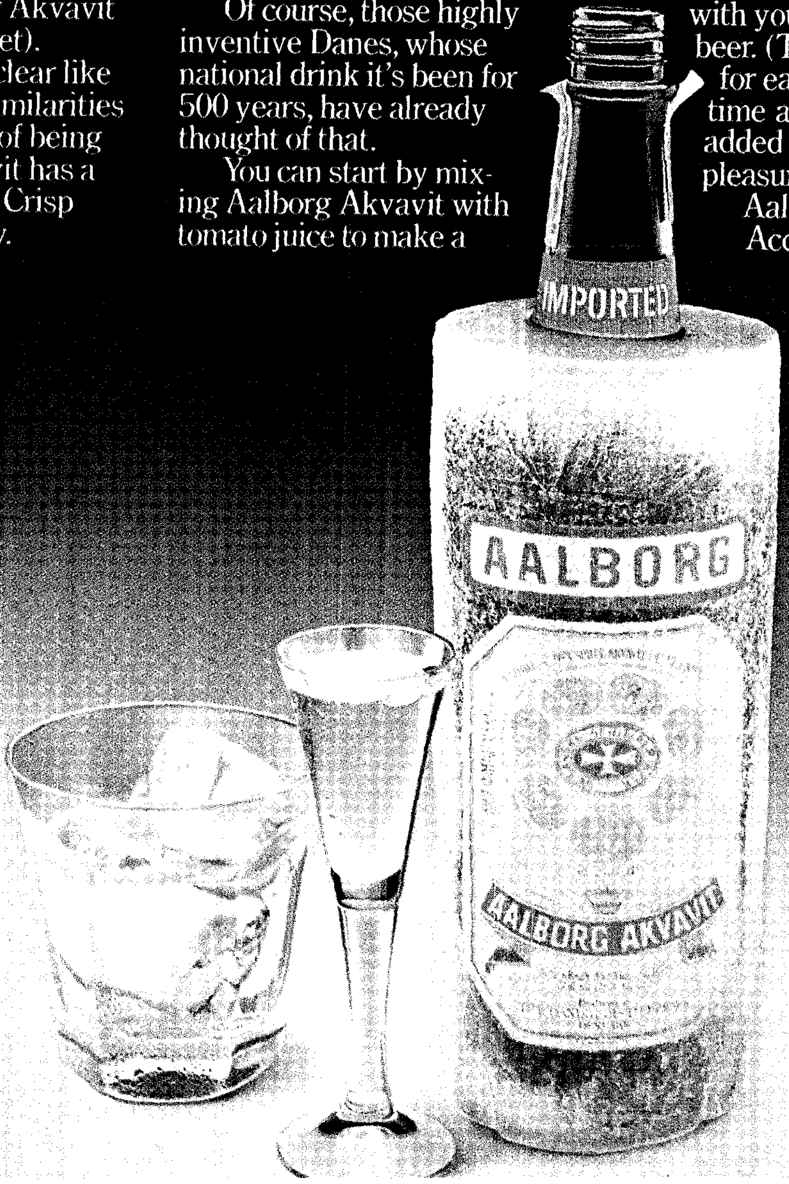

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pitch," he announced. He held the bat high, dipped the knee, and then swung the bat in slow motion, stopping it just short of mid-swing. "Can you see what's happened to that hip now, because I began with that bend?" he said. "It's still there, before the ball gets to the plate! It hasn't gone away yet. Now look at the end of the bat. I've added four or five inches to the outer end of my swing, and I'm covering the whole plate, all because of this hip! It's easy! Everything I tell my batters is easy."

Davis, a large forty-two-year-old man with a large, wide smile, is the batting coach for the Seattle Mariners. This is his first year at the job, and he told me that he had to keep things simple, because he didn't know enough to make things difficult. He said that early in the spring-training period he had arranged for each member of the Mariners squad to visit him in his motel room in the evening, so they could talk about hitting at their ease and come to understand each other's ideas. I was a late rookie—an ancient Mariner—but Davis was still eager about everything he had to tell me. He urged me to turn my head and really look at the pitcher—not peek at him around a corner. He told me to be selfish at the plate during my first two or three times up in a game—to hit for myself then, since later on I might have to hit for the team, because we might be behind in the game. He told me to close my stance a fraction against a left-handed pitcher, so that the second baseman became the center of the diamond for me, because a southpaw's fastball tends to tail away from a righty batter. Then he told me to imagine that I was deformed and had been born with no bone or muscle between my left shoulder and my left elbow.

"What?" I said.

"How would you swing at a pitch then?" Davis said. "Show me how you'd swing with just your wrist and elbow there."

I stood up and executed an awkward, twisting little flip of my wrists and hands. "You see it!" Tommy cried. "You see that! See how fast that was!"

He made the same kind of swing, and the end of his bat whipped across the foot of the bed. "You couldn't extend your arms, so you got quicker," he announced. "You're *much* quicker, and you've covered the inside of the plate with your swing. Now you've got to step up closer to the plate to

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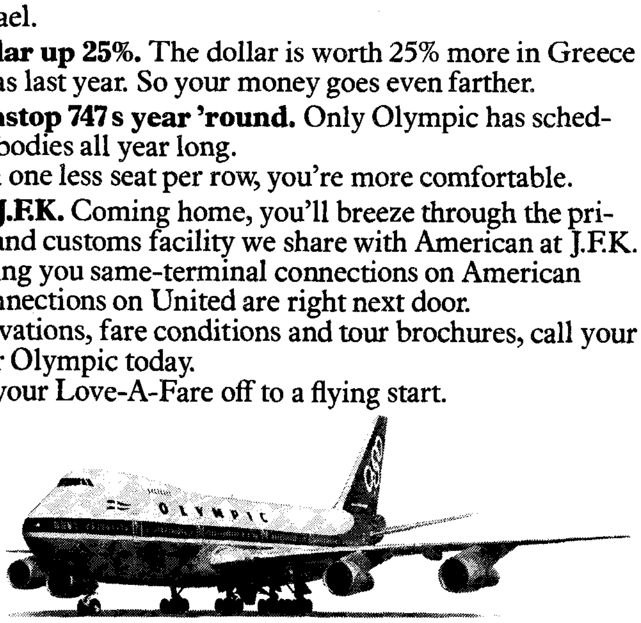

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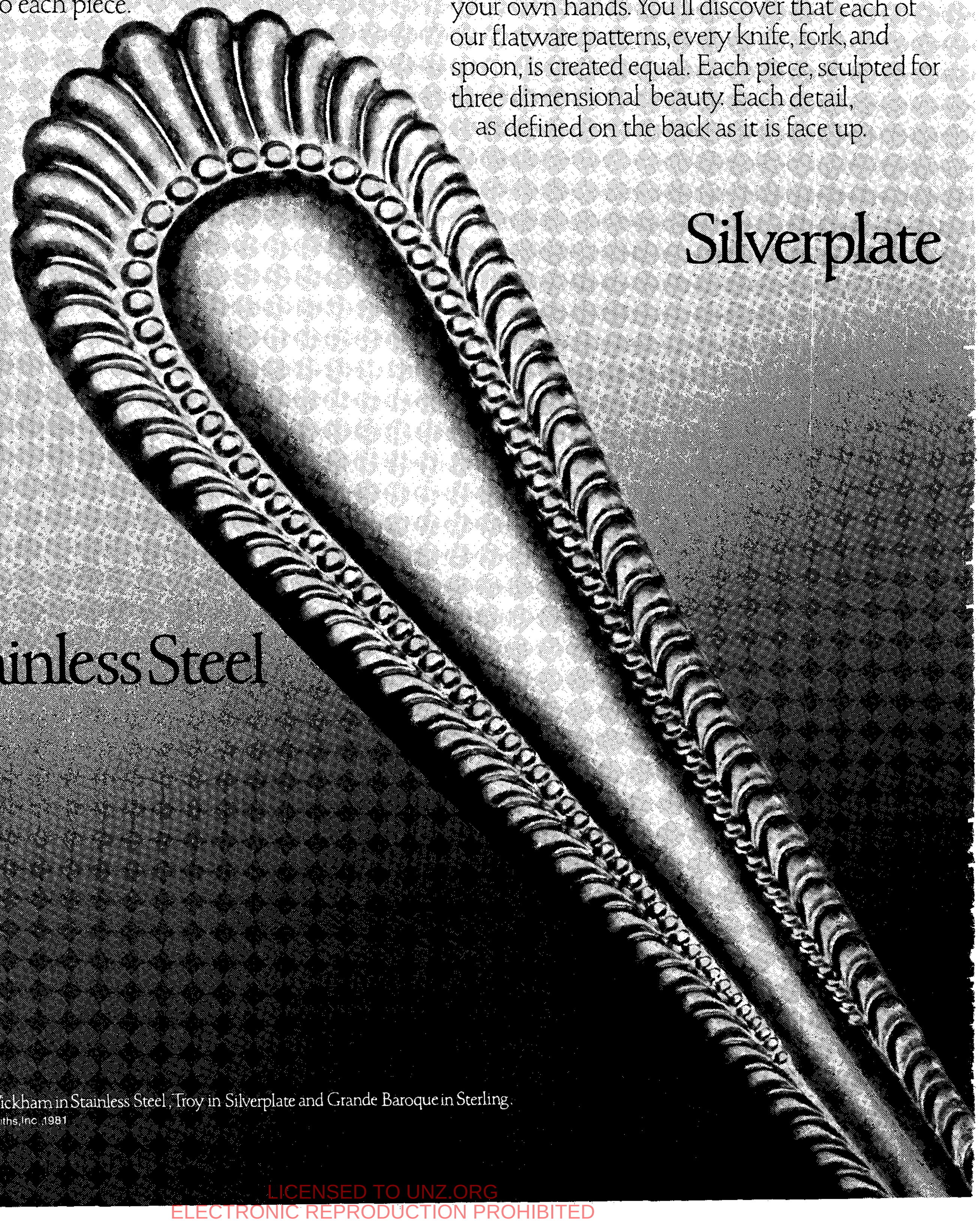

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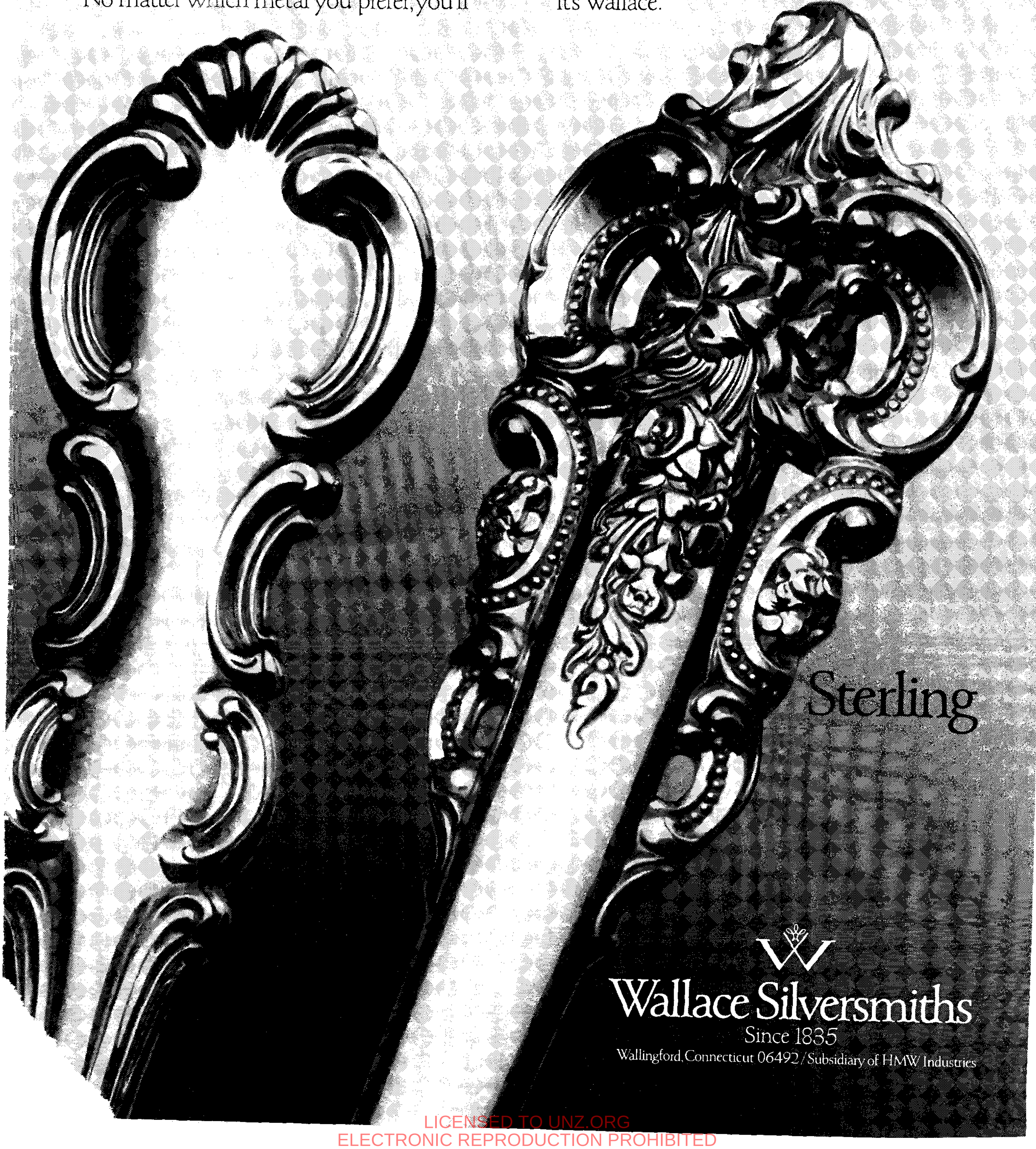

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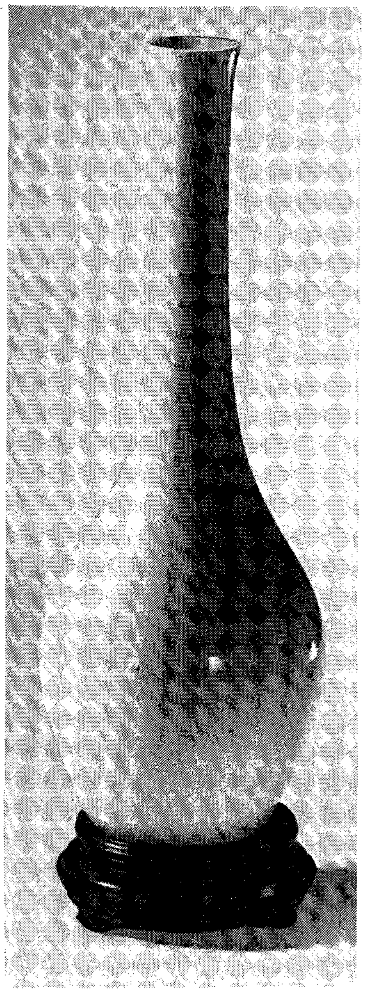

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cover that outside corner, don't you? But you don't mind that! You don't mind that one little bit, because now you've got bat speed, and the man out there can't jam you. You don't care how close you are to that pitch, or how big you are or how small, because you can get that bat around so fast. And if the bat goes first, the body will follow, and then you're a *hitter!* See how easy it all is? Now, when you're up there in a game and you hear old Tommy yell out 'Midget!'—or maybe 'Hip!' or 'Knee-knockers!'—you'll know *exactly* what to do. You'll remember this talk we had and think, Hey, maybe old Tommy had an idea!"

He put away the bat and sat down on the edge of his bed, smiling. "If you can relax, that is," he said in a quieter voice. "Relaxed is the key, but I don't know if that can be taught. I just don't know. They used to call me lazy or lackadaisical, but the lazier I felt the better I'd hit."

I nodded my head, remembering. I could still see Tommy Davis coming up to the plate again for the Dodgers back in 1962 or '63, with the bat almost falling out of his hands, and then hitting another line drive. He batted .346 in 1962, with two hundred and thirty hits. A lazy, terrifying hitter.

"ANYTHING that works," Frank Robinson said. "Anything that feels comfortable to you."

Robinson, the only man to win a Most Valuable Player award in both leagues, is now the manager of the Giants, and he was talking to Larry Herndon, a lanky Giant outfielder, who was taking extra batting practice at Phoenix Stadium, which is the Giants' springtime park. It was late in the afternoon, with shadows falling across the field. Robinson and Herndon and Jim Lefebvre, the San Francisco batting coach, were the only Giants left on the field. Lefebvre was pitching to Herndon, throwing from behind a low screen on the mound; a batboy loped around in the outfield shagging Herndon's flies and grounders. Herndon, a right-handed swinger, would hit two or three hard drives and then he'd pop up or half-top a pitch. Now and then, Robinson would stop him and walk slowly to the front of the cage. "Do me a favor," he said once, in his quiet, slow voice. "Bend just a little more from your waist here. Flex your knees. Loosen yourself." He walked away slowly, and Herndon whacked the next pitch on a line. "That's it," Robinson said softly. "Super!" Jim Lefebvre called in from the mound. "You got it, Lar!"

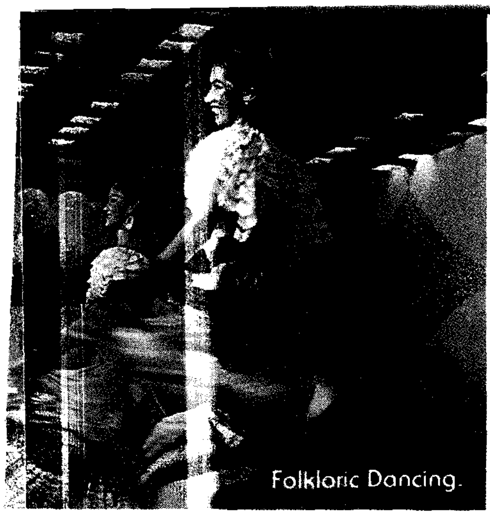
This had been going on for some time. Lefebvre has a quick, excitable manner. He talks rapidly and with great intensity—especially if the subject is hitting. Earlier, when Robinson had been the man on the mound, Lefebvre had stood beside Herndon, with a bat in his hands, showing him things. "Get your weight more centered," he said. "Don't spread out so much. Don't get ahead. Get your stride shortened up and block down along here"—he pointed to his front hip and thigh—"and then your weight is behind the swing. *Voom!* You see that? *Voom!*"

When Robinson became the tutor, he murmured to Herndon, "Slow it down, slow it down. The quickness comes with your hands, not the body," and I had a sudden impression of two veteran detectives working over a suspect in the classic precinct-house fashion. One was shrill and excitable, and then the fatherly, gentler partner took over. The two partners were after the same thing, of course, and it took me only a minute or two now to see that Lefebvre and Robinson had been giving Herndon exactly the same advice.

Later, Lefebvre and I sat in the Giants' dugout for a few minutes in the gathering dusk. He told me that he considered it a great luxury to have Frank Robinson on hand as an example to the Giant hitters. "You need a source," he said. "It's so hard to reach batters at the major-league phase, because they've already come so far and they don't like to change. They don't want to be *told* things, and hitting is so hard that it can get through only if you can find the batter's own terminology or steer him to a source."

Lefebvre's terminology, I discovered, was technical. He explained for me the Axis of the Swing, and how it was destroyed if the batter moved forward in the box too quickly. He demonstrated the Setup Position and the Power Position. He touched on the Focussing Phase and the Decision Phase. He explicated the Lever Actions of a swing—Lever No. 1, which was the leading forearm, and Lever No. 2, which was the bat—and showed me how the two, taken together, became Lever No. 3 when the bat met the ball, unless the batter had turned his wrists over before the impact, in which case the lever was broken. I was awed.

"Oh, I love to talk about all t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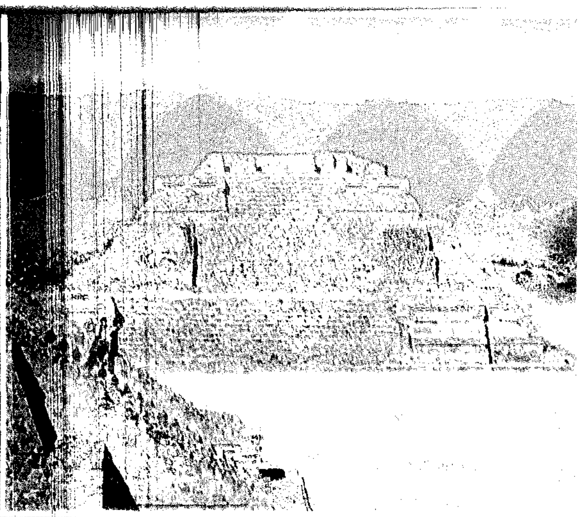

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he said, sitting down again at last. “I played ball in Japan after my major-league career was over”—Lefebvre was an infielder with the Dodgers from 1965 to 1972—“and I discovered that the Japanese care a lot about the style of the swing: how it's done. I can remember reading their newspapers and seeing something like ‘The American hit a very long home run in the third inning, but it was done without proper form.’ So I began to think about form and dynamics. I wish I had some of my pictures and charts here to show you. It's all there, once you start taking it apart. The difficulty about hitting is the emotional side. That's much, much harder to master. You know something?” His voice dropped and took on a wondering tone. “Great hitters have it *here*.” He pointed to his belly, below his belt. “It's all inside here with the great ones. The tougher it is out there, the more they love it. They thrive on it. A Reggie Jackson in the World Series. A Pete Rose with men on base. Did you ever look at Pete Rose's face when he makes out in a spot like that? He can't *believe* it! He wants it every time. He feeds on it. He lives on it! I tell you, if we could bottle that somehow, the job of teaching hitting would be a whole lot easier.”

“WE didn't have any batting coaches in my time. I was always curious about the game and how it was played, so I asked questions, and they were mostly questions about how to hit the ball. In my first couple of years up with the Giants, my roomie was John Mize. He's just been taken into the Hall of Fame, you know. He had that beautiful swing—the prettiest thing you ever saw—but he couldn't exactly communicate what he was doing up there, so I just watched him. This was around 1947 and '48 we're talking about. In 1947, the Big Cat and I hit sixty-eight homers, which was good going for a couple of roomies. Maybe it's a record. He had fifty-one and I had seventeen. If we were on the road, he'd wake up early in the morning in our hotel room, and the very first thing he'd do was light up a big cigar. The very first thing in the day. Then he'd go over to the window and put up the shade and look out to see which way the flags on top of the buildings were blowing—I can still see him looking out like that, in his underwear. If the wind was going the right way—blowing out at the ballpark, I mean—the Cat would

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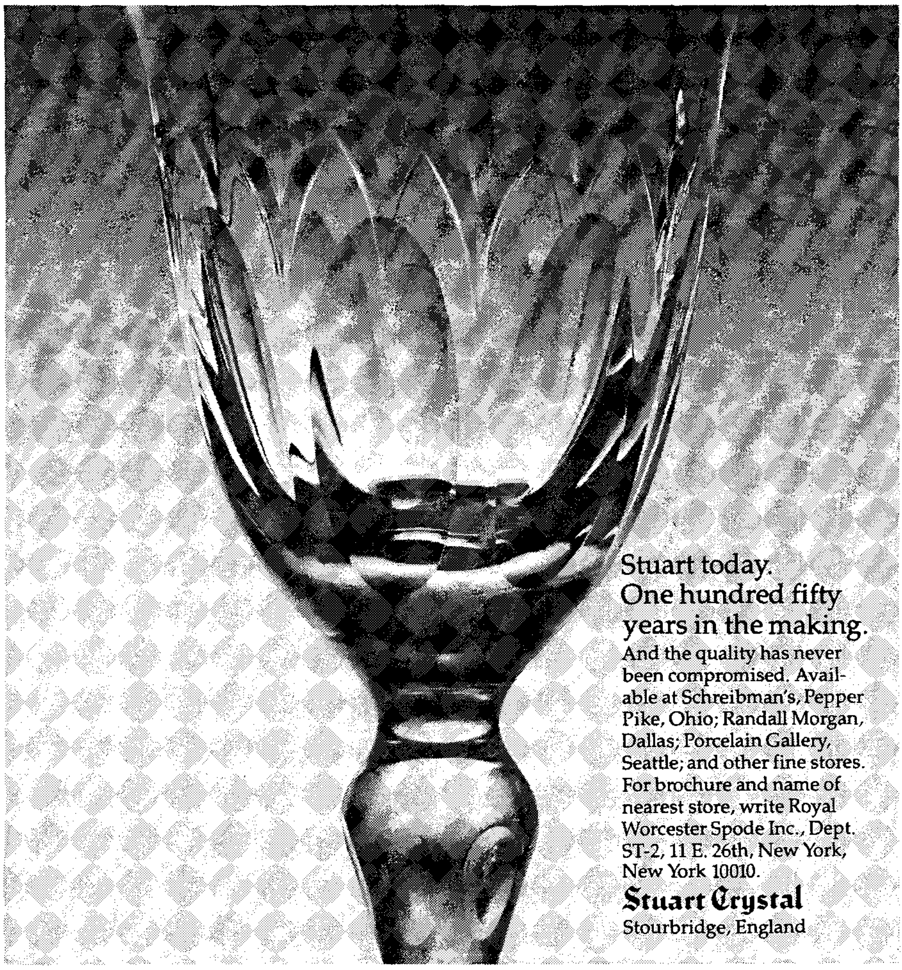
come back and lie down on the bed and blow out some smoke, and he'd say, 'Roomie, I think I'll hit two out today.' But if the wind was wrong, he'd yank down the shade and come back and stump out the cigar in the ashtray, and I'd think, Oh-oh, we'd better pitch a *shutout* today."

The speaker and former Giant is Bill Rigney, later a manager of that club (and manager of the California Angels and the Minnesota Twins: seventeen years at the helm, in all), who is now a super-scout for the Angels. He is sixty-two years old, with white hair, a lean, humorous, sun-reddened face, and long, expressive hands. On this afternoon, he is wearing his sugar planter's broad-brimmed straw hat, for we are sitting in the stands behind home plate at Sun City, watching the Angels and the home-team Milwaukee Brewers play, and the day is a desert blazer, with the temperature well up in the eighties and the humidity (I heard it on my car radio, driving over) at eight per cent. There is a pleasant smell of coconut oil wafting over the grandstand, and if you didn't care about the baseball you could draw up an interesting clothes-for-age chart here today: from near-nudity for the college kids on up to gloves and parasols for the blue-haired older female fans, or Geezerettes, who live in this retirement community. But nearly everybody cares about the baseball today. The Angels and the Brewers are dynamite at the plate this year (although a bit more like Play-Doh on the mound). Both clubs improved themselves with major purchases and trades in the winter market, and when the lineups are announced today one can count fourteen All-Stars among the starters. The game begins, and the visiting Angels take things in hand at once. They rack up nine runs and thirteen hits in their first four innings. But the Brewers are larruping the ball, too, so there is a lot of time in which to study batting styles and batting approaches: Rod Carew's tipped-back torso and droopy, flattened bat; Freddie Lynn's classical, elegant left-handed stroke; Disco Dan Ford's closed-up, almost cross-legged stance; Brian Downing's utterly opposite, open posture—his front foot so far in the bucket before the pitch that he looks as if he had given up on the idea of batting today and had started back for the dugout. Cecil Cooper, who batted .352 for the Brewers last year, has clearly modelled his batting stance on Carew's bent knees and lightly touching front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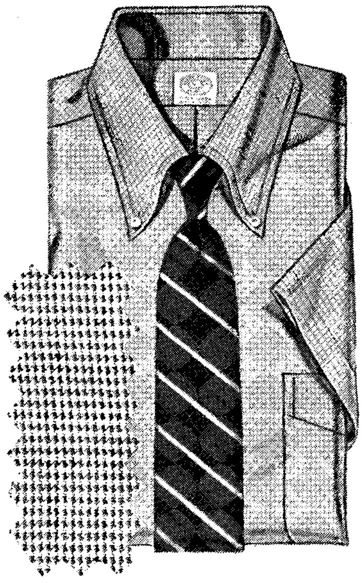
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toe, but Cooper is six feet two, so the impression is of a blown-up poster of Rodney. Ben Oglivie, who weighs just a hundred and seventy pounds, whacked forty-one homers for the Brewers last summer, and when you watch his short, sneaky-fast cut at the ball you can pretty well guess how he did it: Aaron wrists.

"Everyone starts differently, but most hitters meet the ball pretty much the same," Rigney says. "There's no *right* way to hit. I think there's much more hitting to the opposite field now than there was when I was coming up. That's because of the slider, of course. We didn't see that pitch so much back then, and batters could just lay back and pull the ball. I'll tell you, though, if I was starting out coaching today, down at the Class A level or in the rookie leagues, I'd sure try to get all my players to stand up closer to the plate. You just can't let a big pitcher throw two kinds of good pitches at you, and if you're up on top of the plate you've almost taken the best part of the sinker-slider thing away from him. You've made his plate seventeen inches wide again, instead of the twenty or twenty-two inches he's working with. You have to do *something* up there, you know. You have to think. And a pitcher hates it when he sees you right up on top of the plate. He thinks, Why is he standing *there*? Does he have a weakness he's hiding? Does he want the ball outside? It messes up their thinking. And all you have to do is be a little quick up there, so he won't jam you."

On the field, the Angels are doing frightful things to Brewer pitcher Jim Slaton, and when Bobby Grich lines a bulletlike double to right-center field, off a low, outside fastball, Rigney winces with admiration. "That's murder," he says. "It isn't manslaughter, it's *murder*." He shakes his head. "I'll tell you what I like to see, though, and that's a batter who can go from the inside out—a right-hand batter who can slap the inside pitch to right field. A Clemente. If you're doing that, you can use your bottom hand and slide the whole length of the bat against the ball, and really hit to all fields. If the pitch is down and in, O.K., fine—you can pull it. But if it is up and in, you should try to go to right. I lasted two whole extra years with the Giants because Leo"—Leo Durocher was Rig's manager at the time—"knew that with a man on first or second I'd never hit it at *him* or *him*." He points to the third baseman and the

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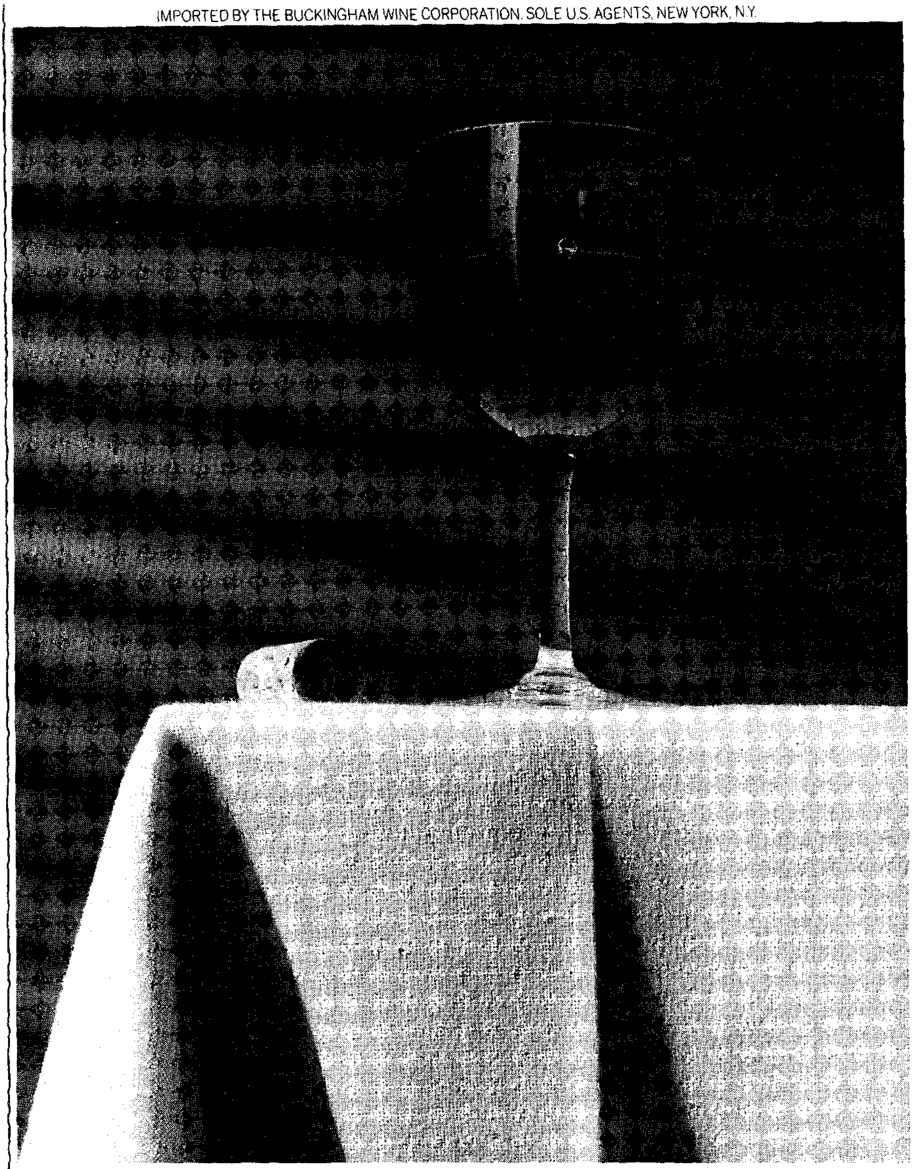

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shortstop. "No! I'd slap it at *him* and *him*"—the second baseman and the first baseman—"and, a lot of the time, past them. So they'd never get two."

Rig smiles and tips his hat a little lower over his eyes. "Well, *hardly* ever," he says.

"BOTTOM hand is one approach," Ted Simmons told me later that day. "Top hand is another, and it's more common. Almost every player has to make some kind of an adjustment when he gets to the major-league level, and for me it was because of the trouble I had with a pitch inside, where I was looping the bat. Even if I got a good cut, I'd just foul the pitch off. So I had to learn to tomahawk the ball, which was top-handing. It took me less time to get from back up here to *here,* over the plate, and I could keep the ball fair then, because I'd changed the angle of the bat on the ball. So top hand was right for me."

Simmons, a switch-hitting catcher, moved from the Cardinals to the Brewers during the off-season as part of a complicated multi-player trade; he batted .298 during his eleven years with the Cards, and he hits with enough power to have twice batted in over a hundred runs in a season. A lot of baseball people think that his acquisition by the Brewers will take them all the way to a pennant this year. Simmons has a square-jawed, alert face (he looks very much like an Ivy League football player from the eighteen-nineties), and he talks baseball as articulately as anyone I know. By this time, however, I had begun to sense an overload in my hitting comprehension. The more I heard about it, the more difficult and impossible it had begun to seem to me. I said something to this effect to Simmons.

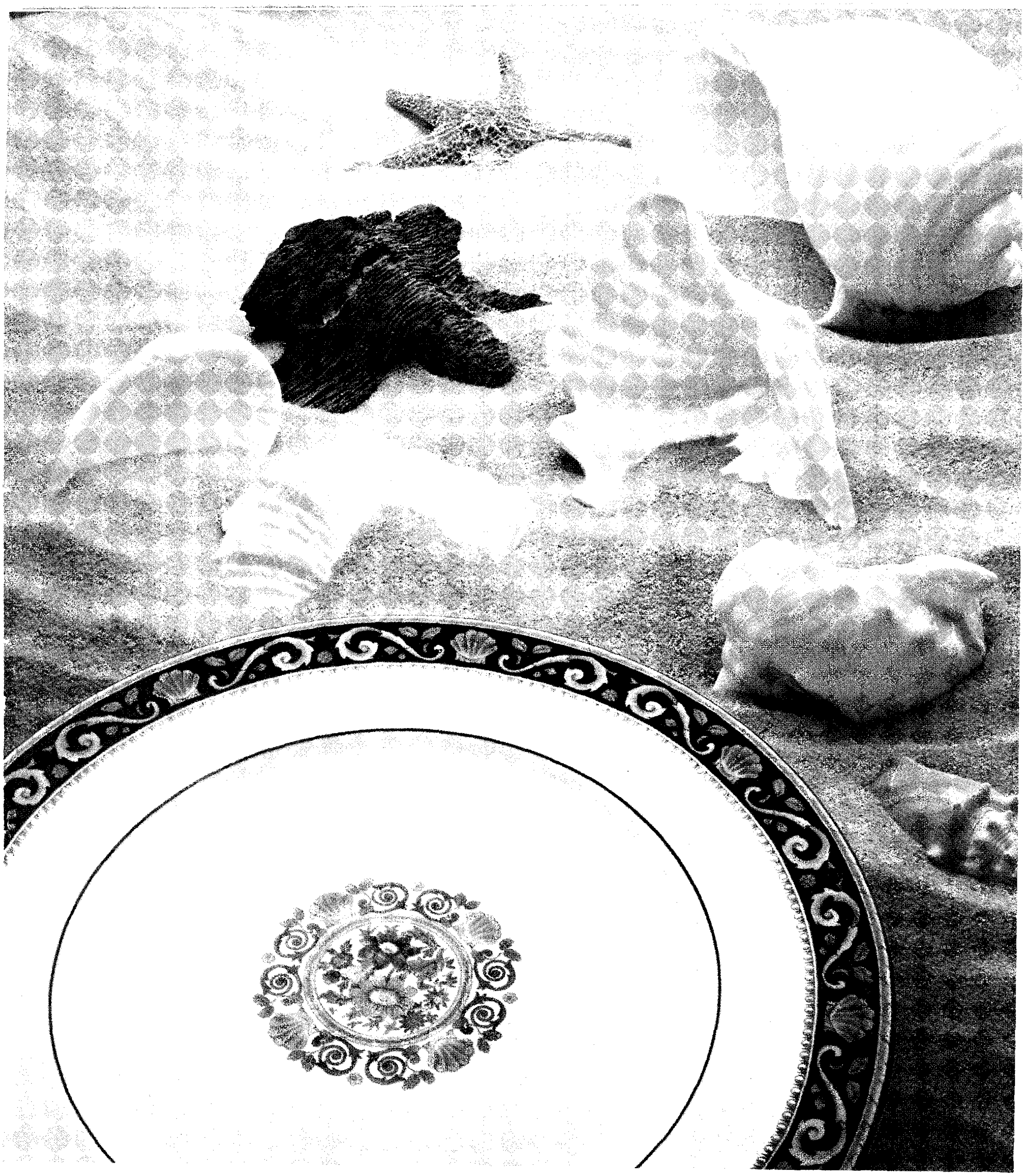
"Well, hitting is a physical art, and that's never easy to explain," he said. "And it's hard. It's one hard way to make a living if you're not good at it. Hitting is mostly a matter of feel, and it's abstract as hell. If I'm in a slump, it's because I've lost the feel of making solid contact with the ball on the thick part of the bat, and I get a pitcher and go out and take extra batting practice until that feeling comes back—maybe ten minutes, maybe half an hour: for as long as it takes. I've made some kind of physical adjustment in order to attain a better mental state, a better psychic condition. You have to feel good if you're going to hit aggressively and with confidence. But I *know* I can hit—I've been doing it all my life—and that breeds confidence, too."

I asked Simmons about batters' picking up the spin on the pitch—the part of hitting that most startled me when I first heard batters mention it. Simmons said that Carl Yastrzemski had once told him that the players who hit the ball hardest and most often are simply the ones who are quickest to see the spin and identify it. Some pitches can be read before they leave the pitcher's hand, Simmons said—the curveball, much of the time, because it is delivered from a wider angle (I recalled Billy Williams saying that a ball delivered from the upper, outer limits of a pitcher's reach which was headed for his chin was almost surely a curve, "because big-league pitchers just ain't that wild")—but most pitches are identified by the precise appearance of the ball in mid-flight. The fastball has a blurry, near-vertical spin. The curveball spins on a slight axis. The slider—well, there is more than one kind of slider.

"If a pitcher holds the ball with his forefinger and middle finger between the wide part of the seams, out at that horseshoe-shaped part of the ball, you see a big, wide white spot when it's pitched—sort of a flickering," Simmons said. "The better slider comes when he grabs the ball where the seams are close together. Then the red laces on the ball make a little red spot out there. That's because the ball is spiralling so hard that it's like the tip of a football that's just been passed. The seams make a little circle—that red dot—and you think, *Slider!* The red-dot sliders are the hard ones to hit—like J. R. Richard's. The white ones tend to hang. You can read the white one when it's about three feet out of the pitcher's hand. The red dot I can pick up about five feet from his hand."

"I still can't believe it," I said.

"It's just data," Simmons said. "You learn it and you use it. What's much harder—what makes the biggest disadvantage for any hitter—is not knowing the pitchers. If you see a batter facing a pitcher for the first time ever, the odds are way, way in the pitcher's favor. It's not just knowing what the pitcher has—sinker, slider, a riding fastball; whether he has a change; whether he'll throw you a breaking ball when he's behind in the count—but what kind of speeds he throws them with. That identifies him in your mind. That's his pitcher's character. Without that, you're at a gross disadvantage. I'll be up against



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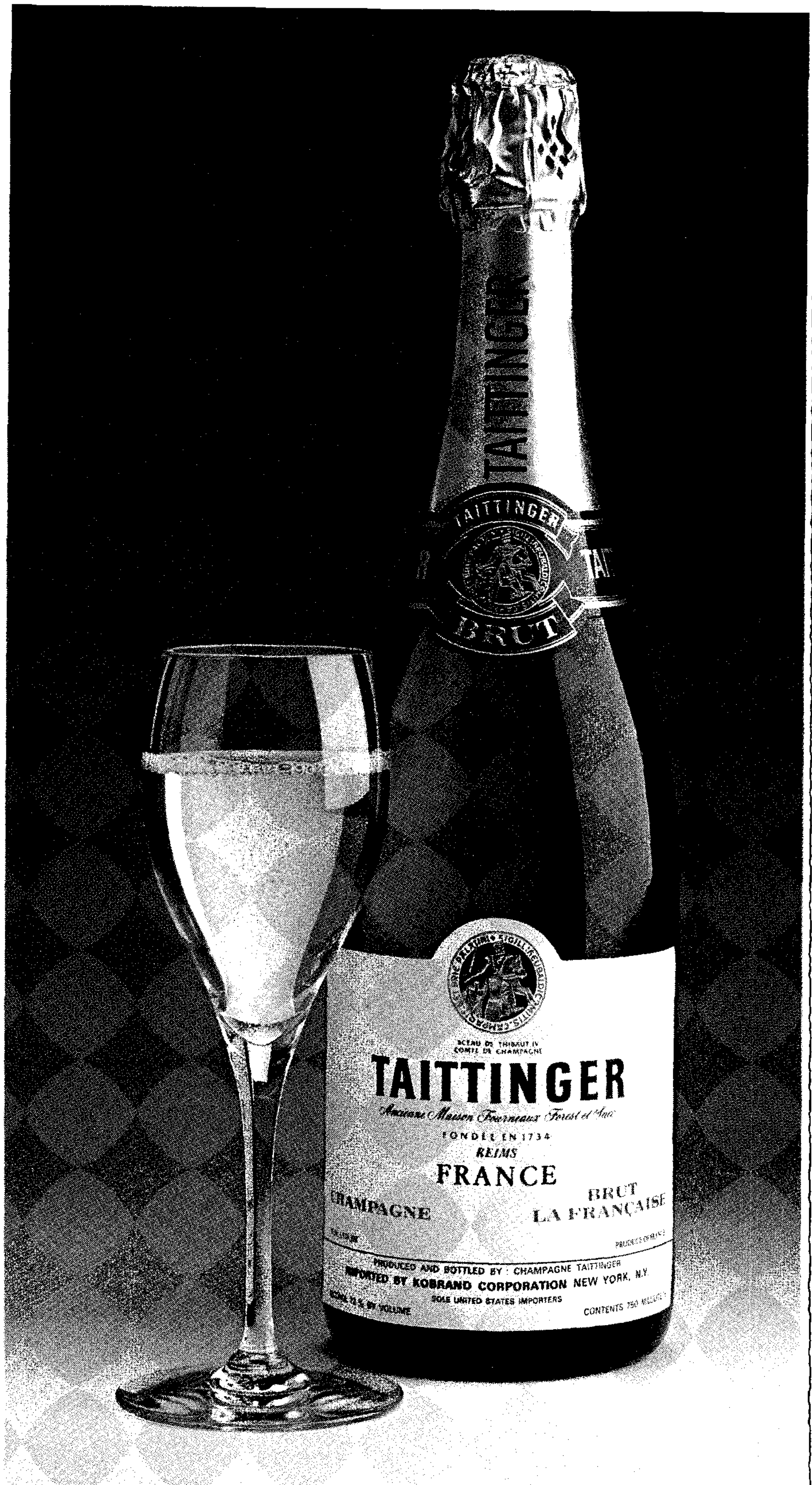
that for the first few weeks this year, because this is a new league for me. *It's more of a breaking-ball league* than the National League. But it doesn't take *that* long to learn it, because you compare every pitcher with someone you've faced before. Just a couple of at-bats against him, and you begin to say to yourself, 'O.K., you pitch like Sutton.' Or 'Your fastball is a little like Seaver's.' Or 'You come at a batter like Jerry Reuss.' And then it's all a lot easier. Your data grows. That's why a young pitcher will do so well sometimes in his first year in the majors. He might win ten or fifteen games out there—because the batters don't know him yet—and then he's never heard of again. The hitters have caught up."

BASEBALL is not just hitting, and spring training had other rewards for me this year. In Florida, before a Tigers-Red Sox game at Winter Haven, the new Boston manager, Ralph Houk, looked across the field at Mark Fidrych, who was warming up for the Tigers, and recalled the kind of pitcher Fidrych had been in that one great summer of 1976, when he ran off a 19-9 record, with an earned-run average of 2.34, and became the most attractive, most talked-about rookie of our time: the Bird. Fidrych hurt his knee the next spring, and then damaged his arm, and he has spent most of the ensuing four years on the bench or in the minors. Now he was making another comeback try. Houk, who was Fidrych's manager in Detroit that first year, said, "He knew one thing, which was to go right at the hitters and to keep the ball low. Everything he threw that summer was down, and it was all strikes. He never had to learn to pitch to a hitter's weakness, because he made them hit his pitch. That low fastball moved around so much nobody could touch it. He was so strong that if he was ahead in the seventh or eighth inning you could already put up that 'W' beside his name. The things he did for our club that summer! The games he won and the crowds he got! I remember us going in to play the Twins, who hadn't been drawing *anybody*, and he filled the ballpark for them. I never saw anything like that before in baseball."

The Red Sox fans applauded happily when Fidrych's name was announced in the starting lineup, and they laughed and clapped some more when he took the mound and we could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watch and remember his odd, deep crouch on the mound, with the ball and glove held close to his belly as he got the catcher's sign. Fidrych is only twenty-six, and he still had an eager, boyish, stalking way about him out there. But most of his pitches to the Bosox batters were up, and there was no pop to his fastball. He gave up three walks and a double and a two-run homer (to Jim Rice) in the first inning, and was soon gone. Gone for good, almost surely.

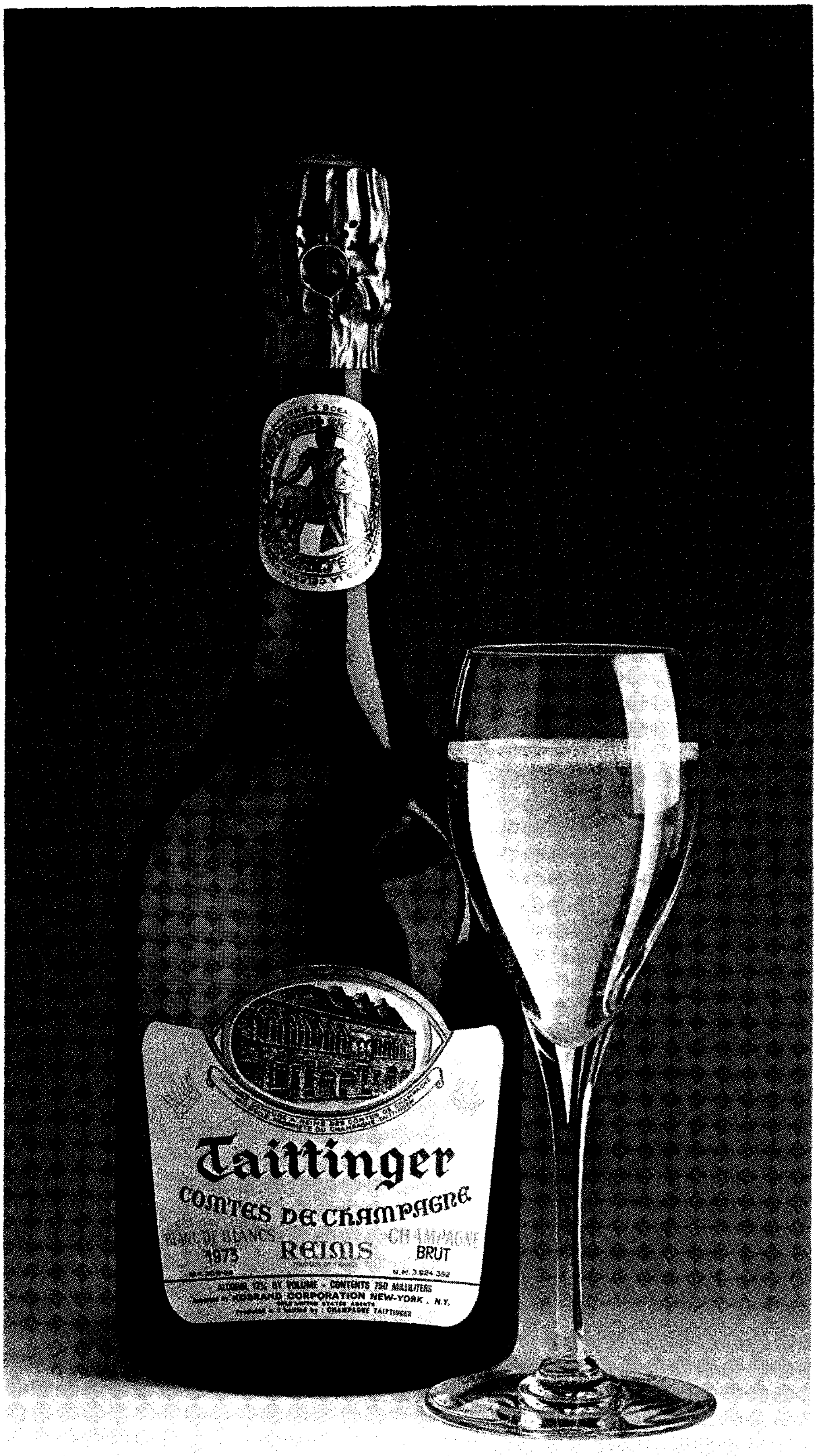
In the same game, the Red Sox moved a base runner (Tony Perez) from first base to third base with a hit-and-run single poked to the right side, just behind the Tiger second baseman, by the next batter, Carney Lansford; Perez then scored on a sacrifice fly, while I swooned with surprise. To the best of my recollection, the Bosox had not scored a run in such austere, classical fashion since the mid-nineteen-thirties. The Major (Houk, that is) also seemed to have persuaded some of the Boston pull-hitters to take a pitch now and then. The new incumbent at short, Glenn Hoffman, is clearly no Burleson—who is?—but there was some stout Boston pitching by a young rookie right-hander named Steve Crawford and some sound arms at last in the bullpen, and if the Boston fans can get used to the idea of their heroes winning (or losing) some games in which the total of runs scored does not always climb into football-game figures, there may be a few happy hours up at the Fens this summer after all.

OVER at St. Petersburg, I found Bob Gibson behind a batting cage at the Mets' practice ground, Huggins-Stengel Field—Gibson in uniform again. The retired Cardinal ace and brand-new Hall of Fame designee had been appointed to the Mets' coaching staff last winter; because the Mets already had a pitching coach, Rube Walker, manager Joe Torre was calling Gibson his "attitude coach," which meant he was there to help the team win. Gibson said he had been pitching a lot of batting practice, his first work on a mound in six years, and told me he almost wished he were a rookie mound candidate again.

"You'd be Rookie of the Year," I said.

Gibson smiled but did not laugh. He was considering his chances.

A little later, Gibson and Torre and Walker stood together behind the cage and watched Pat Zachry, the Mets' sepulchral, bearded right-hander, work-



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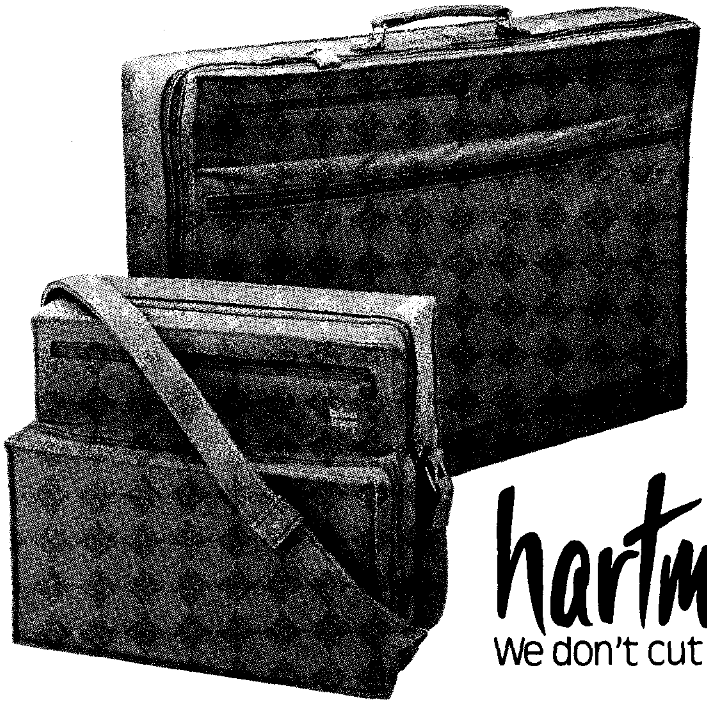

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ing to a batter from the mound. Torre asked Zachry to throw off a stretch. The pitch came in—a pretty good slider—and Torre said, "There—he did it again."

"I missed it," Gibson said. "I don't have my glasses on."

Torre asked Zachry to throw another slider, and this time we all saw it. At the top of his stretch, Zachry wiggled his glove minutely as the fingers of his pitching hand gripped the ball for the slider. A smart batter, I knew by now, would pick this up in an instant.

"It'll be fixed," Torre said. This, among other things, is what spring training is *for*.

A COUPLE of days later, a sellout crowd turned up at Al Lang Stadium, in St. Pete, to watch the visiting Yankees take on the Cardinals. During batting practice, the foul-ground territory around home was jam-packed with local city-side reporters, fence-hopping autograph hunters, children in baseball caps, young women with Instamatics trying to look like A.P. photogs, old codgers with baseballs to be autographed for their grandchildren, and middle-aged gents who eagerly accosted one Yankee or another with recollections of some years-past lobby encounter or with the insistent request to be remembered relayed from the player's fourth-grade teacher in Terre Haute. This is the World Series atmosphere that the Yankee entourage never escapes, even in spring training, and during the game the same overheated love-hate response showed itself in savage little eruptions of jeering from the stands when Dave Winfield leaped for a long drive at the left-field wall and missed it, and when Reggie Jackson struck out in the second inning and again in the sixth. But I didn't care; it was too nice a day to care about anything. I sat in the stands and watched the breeze fluttering the fronds of the palm trees out beyond the fences. A lot of teenage kids were perched on top of the green outfield wall, with their bare legs dangling; the park loudspeaker ordered them down from there, but nobody moved, of course. The second-stringers began to filter into the game, and I gave up keeping score. The Cardinals' batting helmets were brilliant scarlet in the sunshine. A pterodactyl flapped slowly across the field, headed for Tampa Bay. Out beyond the 388-foot marker in right center, a man in a scarlet shirt was sitting in a

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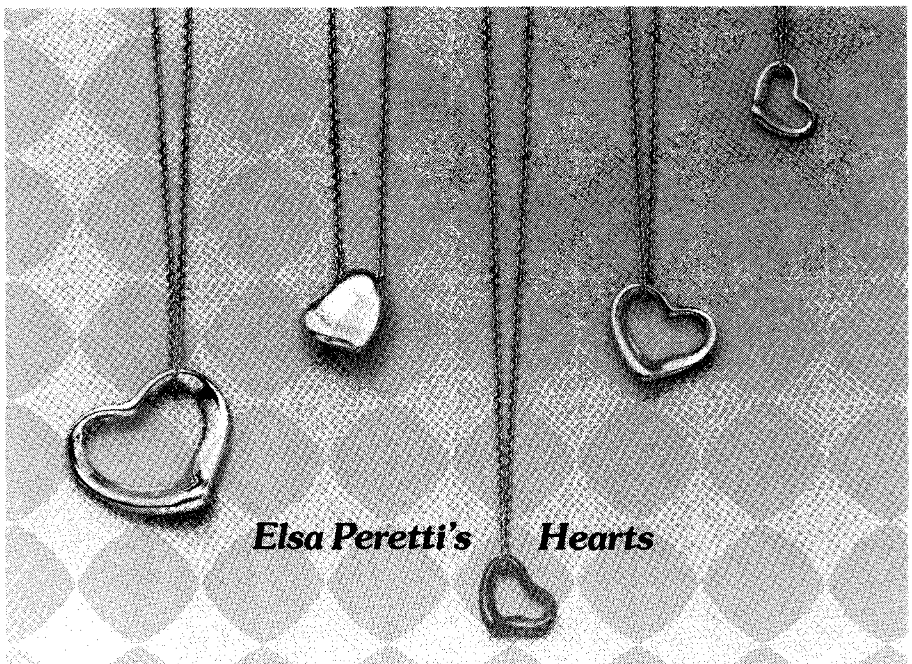

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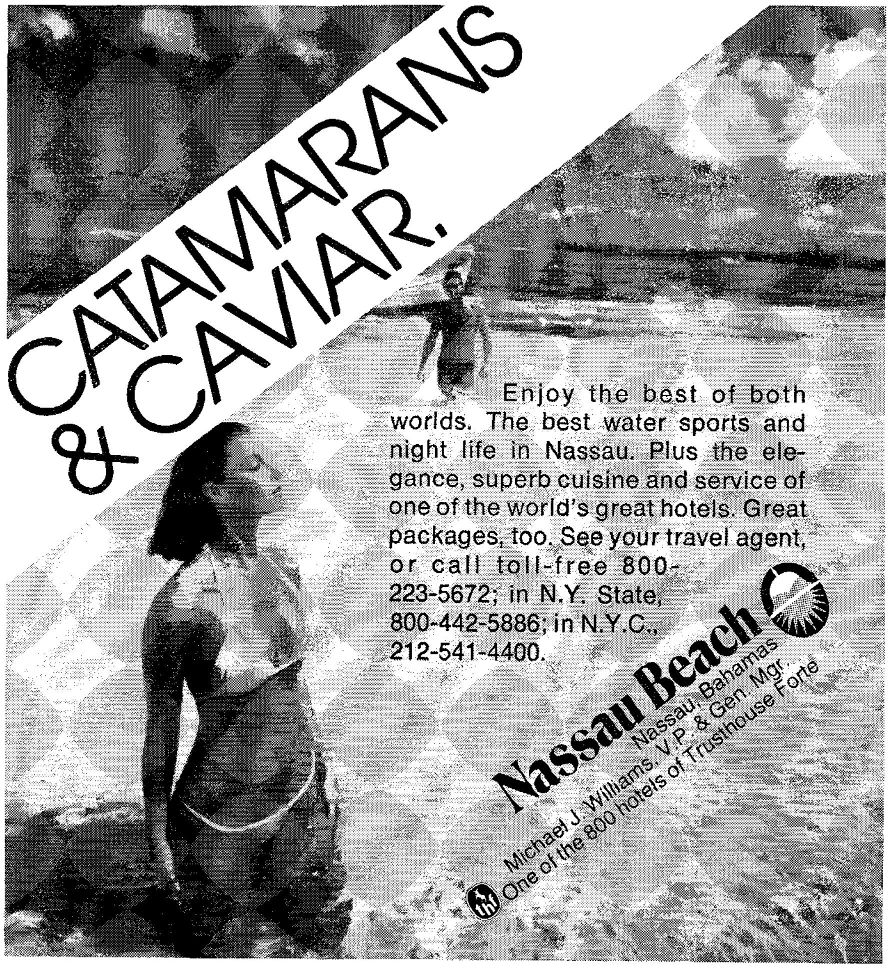

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tree. The Cardinals won, 3–1, and the whole thing was over in less than two hours. I yawned and stretched. Could that have been a pelican? . . . It was time to head for the pool.

I WENT back to the hitters. On a frigid, wind-torn gray morning in Clearwater, I asked Pete Rose what he did about slumps.

"Well, I don't think there's anybody's going to get me out for long," he said. "Nobody's got a book on me. I switch-hit and I hit the ball everywhere. I can hit the fastball and the breaking ball, and I might hit you down the right-field line one time and up the other way the next time. If some pitcher's been getting me out, I'll do one of six things. I might move up in the box or move back. I might move away from the plate or come closer. I might choke up more or choke up less. I can usually tell what I'm doing wrong by the flight of the ball. I've seen guys play major-league ball for ten, twelve years, and if they go oh-for-fifteen they want to change their stance, like it's the end of the world. That's ridiculous. The only thing that's rough about this game is that you can't turn it on and off like a faucet. If I'm swinging good, I'll come to the park even on an off day, just to keep it going. This game is mental. There's a lot of thinking in it. You watch the pitcher from the batter's box and see what's going good for him. You watch the ball and it's sending you messages—the knuckleball don't spin, screwball's got backspin, slider's got that dot. It's easy. I like to watch the ball leave the pitcher's hand, and I like to watch the catcher catch it and throw it back to him. It's a habit I got into. I like the umpire to tell me where the ball is. He says, 'Strike one,' and I say, 'O.K., you missed one. Now give me one.' " Rose had a bat in his hands and had taken up his exaggerated, crouching at-bat posture (he was batting lefty, perhaps because I was taking notes right-handed), and was staring back in disbelief at some imaginary umpire behind him. A little crowd of writers and Phillies laughed at the pantomime. Pete Rose could draw a crowd in a cemetery.

"It never changes," he went on. "The pitchers don't change. Tom Seaver don't change. If you're a good hitter, hitting in the majors is easier, 'cause you're facing the same pitchers all the time. I'm particular about that. I have to know the way a guy

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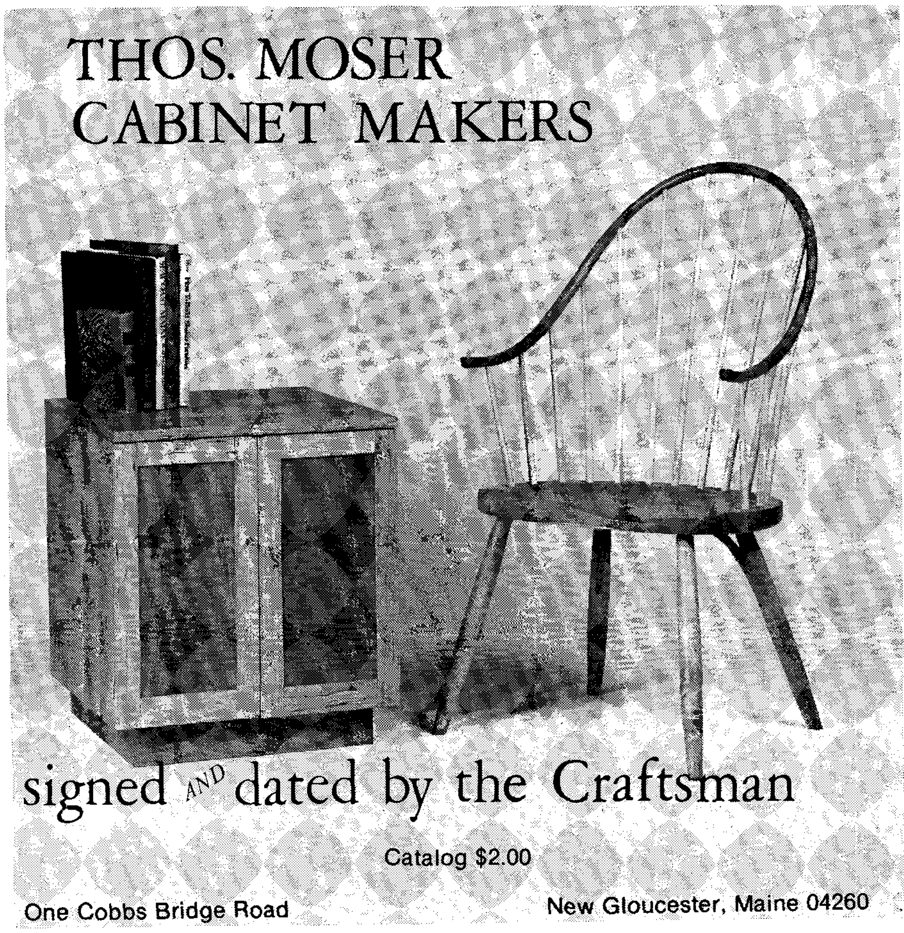

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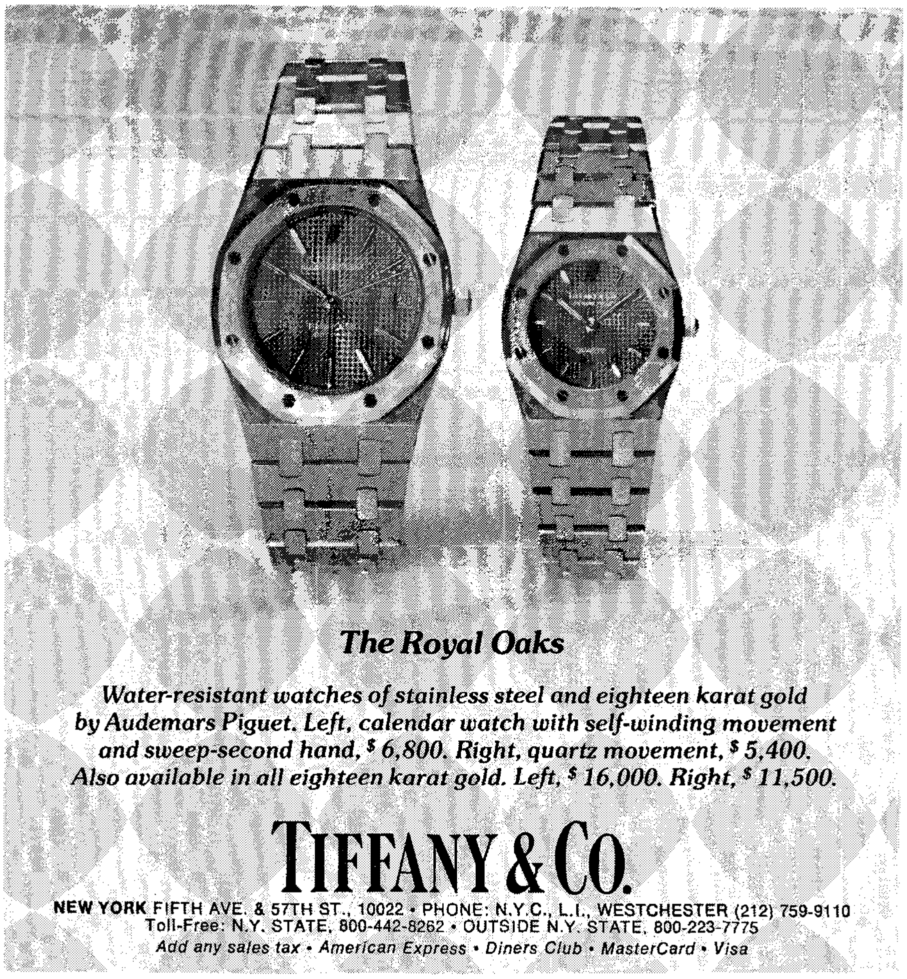
throws. If you don't believe me, look at my Championship Series record, where I got more hits than anybody in the game, and then look at my World Series average. I don't know the pitchers in the World Series, unless they were in my league once, but look at what happens in the fifth and sixth and seventh games, when I begin to see the same guys out there pitching. Look that up."

I looked it up. In the five World Series in which Rose has played (in 1970, 1972, 1975, 1976, and 1980), he has gone hitless at the plate—0 for 16—in every one of the opening games. His second-game average is .157. His third-game average is .285. His fourth-game average is .285. His fifth-game average—he has been in four of them—is .375. His sixth-game average, for three games, is .416. He is four for nine in his two seventh World Series games—.444. Nothing about Pete Rose surprises me anymore, but still . . .

STEVE GARVEY always seems to be standing at attention in the batter's box. As he waits for the pitch, his back is straight and his bat shows not a tremor of anxiety or anticipation. His feet are apart, of course, but perfectly parallel with the back line of the box. When he swings, his head snaps down, as if he were checking the shine on his tunic buttons. What he is doing, of course, is watching the ball—*really* watching the ball. He swings exactly the same way at every pitch: perfect swings. Last year, he batted .304, which is exactly his lifetime average in eleven seasons with the Dodgers. Last year, he had exactly two hundred hits; the year before, he had two hundred and four hits; the year before that, it was two hundred and two. Garvey is a soldier of hitting.

"No mannerisms—right?" Garvey said after he had seen me studying him in the batting cage one evening at St. Petersburg. He is entirely aware that his play and his personality give the appearance of bland, mechanical perfection. "I'll have to try to do something about that," he said, shaking his head in mock distress. "Actually, I make a conscious effort to limit all that extra activity at the plate so I can just take the bat back and step into the pitch. It's hard enough to do that, without having to compensate for a lot of little movements and habits you can get into up there. I did change my stance back in 1972 and '73, when our batting coach, Dixie Walker, worked with me on going right toward the



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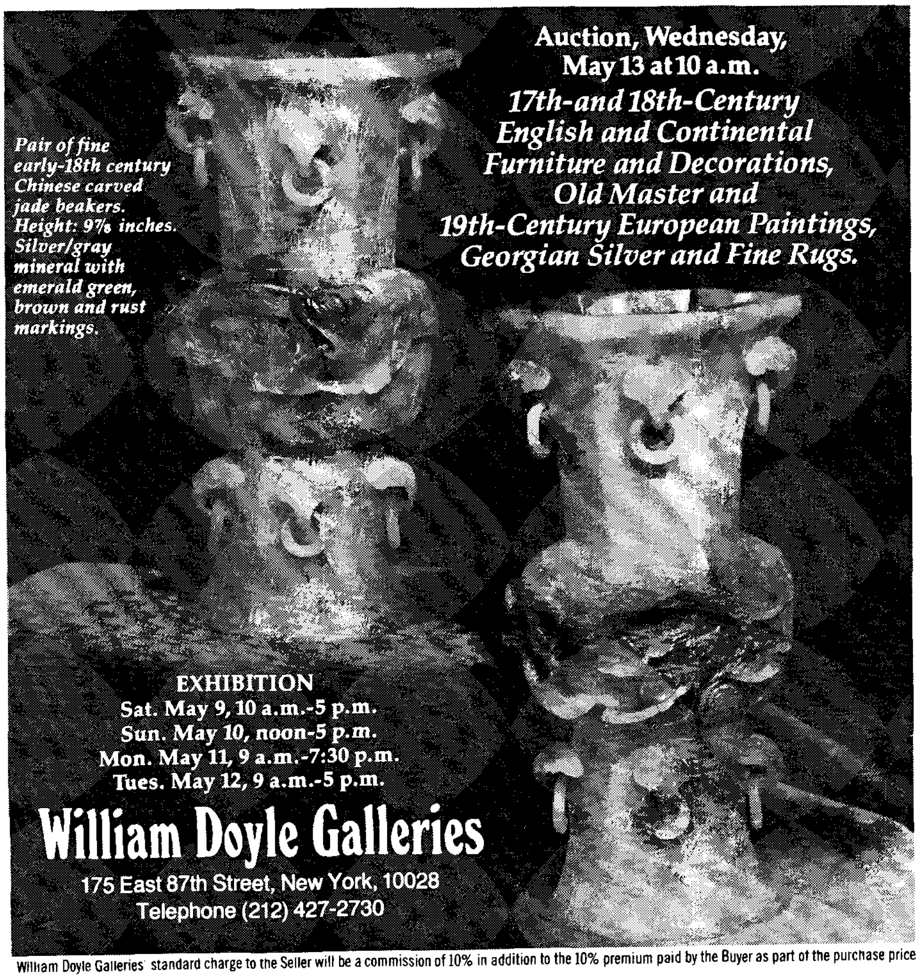

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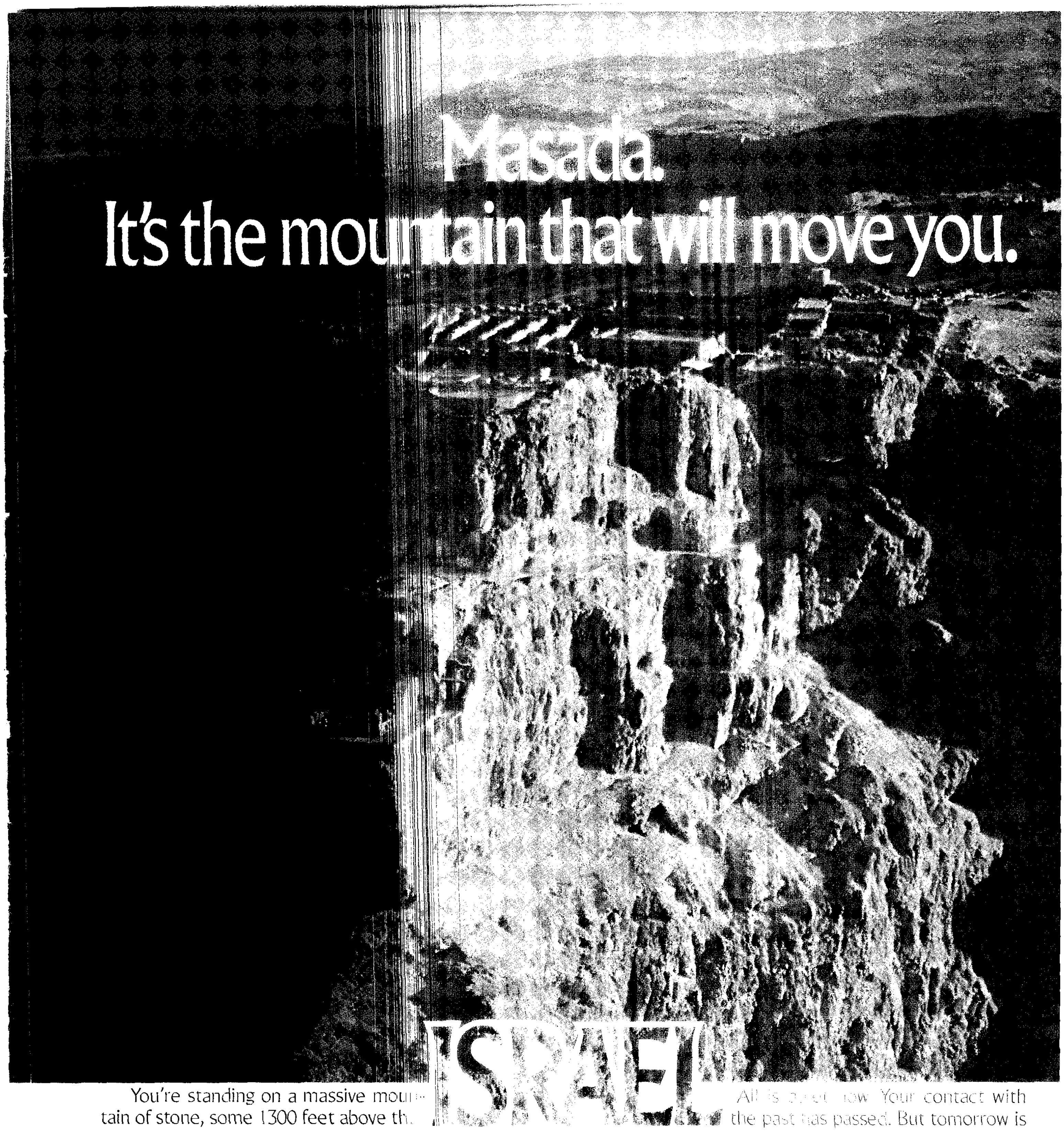

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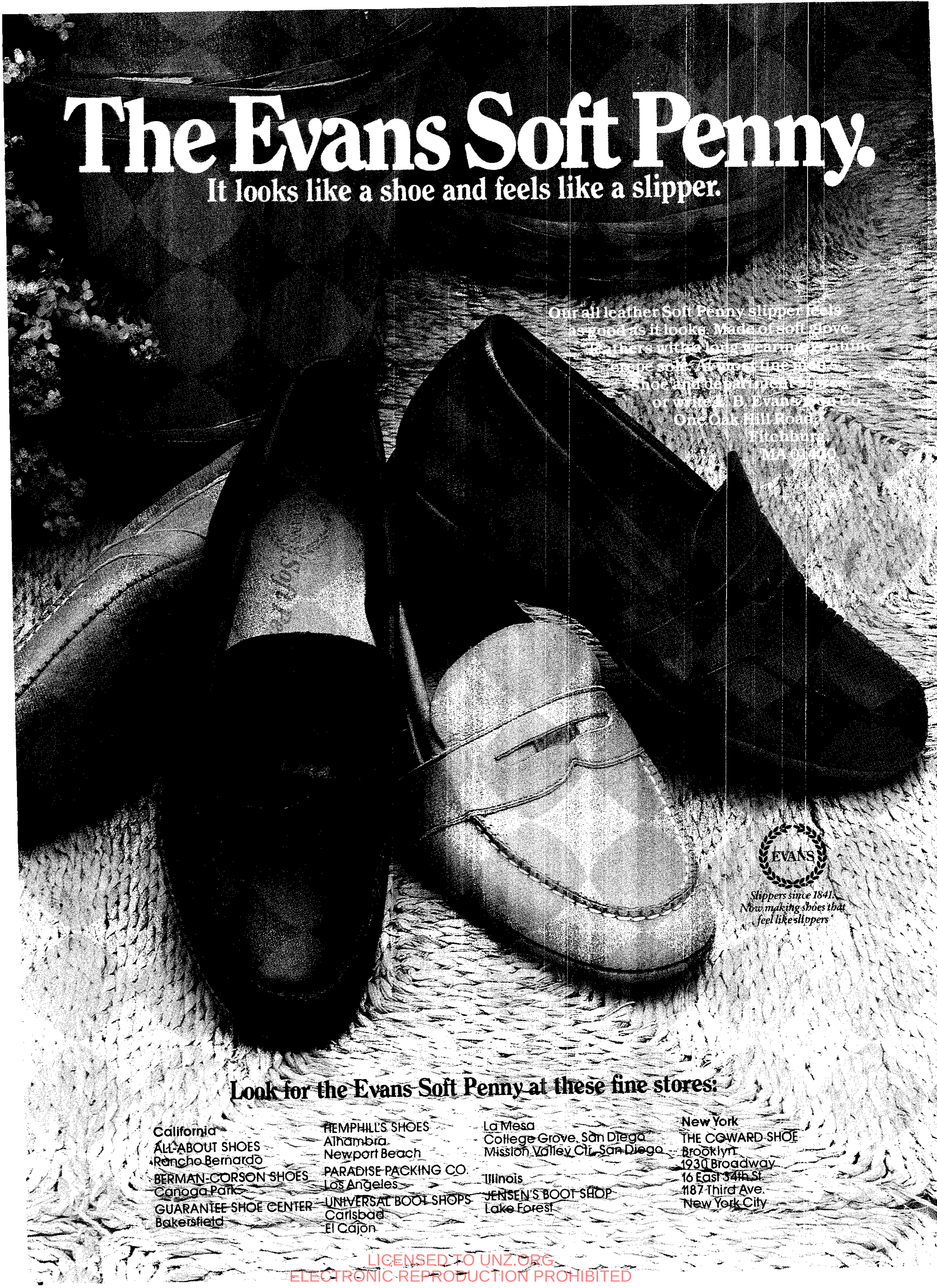

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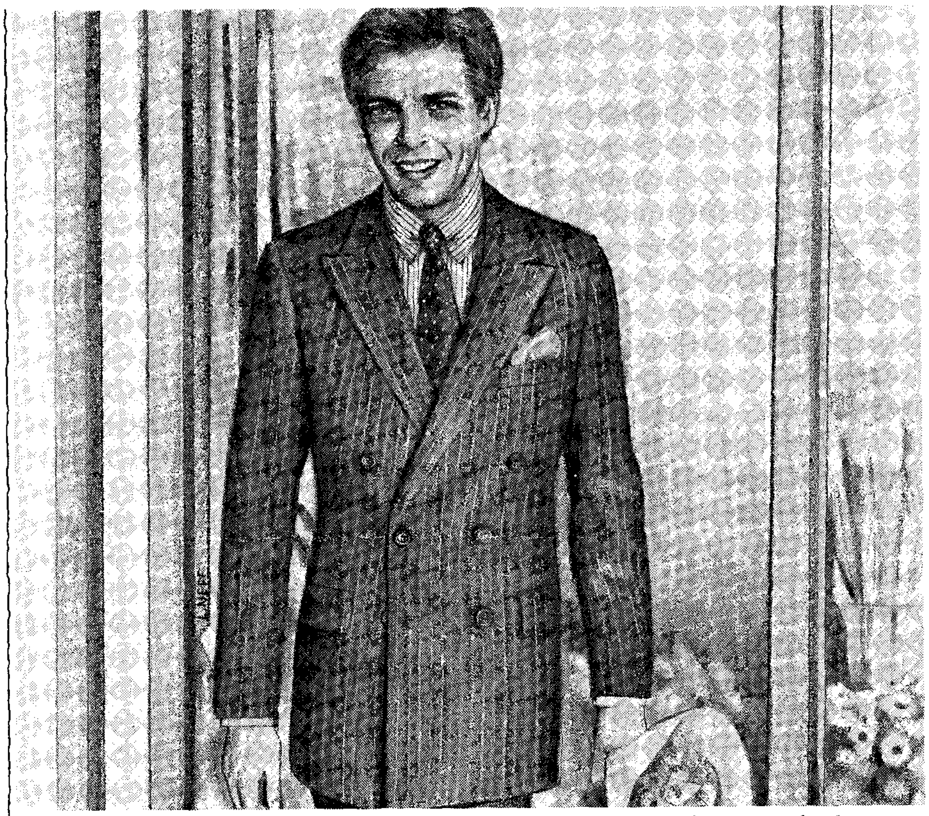
pitcher, so that I could hit the outside pitch on a line to the opposite field—to right, for me. Hitting that pitch on a line drive *down*." (Buckner, an old teammate of Garvey's, had used this same phrase.) "Most of the time when you try to go that way, you have a tendency to drag the head of the bat, and if you don't have great strength"—Garvey's forearms are like ships' cables—"you'll just hit a lot of fly balls to right. Now about a third of my homers are to right or right center. Once I learned how to stay on top of that outside pitch, my average went up about thirty points, because the pitchers couldn't pitch me just one way.

"I always aim to hit the top half of the ball. You try to meet it square, but if I had my druthers I'd always hit *through* the ball, to give it backspin. People don't realize that a lot of home runs are caused by backspin. If the ball is rotating toward you as it goes out, like a tennis ball when you slice it, it will carry a lot further. Sometimes you'll see a line drive that suddenly goes like this"—a diving motion with his hand—"because there's no backspin on it. That isn't to say that there aren't hitters who aren't doing the opposite—trying to hit the ball with topspin, so it'll go through the infield. You'll see players with a lot of speed chop at the ball that way, so they can beat out the hit when it takes that big hop, particularly on AstroTurf. But that's not my style."

He smiled almost apologetically. Of course it isn't his style. Last year, he hit twenty-six homers; the year before that, he hit twenty-eight homers. In the spring of 1977, Garvey's manager, Tom LaSorda, asked him to hit a few extra homers—to sacrifice some points on his batting average in order to help the Dodgers score runs. Garvey said he'd try. That year, his batting average went down by twenty points and he hit exactly twenty more homers than he had in the previous year.

As I went from one spring ballpark to another, and from clubhouse to batting cage to dugout, listening to the hitters, I began to sense a continuous batters' dialogue going on in my head. I was still a student, still a beginner (I would always be), but I knew enough, at least, to be grateful for the difficulty of the material. Broad shapes of general theory and scraps of lectures from my preceptors and savants stayed with me, so I always seemed to be engaged in some great seminar of swing.

I could summon up Jackson (Prof.



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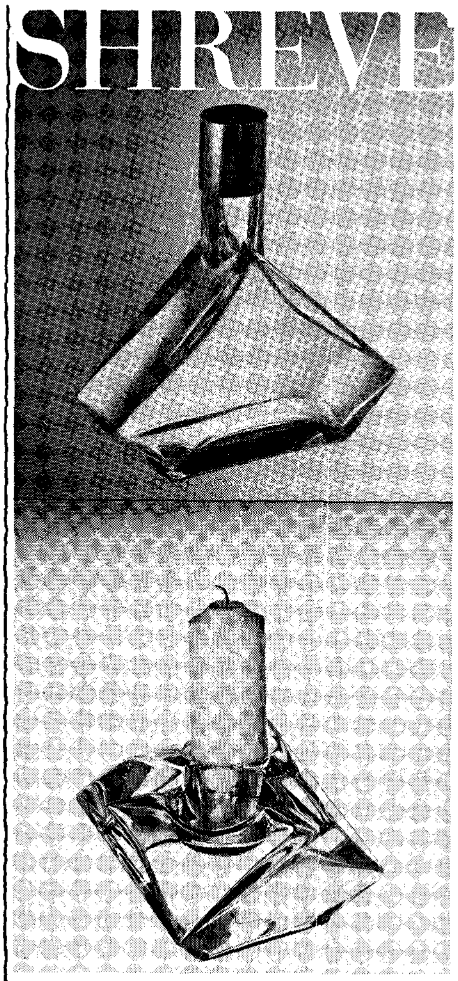
Reggie, that is) on Slumps: "You wake up in the morning with the feeling 'I'm in a slump,' and it stays with you all through the day. Everyone knows it, wherever you go—you can see it in their faces—and *you* know it. You know that no matter how well you've played, no matter what you've done in the past, your numbers for this week and last week are all that matter now. You're in trouble, and it won't go away of its own accord. You get quiet. You lose that intensity, that bounce, that's necessary to do things well in sports. You're fatigued, so you try to compensate mentally, but some of the compensations can make you worse. Then you begin to understand *how many little things there are* that might be wrong with what you're doing. If you know you're dragging the bat through the hitting zone, say, it might be because you're lowering your hands, which causes them not to get back in the right hitting position, or you might be wrapping the bat back around your neck, which causes the swing to get a little longer, or you could be dropping the head of the bat, which causes you to top the ball, or you could be pulling off the ball, which causes your front shoulder to fly out. Those are just a few of the possibilities. Anything that changes your regular swing is going to mess up your natural feeling at the plate, and if you're not natural you're nothing: you're in a slump. And so it goes on."

There was Frey on Difficulty (Jim Frey, the manager of the Kansas City Royals, who was a batting coach with the Orioles for many years): "The average hitter is a struggling hitter. If you're at .250 or .260, where most players find themselves, it never comes easy. You have to go out and *grind* it out, day after day, just to stay at that level. It's hard to take, because when you get into one of those ten-day or two-week slumps, it's a long road back for you. A .250 hitter hits one ball good every night, and if it happens to go right at somebody out there, he's in trouble. But the .320 hitter always hits two or three balls good, so his chances are better and he won't run into so many discouragements. I don't know if hitters are better than they used to be, but the pitching sure is. It's not just the slider, it's the development of the bullpen—the star pitcher who comes in in the eighth or ninth to shut the door. Twenty years ago, all the great pitchers were starters, but now the staffs are complete. And today all the clubs chart hitters—they know where to pitch to them, how to get them out. A lot of the parks are bigger, and the pitchers are bigger, too—and they're *good*. Hitting never seems to get easier."

I recalled inspirational themes, as expounded by two great sluggers. George Foster, the awesome, slit-eyed Cincinnati thumper (he drove in one hundred and forty-nine runs in his M.V.P. year, 1977): "You can still be disciplined at the plate when the count is against you. Sometimes when the count is oh-and-two, the pressure is on the *pitcher*. I'm a better hitter when things are against me. The more the challenge, the more mental and spiritual strength you can come up with, and the stronger you're going to be in some other situation, away from the ballpark. Baseball is part of life, maybe only a small part, but the important thing is what you overcome inside yourself."

Mike Schmidt, who has hit more homers in the past seven years (two hundred and sixty-four of them) than anyone else in the game: "I don't think I can get into my deep inner thoughts about hitting. It's like talking about religion. It's hard to explain what goes through my mind during a game that makes me a better hitter. Let's just say that I know I'm still not getting the best out of my abilities. I've got twenty-ten vision and great strength and a great knowledge of the game, and there's no reason in the world I shouldn't be better than I am. I work at hitting and improving all the time."

The tone of voice of these various messages, I had begun to notice, mattered almost more than their content. Hitting is confidence, Bill Buckner had said, and Pete Rose's brusque garrulousness, Steve Garvey's verbal printouts, and Mike Schmidt's near-mysticism were perhaps only different evidences of a professional optimism thickly armored against unrelenting and excruciating difficulty. Lesser hitters, I discovered, are in awe of a batter who appears truly unconcerned about the painful odds that afflict their work. Art Shamsky, who batted .253 during an eight-year career in the outfield and at first base with the Reds and the Mets, told me that he had once asked Hank Aaron how it felt to come to the ballpark every day with the assurance that he would get two hits. The question was put while Shamsky, playing first base, was holding Aaron, a base runner, close to the bag. Hank,



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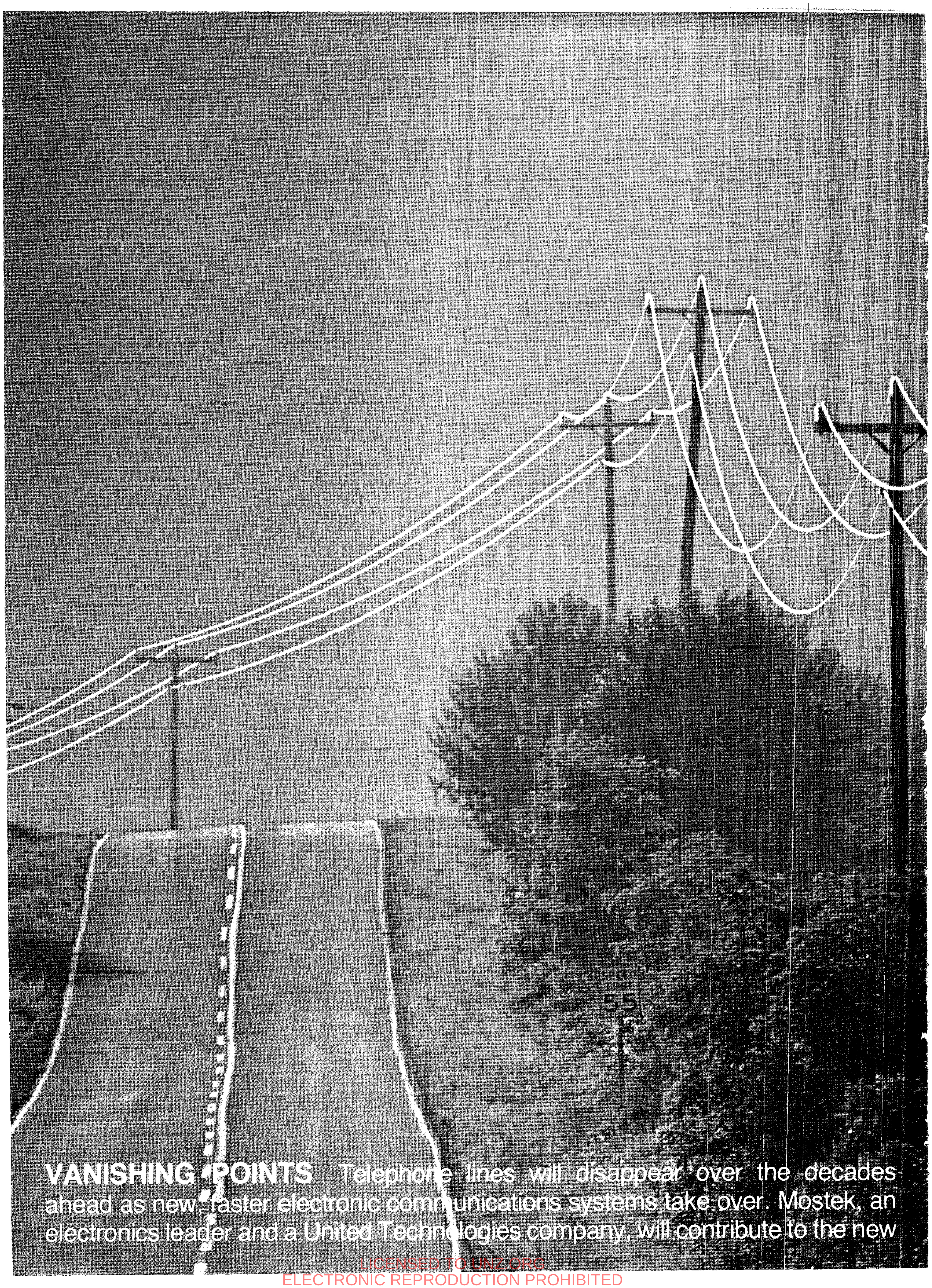

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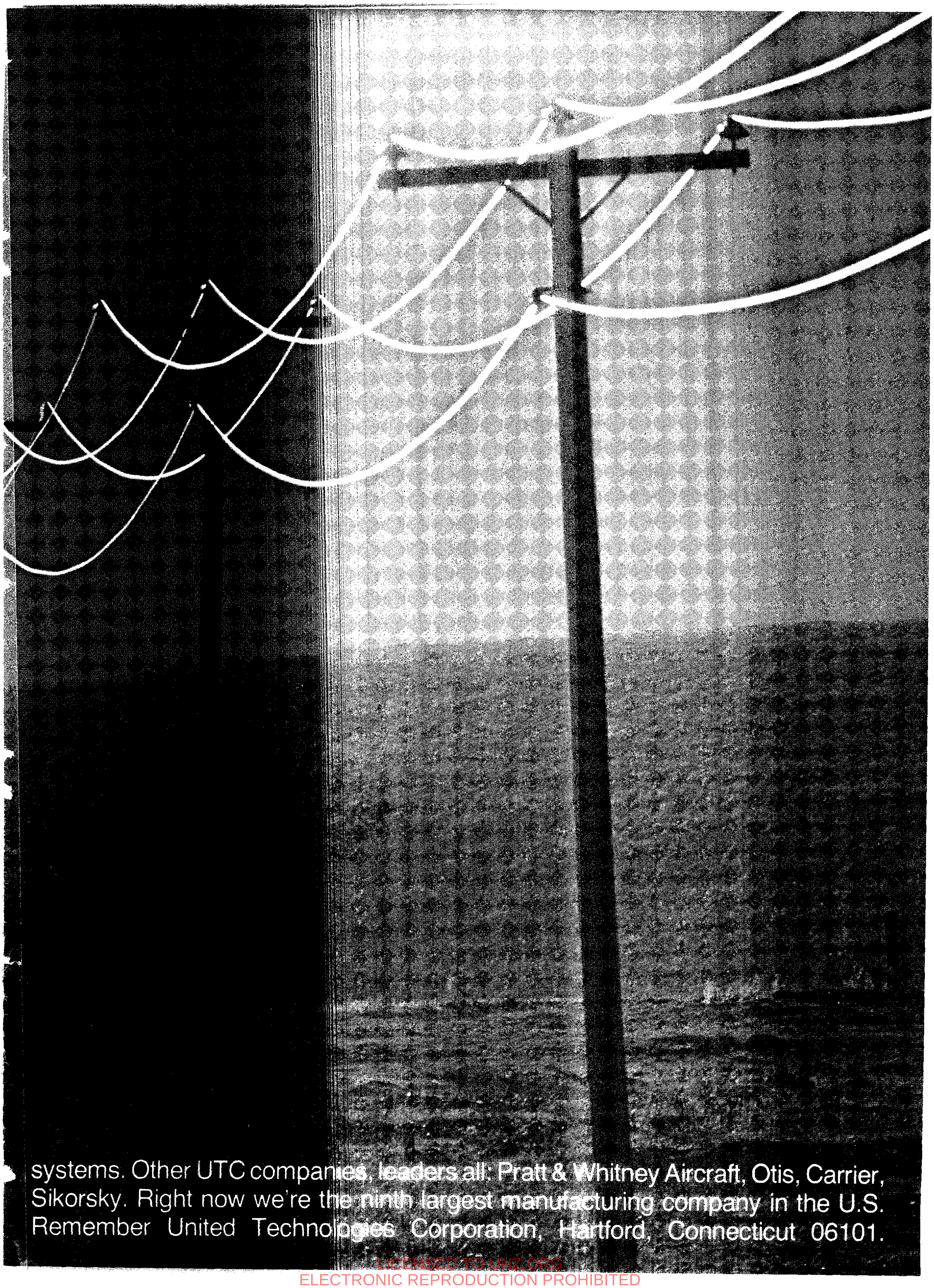

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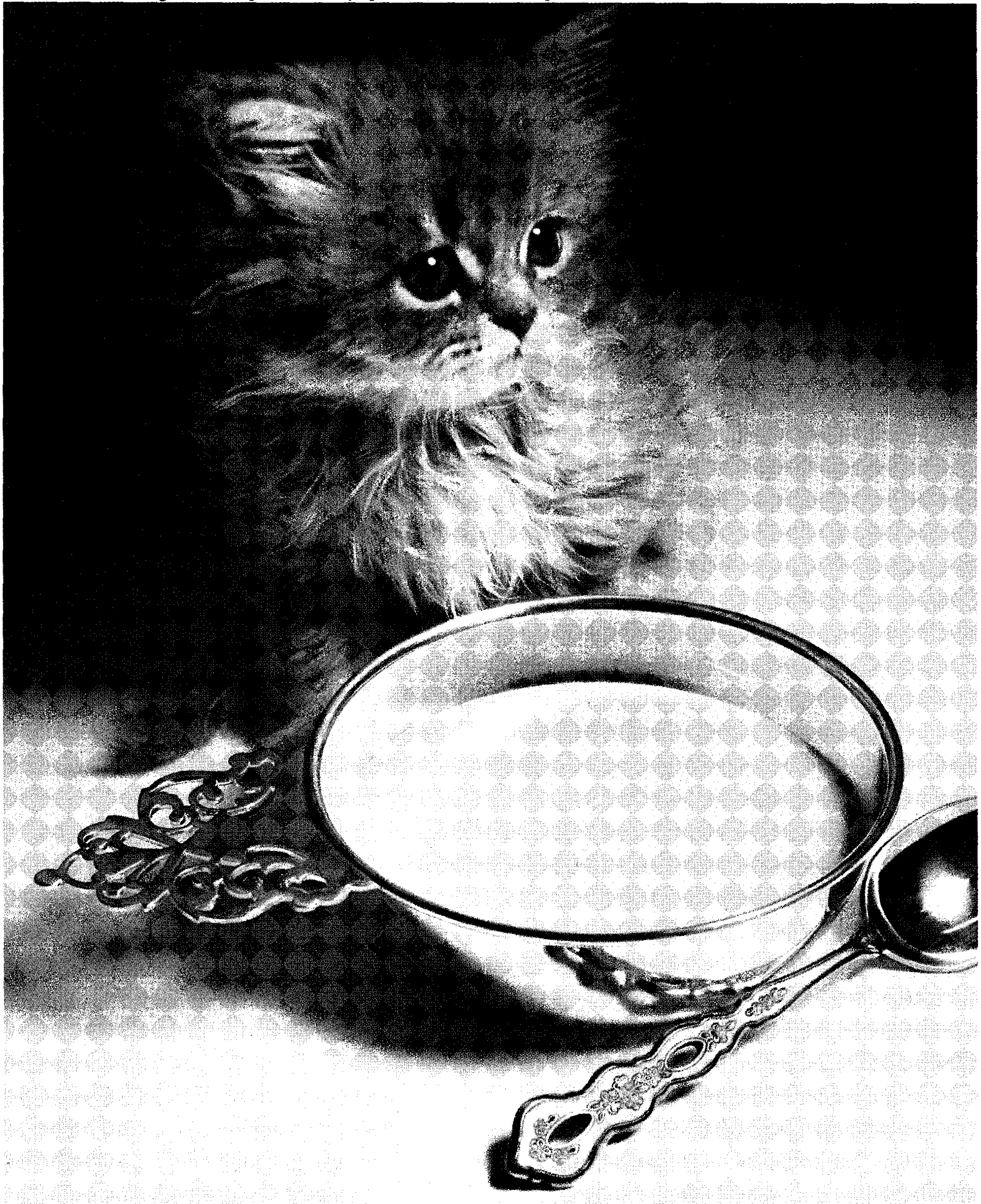

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watching the pitcher, took a few steps down toward second and said over his shoulder, "Hell, I don't ever know if I'm going to get two hits. What I know is if I don't get 'em today, I'm sure going to get 'em tomorrow."

When older players and those who have retired from baseball talk about the game, they don't sound the way young regulars do. The heedless grace and silvery reflexes of their youth have given way to appreciation and understanding, and even to aesthetics, and a quiescent sadness envelops them. Against their will, they have become fans.

Art Shamsky said, "I still think about baseball all the time. I'm disappointed that I didn't become a better hitter. I had a better bat than ninety per cent of the other guys, but I didn't apply myself until I was older, and then it was too late. I think I cheated myself."

Sal Bando, now in his fifteenth year in the majors, batted .197 for the Brewers last season and came to spring training this year half expecting to be cut from the active-player roster. Instead, he slightly altered his batting style, adopting a more rhythmic beginning to his stroke, and enjoyed the best spring of his career. He made the club. "Isn't that *strange*?" he said to me. "Fifteen years, and I'm still learning. You know, there are so many young guys with ability who don't listen, don't learn. But why should they, when they're doing great?" He shook his head.

Richie Ashburn, a veteran broadcaster with the Phillies, compiled a lifetime .308 average during his fifteen years in the majors (he led all National League batters in 1958, batting .350), but he has now decided that he didn't understand much about his work until the very end. "I wish I'd known early what I had to learn late," he said to me. "When I was young, I could run so fast that I never had to learn how to hit. The last year of my career was with the Mets—it was their *first* year—and playing in the Polo Grounds there, with its short lines and that endless center field, taught me that you should probably never hit the ball in the air down the middle. I'd try to hit the breaking ball on the ground down the middle and the up pitch in the air down the line to right or left. I think that's how you should hit in all parks."

The insouciance of young hitters, by contrast, startles even their managers and veteran teammates. "You see

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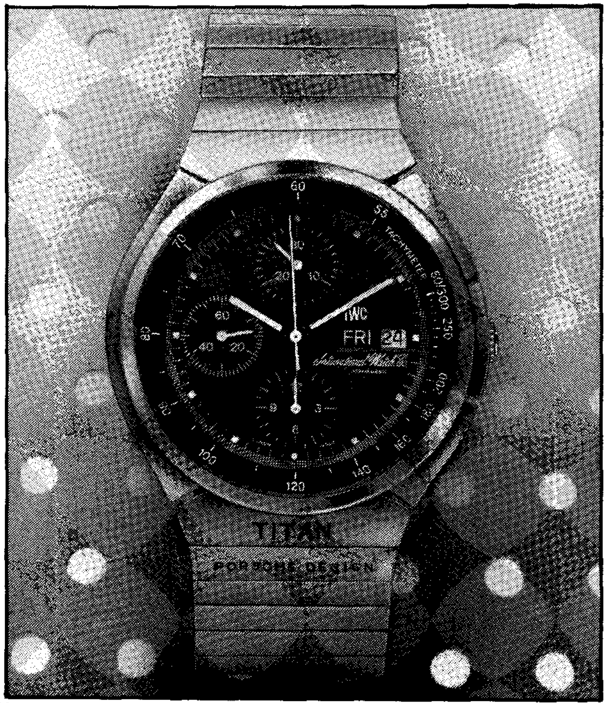

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some guys up there who don't think about *anything*," one batting coach said to me. "They see a pitch and they swing and hit it. It's kind of beautiful." And Del Unser, a thirteen-year veteran now with the Phillies, mentioned the difficulty his club had in pitching to the young Kansas City first baseman, Willie Mays Aikens, during the World Series last fall. "We'd set him up just right and pitch him right—good, tough fastballs—and he *still* kept hitting those dingers," Unser said. Some of this same kind of dazzled, carping praise has been directed at Garry Templeton, the Cardinals' twenty-five-year-old shortstop, who has the best glove and the strongest arm at his position in the National League, and who may be the best artificial-turf hitter in baseball. He switch-hits, starting from a closed stance, and his eager, swiftly opening slash at the ball results in clusters of line drives up the outfield alleys, or hard, high-bouncing infield singles that he can beat out with his great speed afoot. Templeton can *hit*. Two years ago, when he batted .314, he banged out one hundred hits batting right-handed and one hundred and eleven batting lefty—a new record in the game. Templeton, a pleasant, mild-spoken young man, chatted with me briefly after morning practice one day at Al Lang Stadium while he fielded some very short grounders being tossed to him by his two-year-old son, Garry II. Templeton I was wearing a bright-red Cardinals jacket with "JUMP" emblazoned across the back—short for "Jump Steady," which is his nickname. He told me that he was still learning how to bat left-handed. "Swinging right-handed is natural for me," he said, "and they only started me switching five years ago. The ball still looks kind of strange to me from that side, especially in the spring." Strange but not unrecognizable, perhaps: last year, Templeton batted .321 left-handed, as against .317 from his natural side.

I asked Garry if certain pitchers or situations ever put him at a disadvantage, and he said, "I'm not up on counts and taking pitches. I swing the bat. If you can concentrate, hitting is easy. If a person could gear his concentration in, he should be able to hit the ball every time he comes up to the plate."

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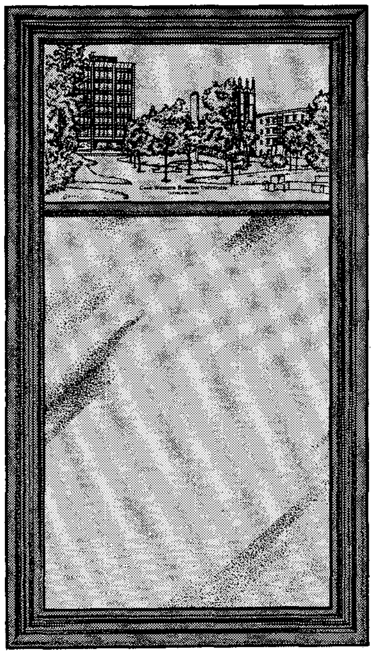

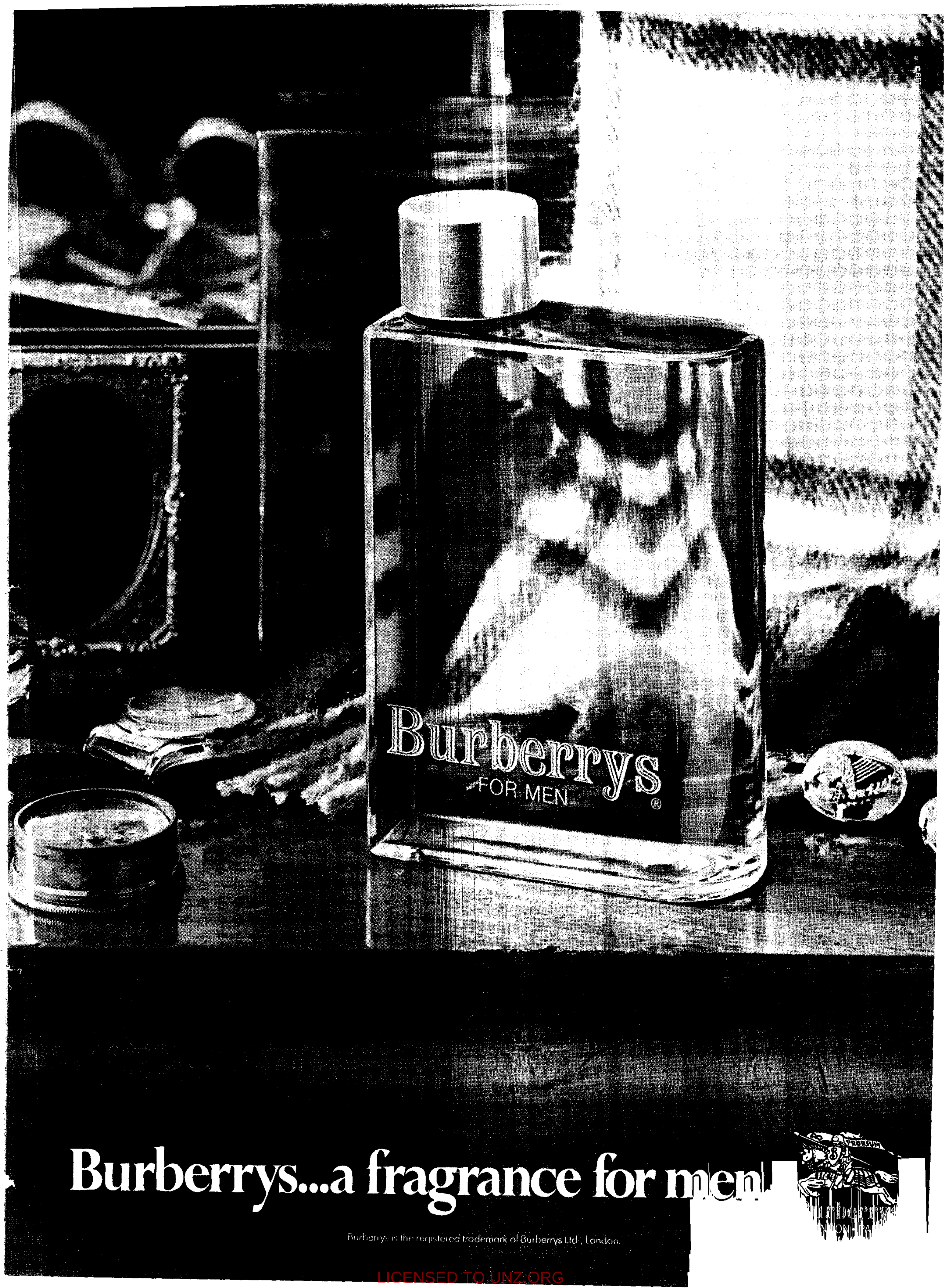
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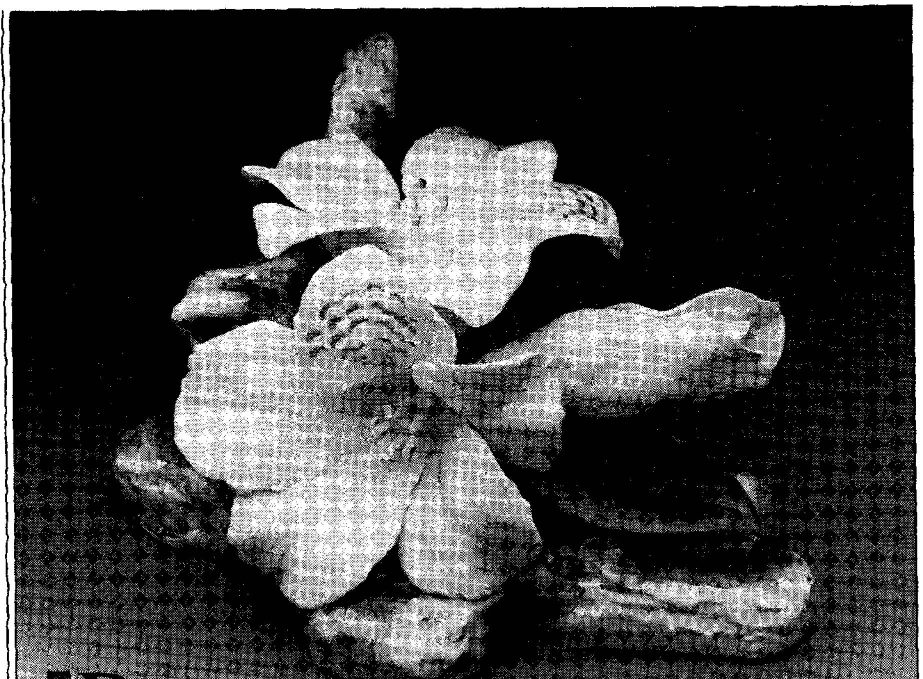
boy's left hand. "Throw it left-handed," Garry said gently. "C'mon, now." Frowning with effort, the boy made a little left-handed heave, and Templeton said, "*That's* it." He handed the ball back to his son. "You see that?" he said, smiling. "Switch-pitcher."

Templeton's teammate Keith Hernandez is a tall, extremely handsome first baseman who throws and bats left-handed and hits with power to all fields. Two years ago, he batted .344 and was voted co-winner (with Willie Stargell) of the National League's Most Valuable Player award. Hernandez is twenty-seven, and his great abilities, one senses, are somewhere at mid-stage—halfway between the gift and the art. "I like the pitch away, and I look for the ball in a certain zone out there," he said to me. "I can cover the majority of the plate hitting that way, but I can't cover the good inside pitch. Anything on the inside two inches of the black I won't be able to handle, and the pitchers know it. If I get five pitches in an at-bat, I guarantee you three of them will be inside. But the pitcher has to make a hell of a pitch to me to get it in there every time, and sooner or later he'll make a mistake. It'll be out there and I'll get him. It's a matter of being patient. If he starts me out with a nasty pitch, I'm not afraid to let it go by. I've still got two more swings. Even if I'm down oh-and-two or one-and-two, I don't get defensive. Then I'm like a wounded animal that's cornered next to a cliff. I'm a tougher out, because I'm fighting for my life."

Perhaps there *is* no norm for players of such a demanding game. Some great hitters seem to attain full maturity at the plate during their very first season; their reactions are so marvellous that the pitchers never do find a useful way to get them out, and these hitters' subsequent accrual of at-bats and knowledge of the pitchers does not seem to be a significant factor in their continuing success. Such golden creatures—a young Willie Mays, say—are awesome to observe but not especially rewarding as a subject for study: one can take apart a pocket watch but not a sunset. Mike Schmidt has always been a slugger—he has led his league in homers four times in seven years—but last season, as the result of intensive scrutiny of himself and his sport, he became a hitter, at the age of thirty-one. His forty-eight homers and one hundred and twenty-one runs batted in were the best such totals of his



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career, and his batting average of .286 was more than thirty points above his lifetime level. Schmidt used to lead his league in strikeouts, but in the past three years he has had about forty fewer whiffs per season than he used to. Somewhere in the middle of last August, Schmidt appeared to have finally mastered his long, forward-driving movement at the plate, which he begins from the very back of the box, in a way that brought the full power of his awesomely muscular swing through the outer sector of the strike zone with the smoothness and control of a singles hitter. In September and October, when he was punishing the ball with a severity and consistency that brought him the double reward of Most Valuable Player in both the regular season and the World Series, he looked like some marvellous new young hitter up at bat—a natural. But he was better than that—to me, at least—for he had made it all happen.

During a game, Schmidt brings such formidable attention and intelligence to bear on the enemy pitcher that one senses that the odds have almost been reversed out there: it is the man on the mound, not the one up at the plate, who is in worse trouble from the start. "A lot of times, a pitcher will change his patterns against you if you've happened to hit his best pitch once," Schmidt told me. "Because he remembers the one fastball you hit out, he'll forget all the ones you missed or popped up, and he'll feed you something else—something less than his best. This is total nonsense for him, of course, but you try to pick up on it if it's happening. Pitchers' patterns are what you have to keep studying—how they are thinking about you. But the catchers have patterns, too—how they call a game against you—and so do teams. Some teams are fastball-pitching teams, and some are breaking-ball teams. Their philosophy may come from the manager or from a pitching coach. St. Louis has been an away-pitching team for years, probably because of Ted Simmons. Now that he's gone, they may pitch some other way. We'll see. The Dodgers like to pitch you inside. In fact, they've pitched me in so much over the years that I finally had to back away at the plate, and that began to make me a better hitter. Pitchers should be smart enough to find out, when a team comes to town, how a certain batter on that club is going—whether he's been swinging the bat good or not—and if they know that, they should know how to pitch to

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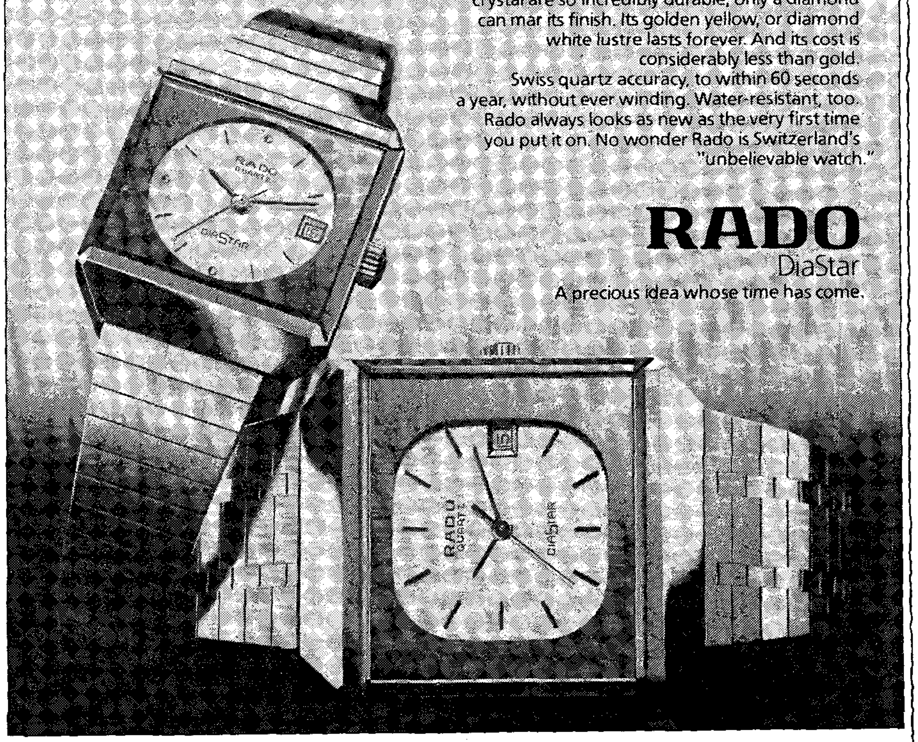

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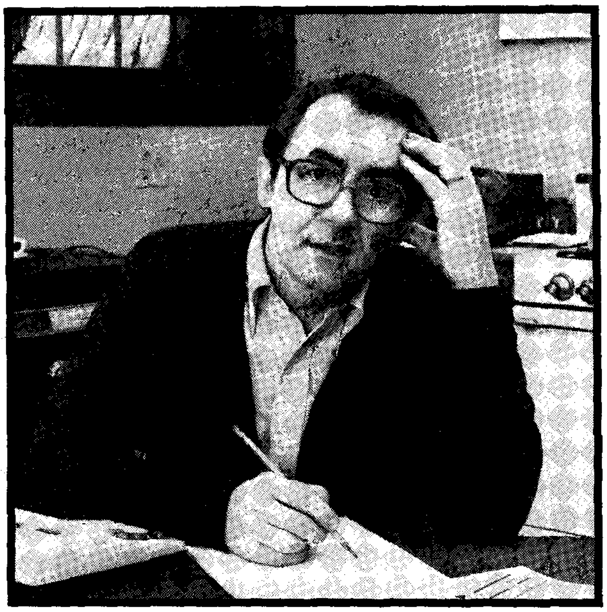

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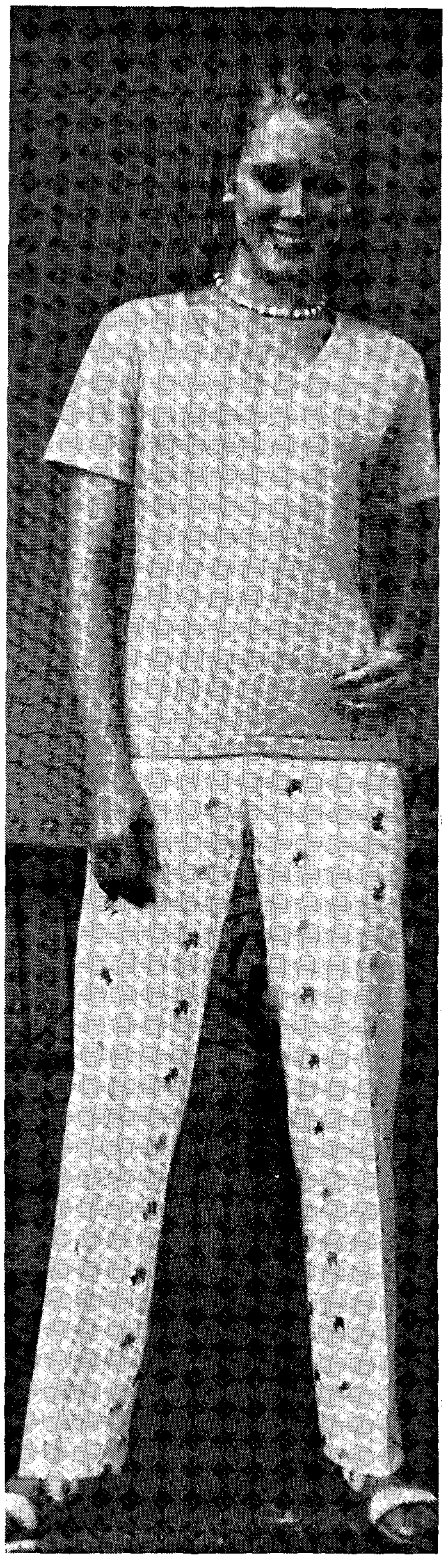

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him. I'd like to think that they do that, but maybe I'm giving them too much credit. I don't know how many pitchers know that I'm sitting here in the dugout all through the game, thinking about what they're doing. But I am. I don't mind if they know it, though. I'm *watching*."

FEAR comes into it, Hawk told me. I was relieved at the news. Again and again, I'd asked hitters whether they were afraid up at the plate—afraid of being struck by a ninety-mile-an-hour fastball, the way I would be. Again and again, they'd said no. Some of them had confessed to a fear of failure. Some had said that certain pitchers inspired "respect." But fear—real nervousness out there—would destroy them at the plate, they'd said. It didn't exist.

Ken Harrelson (Hawk to his friends, because of his strong, beaky nose) is a television commentator with the Red Sox; he and his partner, Ned Martin, are just about the best pair in the business, to my way of thinking. He is a large, cheerful, ham-handed man who plays golf well enough to have competed on the professional circuit after his baseball career came to a close. He batted .239 in the majors in the late sixties and the early seventies, but his baseball intelligence and his opinions are of a Hall of Fame level of intensity. I sometimes have the impression that he relishes a heavy thundershower in the middle of a Red Sox game, so that he can get on with some good, serious baseball talk during the delay.

"Of *course* fear comes into it," he said to me one morning at Winter Haven. "The players won't admit it, because it diminishes their macho. They think the pitchers will hear them say it, and take advantage. Anyone who says he's never scared up there is lying. I played nine years in the majors scared to death. I've seen great players who were intimidated at the plate in certain situations, and anybody who's been around this game for long has seen pitchers who made fear part of their repertoire. Look at Jim Lonborg in 1967—there's never been a pitcher who dominated a whole league the way he did that summer, because of fear. Before the World Series that year, all the Cardinals said, 'We aren't going to let him intimidate *us*,' but in the second game Lonnie's first pitch, to Lou Brock, was between his helmet and his head, and that was it. The game was over. He pitched a one-hitter. Or just think back to the way Dickie Noles knocked down George Brett in the World Series last fall. That pitch changed the whole tempo of the Series. There isn't as much throwing at hitters as there used to be, and it isn't as vicious when it's done. It isn't done to *maim*. But it's part of the game, all right. It's just part of the main question out there: Who's going to dominate the situation—the pitcher or the batter? This is the struggle in any close game, and the best line about it came from Sandy Koufax, who said, 'Show me a guy who can't pitch inside and I'll show you a loser.' And Al Kaline was saying the same thing—the same thing *exactly*—when he said, 'Show me a guy who can't be jammed and I'll show you a horseshit hitter.' They're all out there, hitters and pitchers, fighting to dominate the plate."

Harrelson reminded me that the struggle for dominance is not always waged in such melodramatic terms. Some of the best pitchers, to his way of thinking, were those whose pitching knowledge and subtlety utterly mastered the batters in some games. Catfish Hunter, for instance. "He established the inside fastball to right-handed hitters early in the game," Harrelson said, "so by the time the seventh and eighth innings came along they were all looking in *here*, under their hands, and he was working to a plate that was about twenty-two inches wide. He only had a semi-pro-level fastball, but he broke more bats than anyone else, because of where he put it. He thought about hitters. If you'd ever asked him before a game how he was going to pitch to Frank Robinson, I'd bet he'd say, 'I'm going to go two-and-oh on him,' because he thought that Frank was less of a hitter that way—with the count in his favor. Maybe only Tommy John pitches like that nowadays. T.J. threw a two-hit shutout against the Red Sox in Fenway Park two years ago, and he never threw a right-handed hitter an inside strike all day. He was up against a lineup of big right-handed sluggers that had been pumping home runs, and he turned that knowledge to his advantage. He just walked the ladder, down and away. It was like T'ai Chi—he used the batters' strength to destroy them. It was one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen in my twenty-one years in the game. Sometimes you can see one pitcher do that to one batter—even to a real good, first-class hitter—

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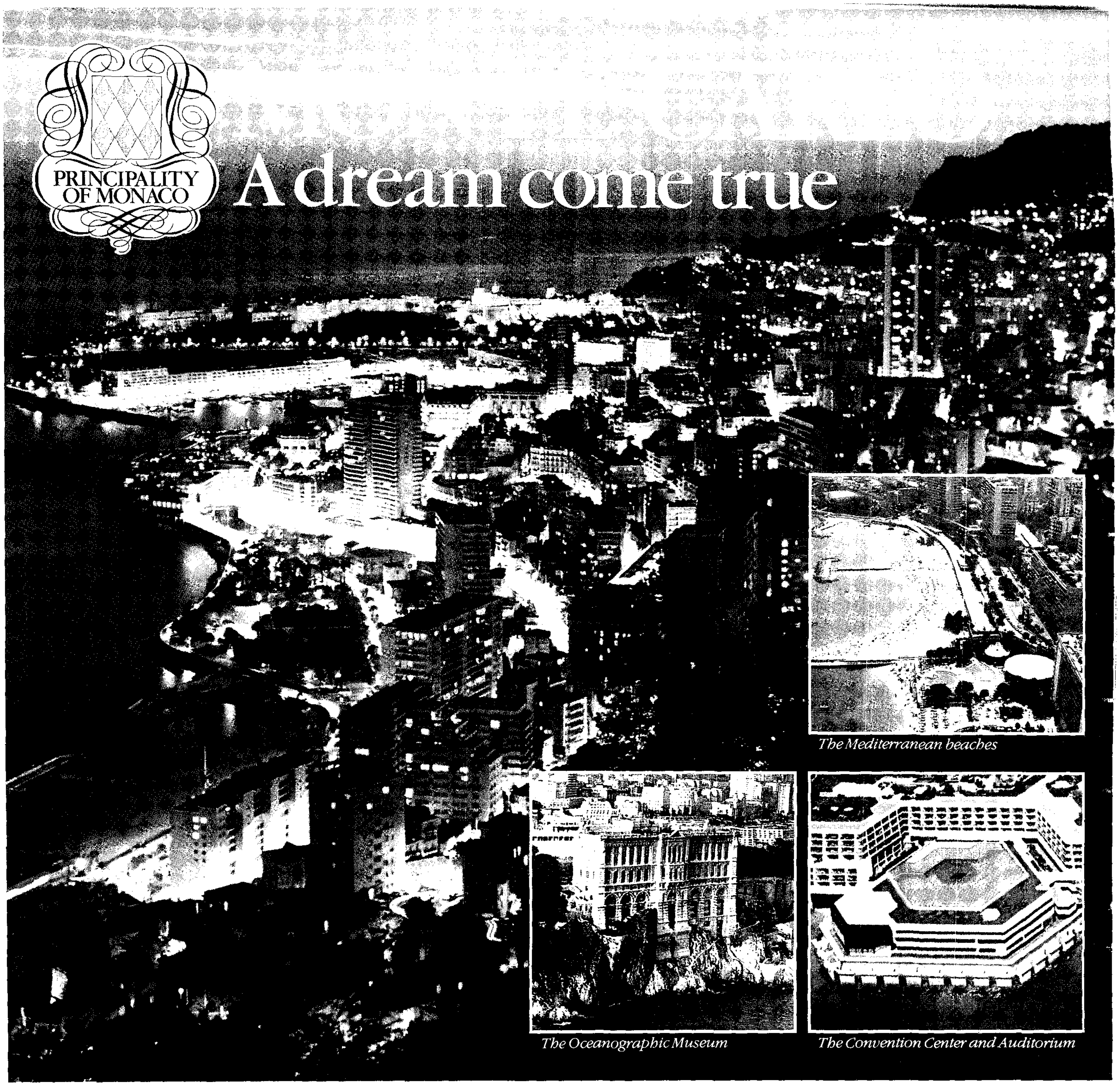

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and do it so bad that it almost destroys his mind. They can do it with one pitch. Two years ago, Mike Flanagan threw Jim Rice a hundred-mile-an-hour slider that put Jimmy into a two-week slump. I swear it. A pitch like that can turn a batter's head around. He won't look outside again for a long, long time.

"The better the pitcher, the more of the plate you have to concede. This is what's going on out there so much of the time between a good pitcher and a good hitter. Sometimes you just have to pick a third of the plate and try to make that yours. You've got to decide where you want the pitch—inside or away, up or away and down—and wait for it. It's the heart of the game."

I had heard something like this before, and when I remembered it there was a strange stir, a small knock of pleasure, inside me. I was beginning to understand—a little. Hitting seemed as difficult and complicated as ever, but I suddenly felt as if a door had opened and I could see a little farther into the game. What I had remembered was Ted Simmons sitting in the Brewers' clubhouse after that Brewers-Angels game in the desert heat at Sun City and talking about his struggle to master a special responsibility in baseball, which was batting in the cleanup position in the lineup. Seven years earlier, he told me, the Cardinals had asked him to take over the No. 4 spot in their batting order, and he had had to refashion his way of swinging at the ball and his way of thinking about the game. He had been a line-drive hitter, but now he taught himself to pull the ball more and to try to hit it out of the park down the foul lines, which was the only way it could be done in Busch Memorial Stadium, where the Cards play. It took him three years to become a competent cleanup hitter, he said, and along the way he talked to some other cleanup sluggers around the league, to get their counselling. Most of all, he talked to Willie Stargell.

"It would be stupid not to talk to someone like that," Simmons said to me. "Here's a man who's hit forty-four homers and batted .300 in the same year, so he can *hit*, and he understands situations. He told me that he admired what I'd been doing—how I'd gone about changing myself. What we talked about a lot was the win-the-game situation. You've been up three times, say, and now you've got a chance to win the game. Before you go

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up there, Stargell said, you've got to decide what kind of a pitch you're going to get to swing at. Is this guy going to give me the fastball or isn't he? And if he isn't—if he isn't going to throw it to you when the count is up and the pitch really matters—then you'd probably better decide *I'm going to get the slider.* Willie said that you might have seen nothing but the fastball all day, three times in a row, but that the man isn't going to throw it to you now, with two strikes on you and with men on base in the ninth inning, because if he does and you hit it he ain't going to *sleep* that night! It's as simple as that. But if he gives you the slider there, and you hit it just right and beat him the ballgame, he'll say to himself, 'Well, I did my best and I guess he's quite a hitter,' and that way he won't mind so much."

Simmons was very anxious for me to understand that this waiting for a certain pitch was not the same as guessing. "It takes discipline to wait for the slider in that situation," he said. "It takes discipline to take the oh-and-oh fastball on the outside corner, and then the slider or sinker down and away, and whatever, all the rest of it, because you still *know* that that slider is coming—because you know and he knows that if he gasses you up and you take him deep for the salami, he'll never forget it! If you're batting No. 4 and you do get the slider, that isn't guessing—it's *design.*"

Ted paused, recalling some past ninth inning of some game, no doubt, and then he said, "Guys like that, who can combine power and performance, are what I admire. I'm talking about a Ted Williams, a Stan Musial. And some other hitters—a Reggie Jackson, a Willie Stargell—can fan three times in a game and walk up to the plate in the tenth inning, and still the pitcher is scared out there, and the fans are scared and excited, too, because that man is *feared.* Everyone lives vicariously through a Reggie Jackson or a Willie Stargell coming up to bat in that situation, and if he comes through, they come through. That's what this game is all about. I've been in that position a few times. Some people have that kind of ability given to them, but I've had to learn it. I have it now—I have that respect. As far as I'm concerned, there is no greater pleasure in the world than walking up to the plate with men on base and knowing that you are feared."

—Roger Angell

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THE THEATRE

Sometimes the Moon

IN "The Floating Light Bulb," at the Vivian Beaumont, Woody Allen has done a curious thing: he has written two and a half little plays instead of a single medium-sized one. The mingled contents are often funny and still more often touching, but it turns out that Aristotle knows best—a complete action gives a satisfaction that no series of incomplete actions can ever hope to equal. The time of the play is 1945, and the place is the Canarsie section of Brooklyn, where a hard-pressed Jewish family named Pollack lives in shabby brown velours squalor, in an apartment from whose kitchen window one can sometimes, with luck, catch a glimpse of the moon. Max Pollack is a waiter, aggressively aware of how far down in the world he has come; his wife, Enid, sells women's hosiery and thinks up pitiably unworkable schemes for raising extra housekeeping money. Max is a poor provider; he bets on the numbers and on horses, is deeply in debt to local mobsters, and has a young girlfriend whom he keeps bewitched by constantly sketching out the good times they will have once they have run off together. The Pollacks have two sons. Paul, the elder, is something of a prodigy, with an I.Q. of a hundred and forty-eight. At seventeen, he has an extreme stammer, is without friends, dislikes sports, and has but one substantial dream—that of becoming a master magician, performing miraculous-seeming feats before thousands of admirers all over the world. To that end, he spends many hours a day in a shadowy bedroom practicing a repertoire of purchased tricks. The younger son, Steve, is a shrewd and rather endearingly ice-cold brat, who, alone in the family, is without illusions and should go far, whether on one side of the law or the other.

The two plays I've spoken of consist of Paul's story, which is mostly anguished, and Enid's story, which is both anguished and hopeful; the half play is Max's story, which amounts to only a few scattered scenes. If the mobsters were to take out a contract on him (he wears a gun in a shoulder holster against that possibility), his death would leave us unmoved. It appears that the playwright began with the intention of telling Paul's story and then felt obliged to thicken his play to a suitable girth (for the painful climax of Paul's story comes inopportunely early in the second act) with a charming but aesthetically maladroit detour into Enid's troubled mind. While Enid flirts with a visitor, Jerry Wexler, who has come to pass judgment on Paul's skills as a magician, the two boys retreat into what is supposedly a small bedroom; as far as I could see, they then vanish offstage altogether, reappearing in the bedroom only when the playwright again requires their presence. Wexler is an amusing creation—a failed manager

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of third-rate borscht-circuit performers—and the play gains a needed burst of energy from his appearance. When Enid's story peters out, we return to Paul's, which comes to a quick end with a lyrical image of Paul practicing his favorite trick—the floating light bulb, which is surely not so much his triumph as his doom.

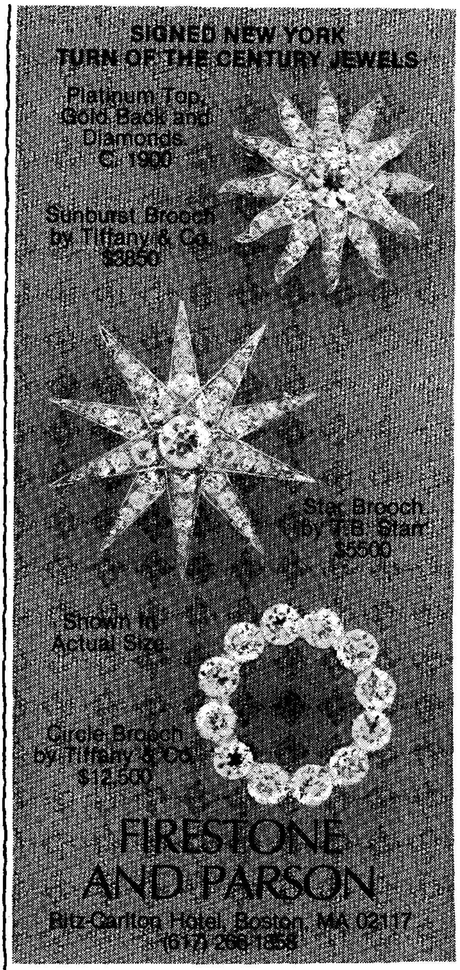
Allen and his director, Ulu Grosbard, have been fortunate in their cast. Beatrice Arthur is superb as Enid, and so is Brian Backer as the "Elephant Man"-like Paul. Jack Weston, who plays Wexler, is one of the most engaging comic actors alive, and Allen has obviously enjoyed building up the role to match his gifts. Danny Aiello's formidable stage presence does much to make up for the skimpiness of his role as Max, and Eric Gurry, as Steve, is every bit as effective as he was a couple of seasons back in James Lapine's "Table Settings." What an actor he is! That leaves only Ellen March, as Max's girlfriend, to be accounted for, and I wouldn't leave her out for the world; she speaks her few lines ably and kisses with conviction. The cleverly dreary setting is by Santo Loquasto, who also designed the costumes; the lighting is by Pat Collins.

SHOULD I mention that three exceptionally ill-written one-act plays, bearing the portmanteau title of "Animals," came and went in a single night at the Princess Theatre? No, I think not. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Words and Music

THE most beguiling title of the season, surely, is "Principally Pinter/Slightly Satie"—beguiling but not accurate. This little show at the Colonnades, Off Off, is a revue in which sketches entirely by Harold Pinter are scattered among songs principally by Erik Satie, with one each by Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, and Igor Stravinsky. Alliteration can be a trap. In any case, the material is enchanting. Pinter's skits, most of them very slight, are often mysteriously funny. In "Trouble in the Works," a businessman questions a foreman about discontent at the factory. The men are pleased with the swimming pool and the long-playing records and the other amenities, the foreman reports, but they've "gone off the products." When Armin Shimerman, as the foreman, reels off the names of the products that the men have gone off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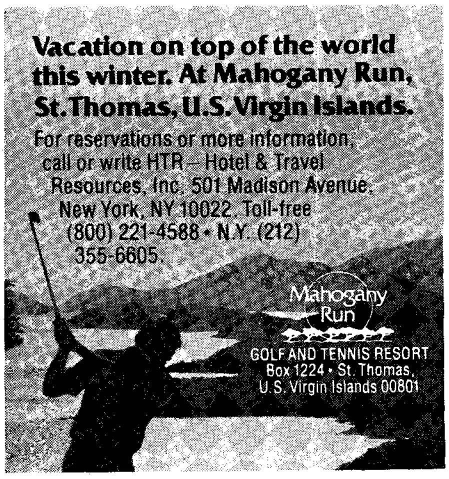
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(they sound like machine tools), we get a spurt of vintage Pinter. In "The Interview," an earnest young woman interviews the proprietor of a pornographic bookshop on business matters and on his clientele. That the proprietor (Mr. Shimerman again) assumes a cleft palate does the sketch no harm—nor, for that matter, does his resemblance to every photograph you've ever seen of Bertolt Brecht. "Night," poetic and funny, which closes the show and is done by the entire company, is composed of the overlapping sexual reminiscences of three couples—a man and a woman, two men, and two women. Several other sketches are as good as these and several are not, but nothing is boring. No playwright has greater power to enthrall an audience with whatever comes to his mind. The acting (Mr. Shimerman aside) is at best rather disarmingly inept and at worst—as in a scene in which two old Cockney women discuss buses over bread and soup—excruciating. Even so, it rarely gets in the way of the words.

I have no reservations whatever about the music. Satie's is, as always, a pert, humorous, melodic delight, and the contributions of Poulenc, Milhaud, and Stravinsky are in keeping. Rarely has a show been blessed with such a score. Most of it is played by a gifted pianist, John Evans, who is also the show's musical director, and two songs are very well sung by Molly Stark and by Michael Scarborough. Miss Stark opens the evening (and sets its tone) with Poulenc's "Les Chemins de l'Amour," sashaying clumsily around the small room that serves as stage at the Colonnades, carrying a rose with a broken stem, and pausing from time to time for a good look at her feet. The show, which could stand considerable polishing, was the inspired idea of Thaddeus Motyka, who also directed it. Ingenious scenery by Wade Giampa. "Principally Pinter" will run through May 10th.

—Edith Oliver

◆

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Police log in the Falmouth (Mass.) Enterprise*]

Friday, Sept. 12

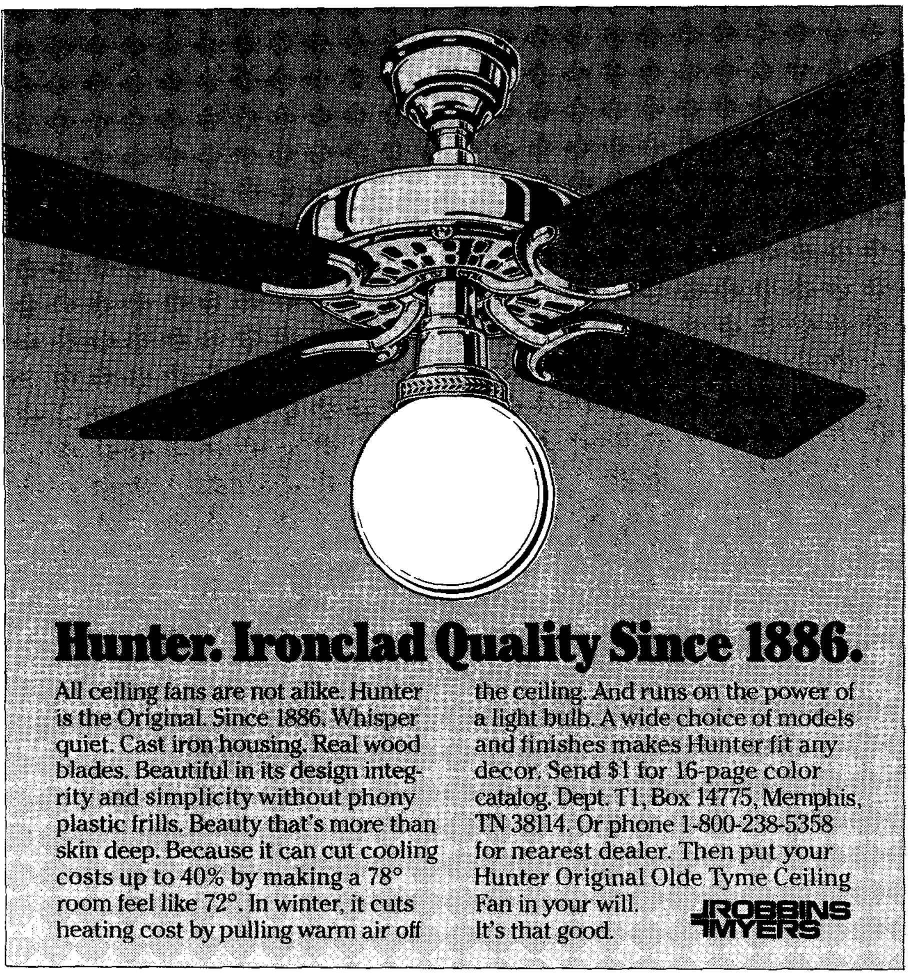
12:11 A.M. Suspicious activity, St. Anthony's club.

12:26 A.M. Accident, Sandwich road.

1:13 A.M. Domestic problem. Acapesket road.

3:06 A.M. Possible prowler, Oak street.

3:17 A.M. Officer reports prowler is just a skunk.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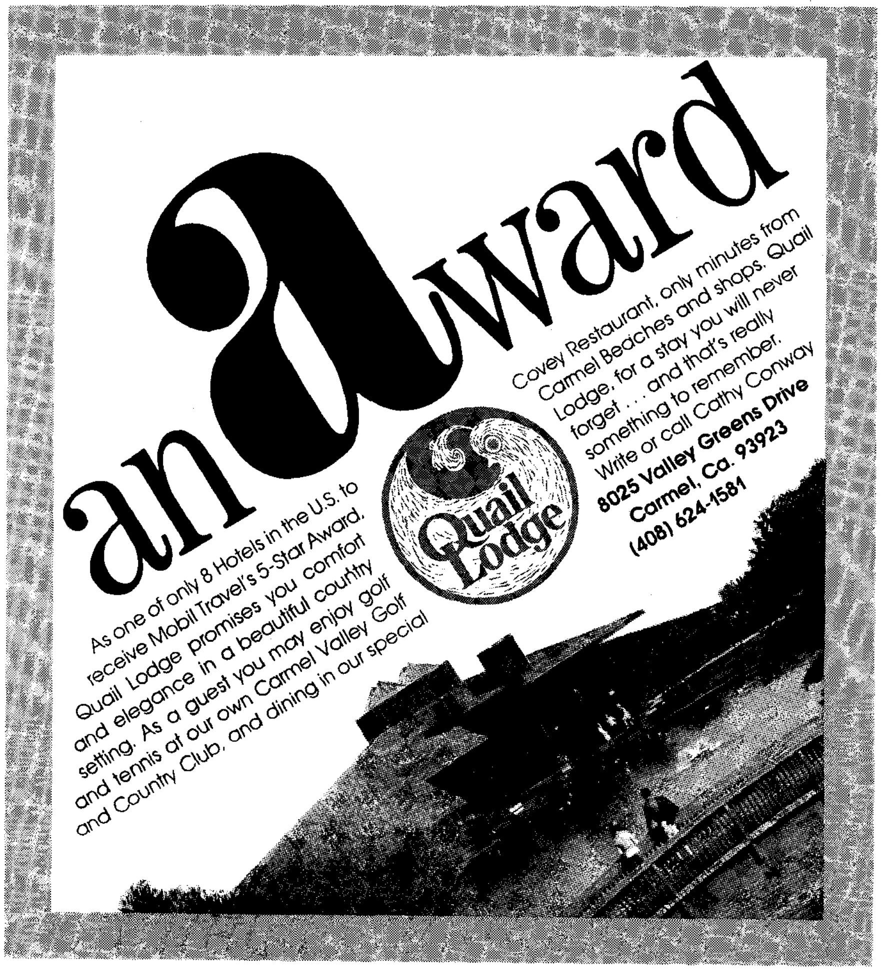
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

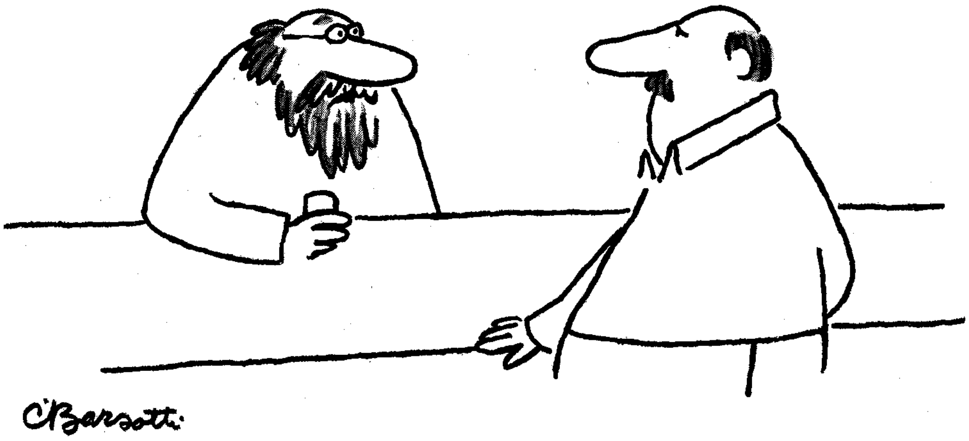
SECRETARY WATT

THE Department of the Interior has jurisdiction over roughly one-fifth of all the land in the United States—more than four hundred million acres, most of it in the West and in Alaska. It is charged with both the preservation and the development of publicly held land—a charter that has historically led to conflict over its mission. It recommends which areas are to be used for parks, wilderness, wildlife refuges, and other recreation areas, and for grazing of livestock and for exploration for oil and other minerals. It also administers mining and mineral leasing on an additional three hundred and seventy million acres lying under other federally and privately owned land, plus another roughly one billion acres on the outer continental shelf. It manages the National Park System, which consists of some three hundred parks, covering more than eighty million acres; it is in charge of the Bureau of Reclamation, which promotes development of water resources, particularly in the West; and it runs the Fish and Wildlife Service, which is in charge of conserving migratory birds, endangered species, and other wildlife, and supervises some four hundred wildlife refuges. It has jurisdiction over strip-mining policy. It runs services involving outdoor recreation and national landmarks. It influences policies involving the production, consumption, import, export, and stockpiling of minerals. And it administers the Bureau of Indian Affairs. All these activities make Interior one of the most controversial and sensitive departments in the government, affecting as it does so many conflicting interests. And a Secretary of the Interior has wide discretionary authority. Secretaries of the Interior have ruined Presidents, and one (Albert B. Fall) went to jail. Great stakes are involved in the department's decisions, and many of the results of its actions are, of course, irreversible.

In recent years, for a variety of reasons, the department has become more controversial than ever in the West. The controversy has been embodied in the Sagebrush Rebellion—a political movement that helped Ronald Reagan carry every Western state, and that now has one of its avowed partisans, James Watt, as Secretary of the Interior. ("I am a part of the Sagebrush Rebellion.") Through actions he has already taken or is planning, Watt intends to try to reverse federal policy across the spectrum of functions performed by his department: to put less emphasis on preserving federal lands for wilderness areas and more on leasing them for drilling and mining; to accelerate the distribution of federal lands on which states have existing claims and of parcels of land they would like to obtain; to speed up offshore drilling; to promote mineral exploration (Watt was instrumental in the Administration's recent decision to interrupt and reassess the United States' participation in negotiating a Law of the Sea Treaty); to halt the acquisition of national parks and turn more of the management of existing ones over to private enterprise; to relax regulations on strip-mining; to reduce the requirements for assessing the environmental impact of drilling for geothermal energy; and to allow more killing of wild horses and burros and also of predators, and put less emphasis on the protection of endangered species. The Sagebrush Rebellion, in its ultimate form of protest, calls for federal lands to be turned over to the states. Watt has said that this demand is a way of bringing pressure for changes in federal policies. In his confirmation hearings, he was somewhat ambiguous: "I do not see the need at this time for a massive transfer of public lands to state or local control or private interests. If we do not shape up the management processes of these public lands, then there probably ought to be a massive transfer. I think some good management will handle those problems."

Watt has also been influencing environmental, energy, and even international policy beyond the boundaries of his department. According to White House aides, Watt was a lively and enthusiastic participant in the early Cabinet meetings and offered opinions on a variety of questions. The President, they said, was quite pleased with him. Watt recommended greater budget cuts for his own department than had been suggested by the Office of Management and Budget. And he was placed in charge of the inter-agency Cabinet Council on Natural Resources and Environment, which includes representatives of the Department of Energy, the Department of Agriculture, and other departments and agencies. The council will shape the Administration's position on the forthcoming revision of the air-pollution law, which must be reauthorized this year, and on water policy. Watt is effectively in charge of important energy-policy decisions, such as the pending one on whether to deregulate the price of natural gas. (He supported the deregulation of natural-gas prices during previous government service.) Recently, the President appointed him to head the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, which was established in 1959 to examine relations among federal, state, and local governments, and has done distinguished work in that field.

Watt's early actions have stirred up a storm, but the few dispassionate observers one can find tend to agree at least in part with some of the things he seeks to do; the question is how far he intends to go. In this, as in other areas of government, those who supported various programs in the past did not attend to how they were being



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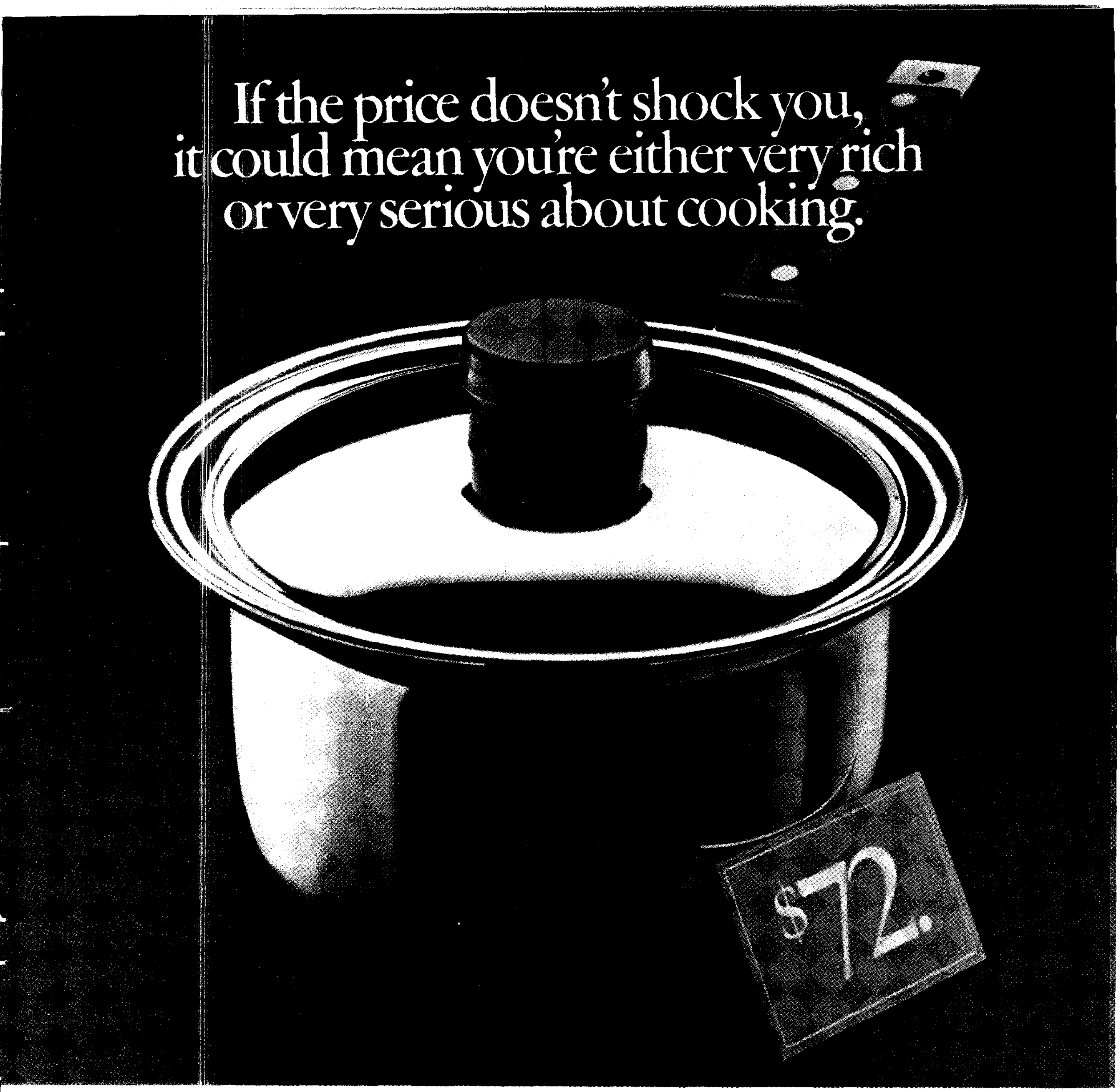

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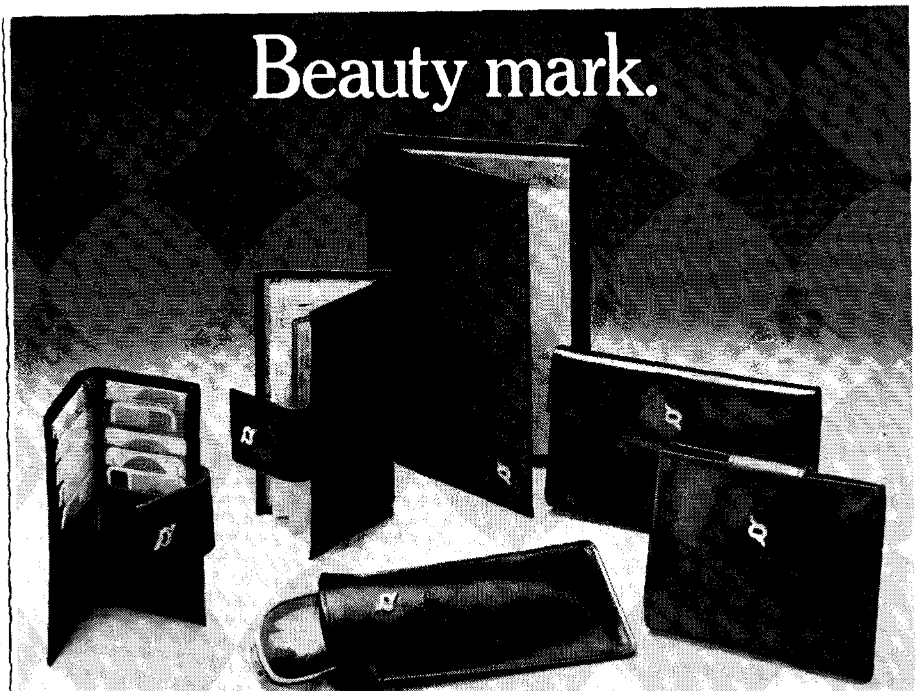
administered, and are now on the defensive. Even some environmentalists agree that there is good reason to try to develop less cumbersome ways of administering some of the laws on the books. One can find dispassionate observers who agree that procedures for granting leases for mineral exploration can and should be speeded up. Moreover, it is the role of the environmental groups to sound the alarm, to give the worst-case analysis of what anyone who differs with them is trying to do, and to take the most adamant positions. And many of the actions initiated by Watt are only in their beginning stages: more are to come *after some of his appointees have been* confirmed by Congress. Several people who are worried are prepared to give him more time. But it is clear that a number of the actions already initiated or being contemplated by the Department of the Interior, as well as by related agencies, could amount to a radical change in land, conservation, and environmental policies—many of which have had an essentially bipartisan consensus behind them for many years. Some of the actions could upset delicate balances that have been painstakingly reached; some could result in the transfer of substantial amounts of land and resources now deemed to be the domain of all of the people to a much smaller group; some could result *in very big gains for certain private* interests.

Watt's personal style, as well as his professional background, has added to the controversy surrounding his appointment and his management of the department thus far. He comes across as smart, certain of his views, intense, combative, and suspicious to an unusual degree of those who do not agree with him and also of the career bureaucracy, which includes many dedicated public servants. There have been wholesale firings at the Interior Department, and the career civil servants, many of them experts, have been cut out of decision-making. "We are not to become a part of the bureaucracy," Watt said in an interview in *Public Opinion*, which is published by the American Enterprise Institute, a couple of months ago. He went on to say, "Frequent Cabinet meetings keep us isolated and in unity. There's comfort in that. When I go against my bureaucracy, the issues are often against me. But when I come back to the fold, I'm nurtured." In March, addressing a group of people who run concessions in national parks, he said, "The President was brought to power by a restlessness of the people because they needed change and he represents change, and those old-time liberals that don't want change are going to frustrate [us] conservatives who want change every chance they can, and we've got to change forty, fifty years of bad government. To accomplish that, we fired every person in the Department of the Interior that was a Presidential appointee. I mean, we cleaned every one of them out and then we started appointing good people." Forty or fifty years of bad government covers a lot of ground, including several Republican Administrations.

WATT, who grew up in Wyoming, is forty-three years old, tall, and bald; he wears thick glasses; and he is polite and contained. One of his friends, Senator Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming, who is a most agreeable person, insists that Watt is a warm and sensitive man who has been treated unfairly by the environmentalists and in the press. In the early nineteen-sixties, Watt worked for Simpson's father, Milward Simpson, who was also a senator from Wyoming, and who served on the Senate Interior Committee. Then, in 1966, Watt became a lobbyist for the Chamber of Commerce, where he opposed the first national laws dealing with water and air pollution. During the Nixon and Ford Administrations, Watt served in the Interior Department and then on the Federal Power Commission. In both jobs, his actions were controversial, and led to a reputation, justified or not, for being pro-development, uninterested in preservation, and quick to remove subordinates who did not agree with him.

There is, of course, nothing wrong, in and of itself, in being pro-development. Obviously, some resources have to be developed. The real argument is over manner and degree: over how quickly resources should be developed, and how much attention should be paid to other considerations, such as preserving resources for the future, preserving the land around development areas, setting aside land for recreation, and protecting renewable resources like forests and rangelands. In a rush to gain access to current resources, future productivity can be damaged. And if the emphasis is on developing oil and other minerals now, will America be more secure in the future? These are issues that call for careful, reasoned judgments. Ev-



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eryone involved in these controversies, it seems, uses the word "balance." Everyone says that he is for balance, and everyone feels qualified to define it. If one drew a chart of the philosophies of Secretaries of the Interior, Watt's would be way off to one side.

Following his government service, Watt was hired by Joseph Coors, the president of the Adolph Coors Company and a right-wing activist (also an important backer of Ronald Reagan and ultimately a member of his kitchen cabinet), to head the Mountain States Legal Foundation, which is in Denver, and which Coors founded in 1977. The purpose of the foundation, which is nonprofit and tax-exempt, was, Watt said in 1977, to "fight in the courts those bureaucrats and no-growth advocates who create a challenge to individual liberty and economic freedoms." In a much quoted speech he gave during his tenure at the Mountain States Foundation, he said, "What is the real motive of the extreme environmentalists, who appear to be determined to accomplish their objectives at whatever cost to society? Is it to simply protect the environment? Is it to delay and deny energy development? Is it to weaken America?"

Watt's argument, which he made many times, was that the West held virtually all the nation's energy resources, and that "because of the actions being taken by extremists to delay or stop the orderly development of energy resources, the nation is likely to suffer energy shortages and thus severe economic hardship." His thesis was that "when this happens, the politicians in Washington will seize on the crisis and take whatever action is needed to extract energy from the Western States, in order to light and heat the East and to maintain jobs in the Midwest and on the East Coast." He continued,"I fear for our ecology in the West and for our life style. When the economic pressures start strangling the Eastern States, due to short supplies of energy, their political leadership will come after our resources." One person who knows Watt says, "He sincerely believes that he is standing between this country and disaster. His beliefs are close to those of corporate America's, because he believes that America would be better off if the companies were unshackled to do what they want."

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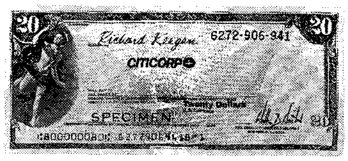

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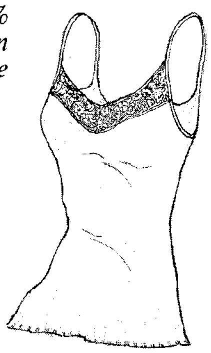

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the National Legal Center for the Public Interest, to which Coors has contributed and on whose board he serves as vice-chairman. The National Legal Center organized and initially funded several regional legal centers, of which Mountain States was one. The legal centers remain associated. The first chairman of the National Legal Center was J. Robert Fluor, the chairman of the Fluor Corporation, which is an international engineering and construction company. The Fluor Corporation is also in the coal business, provides drilling services, and has been attempting to acquire other mineral companies. The current chairman of the National Legal Center is Charles Barber, chairman of ASARCO, Inc., formerly the American Smelting and Refining Company, and one of the nation's largest mining concerns. The Coors Company not only makes beer but has invested in coal, oil, and natural-gas leases. Its mining affiliate has strip-mining plans pending at the Interior Department. Joseph Coors was also one of the founders of the Heritage Foundation, a highly conservative, policy-oriented organization based in Washington. Several of Watt's early actions at Interior are in accord with recommendations made in a report, "Mandate for Leadership," that was published by the Heritage Foundation shortly before the Reagan Administration took office.

The Mountain States Foundation will not give out the names of its contributors, but its financial backers are known to have included large firms involved in energy development, construction, and agribusiness, and also banks, public utilities, and casino companies. Its executive committee has included officials of such corporations as Amax, one of the nation's largest mining and coal companies; Conoco; and the Amoco Production Company. Watt, too, refused to disclose the names of its contributors during his confirmation hearings. Stephen Shipley, who served as the foundation's vice-president and was in charge of contributions, has gone to the Interior Department as Watt's executive assistant. Among the cases that the Mountain States Legal Foundation brought—several of them against the Interior Department—were ones challenging government policies on leasing for oil and gas exploration, air pollution, allotments for grazing on federal lands, strip-mining, water-management policy, and sovereignty for American Indians. It brought a suit challenging a requirement that public utilities in Colorado provide lower rates for the poor, the elderly, and the disabled. It filed a friend-of-the-court brief on behalf of a casino at Lake Tahoe that, along with other casinos, was seeking to hook up to a sewage-treatment plant in an area that the Environmental Protection Agency said had already been too densely developed (a position shared by California, which, like Nevada, borders the lake). At his confirmation hearings, Watt told the Senate committee that he would avoid sitting in on any aspect of cases that the Mountain States Foundation was involved in—but would not refrain from getting involved in policy questions that might be related to the cases.

Watt himself, as attorney for the foundation, had filed a brief challenging the constitutionality of the present strip-mining law, which Interior administers. And when he was with the foundation he appeared before the Interior Department to protest new rules designed to bring about tighter enforcement of law that provided low-cost irrigation water in Western states. In February, Watt told the House Interior Committee that he intended to delay new department regulations indefinitely. They had been drawn up by the Carter Administration, under court order, to stop the practice of providing water to corporations and farms whose holdings exceeded the one-hundred-and-sixty-acre limit set by the reclamation law. An official order to delay the new regulations has been issued over the signature of one of Watt's deputies, but the department announced the action as Watt's.

Watt himself is a man of modest means, and in religion he is a devout fundamentalist. (He was "born again" in the mid-sixties and became a Charismatic Christian.) He spelled out his basic philosophy in *Public Opinion* (Watt declined to be interviewed for this article) as follows:

> I come to Washington with a western states perspective. We feel that our individual freedoms have been reduced considerably by the power of Washington to set values. Market forces and the individual properly set values. We feel the pressure of reduced freedom in terms of access to the resource base. We have grown up with the land. The wealth of the nation comes from its resource base and its people. So we have had access to economic enhancement for personal gratification. In the last ten years, we have seen the government redetermine these values by limiting our access to these lands for market use or personal pleasure. . . . I believe strongly in market forces. The President's decision to deregulate crude oil was symbolic and important.

I pushed very hard for that decision. Economically, it's not that big a deal. But the symbolism is important. Will Reagan allow market forces to set values or are we going to continue to let artificial forces coming out of Washington, D.C., set them?

In the same interview, he said, "In this country, we're going through a reassessment of our values. It's back to fundamentals—fundamental economics, fundamental social structures, fundamental religion, fundamental basic concepts."

Watt applies his fundamentalist religious beliefs to his job. In early March, he was quoted in the Washington *Post* as saying, "I believe there is a life hereafter, and we are to be here to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ. One of the charges He's given us is to occupy the land until He returns. We don't know when He is coming, so we have a stewardship responsibility . . . to see that people are provided for until He does come and a new order is put in place." This quotation ricocheted about Washington, and has been interpreted—unfairly—by some as suggesting that Jesus wanted us to use up our resources. But Watt also said, "So we cannot waste or despoil that which we've been given in the earth because we don't know our tenure here." He is usually careful to use such terms as "balance" and "controlled development." However, some people who work at Interior, and others who have dealt with him, say that he has a moral certainty about what he does—a conviction that he is doing what God intended. And one of Watt's friends said recently, "Jim has taken up the most anthropocentric interpretation of Christianity—he feels that whatever human beings need is O.K." This man continued, "And he does have a religious sense of being a chosen person."

AT Interior, Watt works with a coterie he brought in with him, and has largely shut others out. One department employee says, "There are people here who feel we can develop faster without sacrificing the environment, and believe that many of the directions he wants to go in are right, but we're not being tapped. He says that the career people are important, but everything he does gives us a feeling of a deep-seated contempt for everyone who has chosen to work for the government. There's very much an us-versus-them mentality developing, and it's very sad." Watt is essentially a loner, who works hard and

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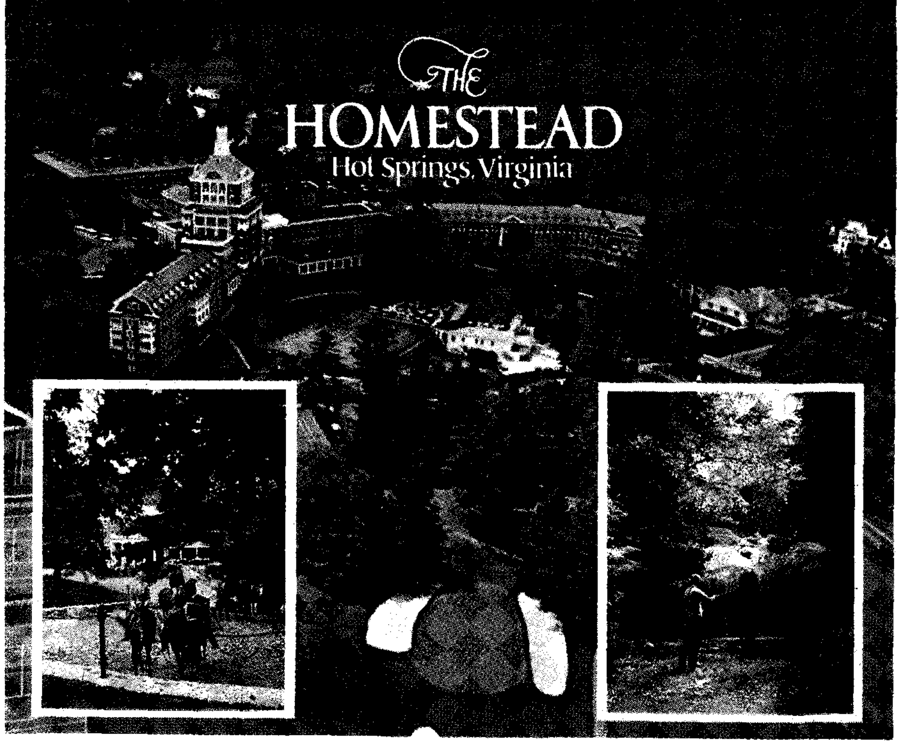

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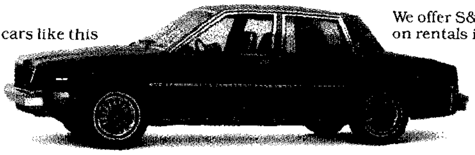

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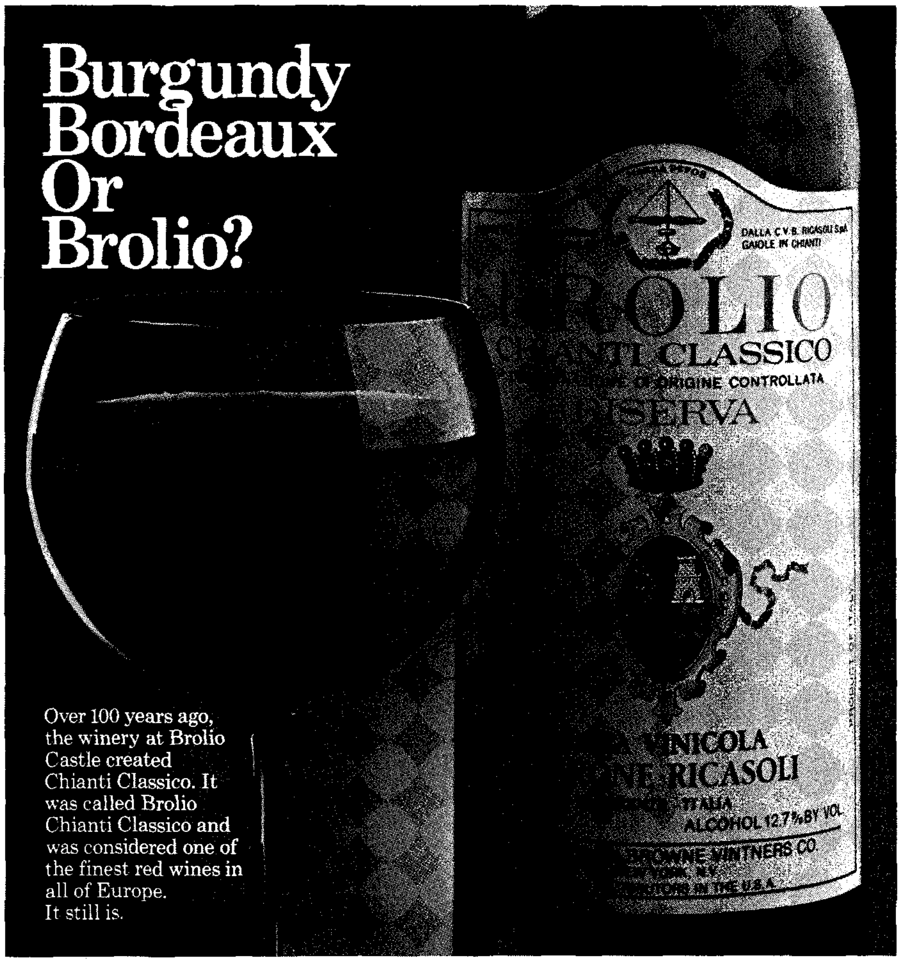

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spends what spare time he has with his family. He conducts his business briskly and likes to make decisions quickly. Says one Interior official, "He's smart but not particularly analytical. A lot of people are impressed by him because he talks rapidly and comes across decisively." In the course of the meeting with park concessionaires, he stressed that he would make decisions without hesitation. ("I'm out to make decisions and I will make them quickly. . . . I make lots of mistakes 'cause I make a lot of decisions.") He also said, "If we need to change personnel to accomplish a more aggressive concessioners program, we will change the people. We mean business, and when you read the press you're going to find that I can be cold and calculating, and indeed I can. But we are determined, and we are going to get ahold of this thing fast. . . . If a personality is giving you a problem, we're going to get rid of the problem or the personality, whichever is faster." He recently told a writer for the Denver *Post* that he had hired his personal secretary "because she is as abrupt as I am."

No one has much question that Watt reflects the Reagan Administration's outlook, but other Cabinet Secretaries also represent the President's views, in a different manner. A White House aide who works on energy, environment, and natural-resources issues recently told some environmentalists that the attitude of this Administration is that the 1980 election was about "privatization" versus "publicization," and that "we won." Watt told *Public Opinion*, "No other Secretary of the Interior, in recent times at least, has had a President who understands my department like Ronald Reagan does. He's a Westerner. Fifty per cent of his state is owned and managed by the federal government. When I said, 'I want to do this, I want to do that,' he replied, 'Sic 'em.' "

Watt was chosen Secretary of the Interior after Clifford Hansen—a Republican who has been both governor of and senator from Wyoming—dropped out of consideration because he did not want to sell his family's valuable permits to graze cattle on federal lands in order to comply with conflict-of-interest regulations. When Hansen's appointment fell through, Watt was proposed by a group of Western senators who knew him from his earlier work, and was interviewed by Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, the President's close friend. According to people working on the transition, it was understood that when it came to selections for the Interior Department Laxalt's word was it. Laxalt tells me that he had known Watt only by reputation, but that after he interviewed him "I almost single-shotted him—I phoned the President and said, 'He's our man.' " At that point, Laxalt had the enthusiastic concurrence of Coors, who, along with other wealthy Reagan supporters, was helping the President select his Cabinet. Laxalt says that Coors had been backing another man—that apparently Watt had not occurred to him. Laxalt told me, "As soon as I called Joe about Jim, he agreed immediately, and enthusiastically backed his appointment."

Reagan, who did not know Watt, then met with him for about twenty minutes and selected him. Alan Simpson said to me, "When we were talking about who should have the job, someone said, 'If you've got a bear of a job to do, why not hire a grizzly?' They got a grizzly when they hired Jim." When I asked Laxalt what Watt's mission was, he said simply, "To pacify the West." This gets to why the West is so angry, and what the Sagebrush Rebellion—of which Laxalt is a leader, and with which Reagan identified himself during the campaign ("Count me in as a rebel")—is all about.

NOT all of the West is angry, of course, nor does the Sagebrush Rebellion represent all of the West. It is concentrated in the Rocky Mountain States, and represents a combination of forces: oil and mining interests that want more access to the minerals and other resources they believe to be on federally owned Western lands; interests that want federally owned land for commercial development; livestock interests that want more land, and ranchers who want to be freer of restrictions on grazing on federal lands; cowboys and farmers, who are traditionally suspicious of the federal government; and commercial interests that seek to overturn a number of federal policies. And in recent years these forces have been fed by the New Right political movement. A Western senator says that the Sagebrush Rebellion represents "the old cowboy who's not angry so much as independent and suspicious; plus a new force, fed by the New Right; and raw commercialism—the old land-grab issues of the nineteenth century reëmerging." One Interior Department official describes it

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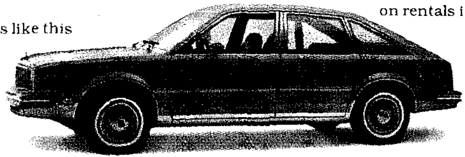

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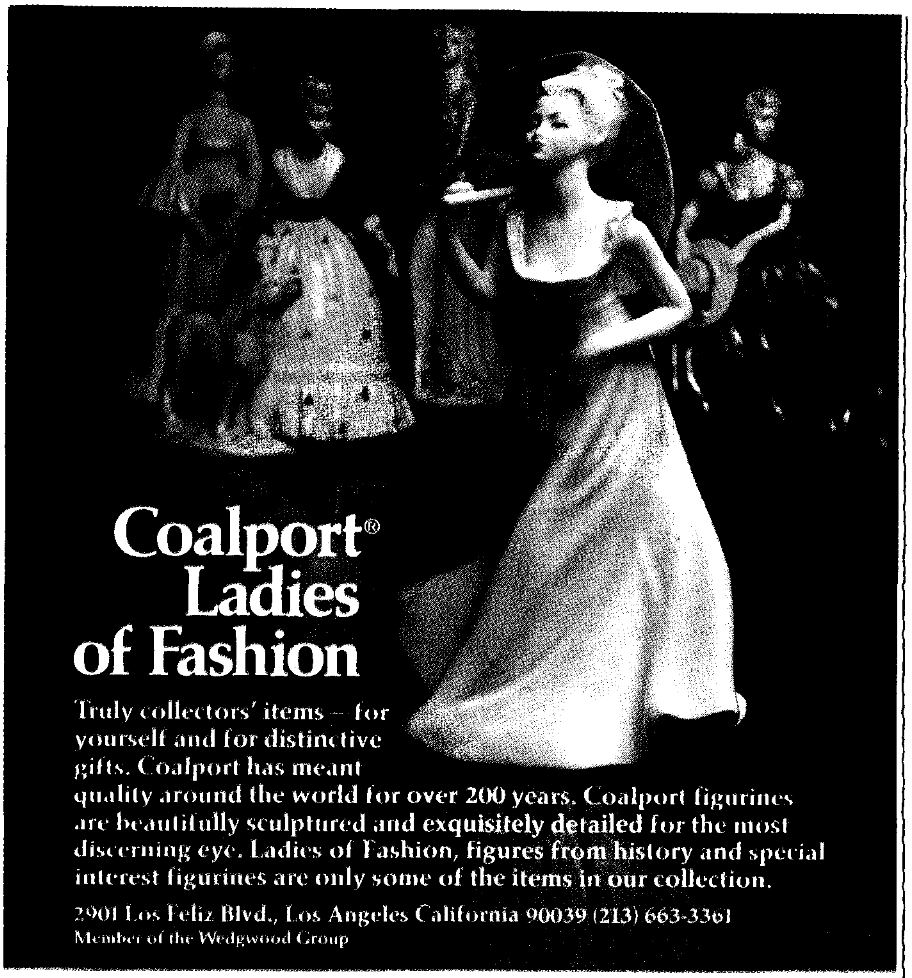
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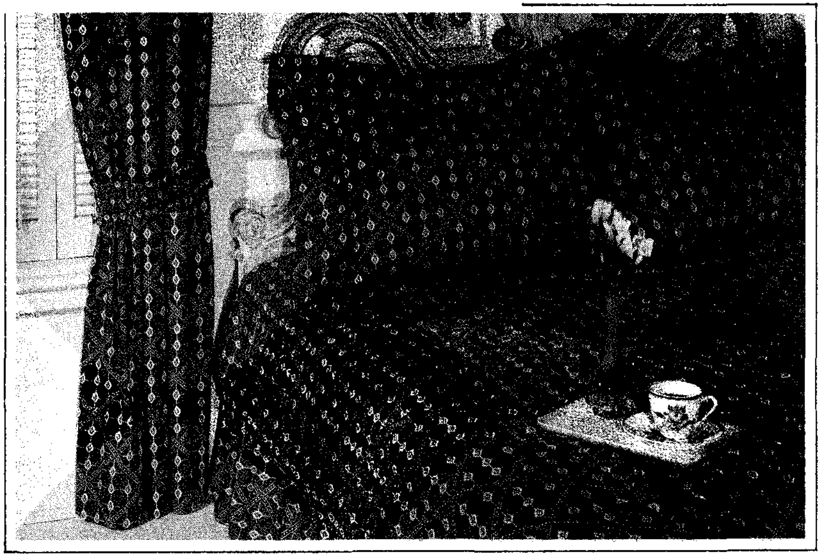
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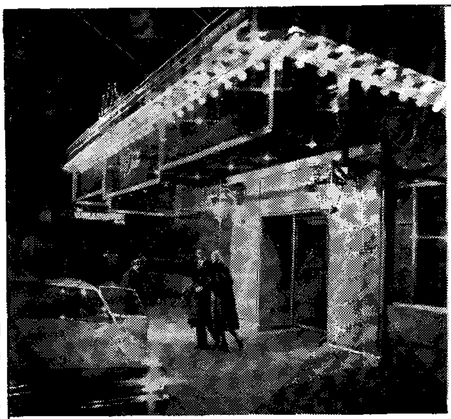
as "an attempt on the part of some opportunistic politicians to grab some land, capitalizing on some very legitimate complaints and frustrations on the part of local people." It has some roots in resentment of the East—a feeling that the East is the center of the environmentalists, and that Easterners think that Westerners, if left to their own devices, would strip-mine Grand Teton. (The environmental movement is strong in the West, of course.) Simpson says, "The toughest thing to handle is the paternalism from other areas which think that we really don't know what a jewel of a place we have, and that they are going to help us preserve that jewel." The Sagebrush Rebellion has some roots in resentment—some of it apparently justified—of a bureaucracy that is felt to be unresponsive to the ranchers with whom it deals in administering the federal lands. And it has some roots in commercial interests that have recently come to see value in certain of those lands.

The argument is over the disposition and management of the public lands currently managed by the Bureau of Land Management, in the Department of the Interior. This agency manages almost seventy per cent of all the land in Nevada, forty-two per cent of the land in Utah, roughly a quarter of the land in Wyoming, Oregon, and Idaho. These are the lands that were long considered the least valuable or attractive public lands and have not been set aside as national parks or reserved for forest preserves by the Forest Service or given away or sold off over the years. Homesteaders didn't want them. Until about a decade ago, the federal policy was essentially to dispose of these lands. Then a variety of people began to realize that they contained a number of important resources: ecological and environmental resources; renewable resources, such as timber and forage land; water resources; recreational opportunities; and valuable minerals. The lands are estimated to contain mineral assets worth hundreds of billions of dollars: eighty per cent of the nation's oil shale and forty per cent of its coal reserves; large deposits of oil, natural gas, and uranium ore; tar sands and geothermal heat. At the same time that commercial groups were taking a greater interest in these lands, the nation's population was increasing and the demand for recreational areas was growing—and all this coincided with a heightening of the environmental movement. (The first Earth Day was in 1970.) A move developed in Congress to establish a more comprehensive policy toward the disposition and management of those federal lands, and in 1976 the Federal Land Policy and Management Act was passed. This law said, for the first time, that it was in the public interest for the federal government to retain and manage the lands, instead of disposing of them, and it established procedures for deciding which lands should be set aside for wilderness areas and which should be released for other uses. The decisions are made by Congress, on the basis of recommendations by the department. Even those lands which are set aside for wilderness areas can be drilled for oil and gas and other minerals, with certain stipulations as to how the land around drilling sites is to be treated. Land that is awaiting designation as suitable or unsuitable for a wilderness area can be explored for oil and minerals, with certain restrictions that are designed to prevent the land from being made unsuitable for wilderness. Of the almost hundred and seventy-five million acres that the Bureau of Land Management has studied to see if they should be released as unsuitable for wilderness, all but about twenty-five million have been released, but Watt and the mining companies say that the restrictions still go too far, and Watt has acted to loosen them. It is not quite accurate to say, as Watt and other critics of federal land policy do, that federal land has been "locked up" for a "single purpose"—by which they mean wilderness—and that exploration for resources is prohibited on it. One career official at Interior says, "They are reacting to impressions rather than facts."

It stands to reason that people who had become accustomed to the old system would resent the new one. Before the 1976 act, grazers and miners had relatively free access to these lands; some parts of them were being overgrazed and ruined for future use. It also stands to reason that various interests that wanted to possess or exploit these lands would be upset. (A permit to graze on federal lands is a very good deal, since the federal government generally charges cattlemen less per acre than private landholders do. Previous Administrations have tried to raise the price of grazing fees, but the Reagan Administration, despite its emphasis on cutting the budget and its nod in the direction of charging users'



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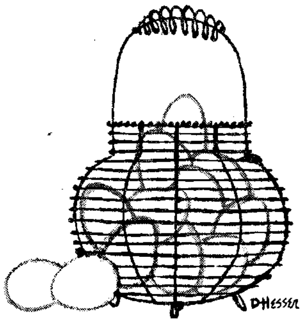
fees, has made no such effort. The politics of such a decision are fairly obvious. The rental cost of an oil or gas lease is also an attractive arrangement—a dollar an acre per year. If oil or gas is produced on federal lands, the federal government receives a royalty.) Reductions of grazing allotments and of access to public lands for drilling for oil and gas were among the subjects of suits Watt brought when he was at the Mountain States Legal Foundation.

The complaints about the Bureau of Land Management's overseeing of lands include homey stories about a rancher who was not allowed to put a fence up; about a miner who was penalized for building a road three feet in the wrong direction; about a rancher who opened his land to hunters, who were then forbidden to hunt on adjacent public land. Simpson points out that some Westerners are also disturbed because when federal rulings are challenged in the federal courts the appeals end up in the federal circuit court of appeals in Washington rather than in a court in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Most of the complaints, however, have to do with restrictions on grazing and with delays in or restrictions on getting access to minerals.

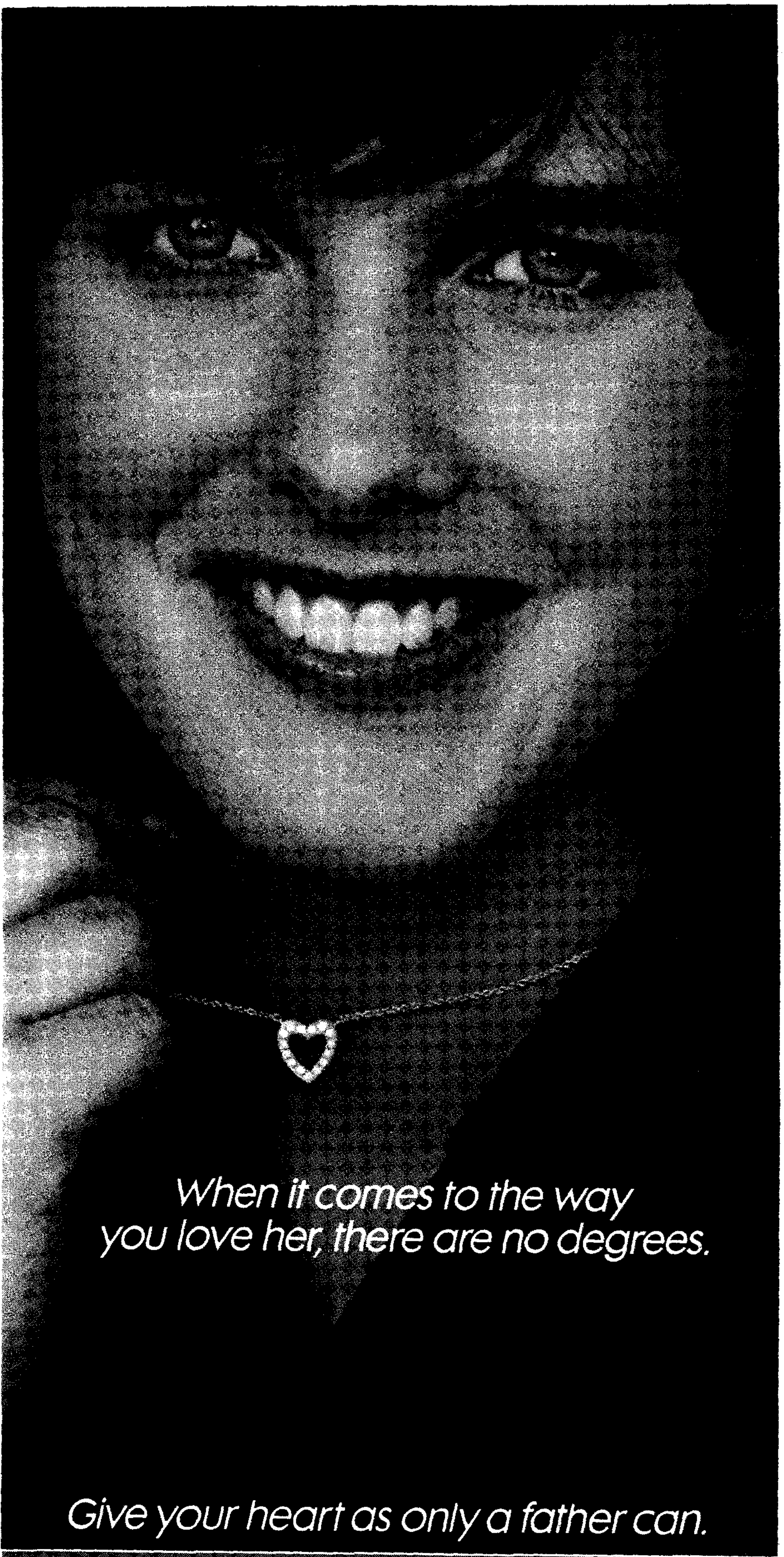
Laxalt said to me recently, "Westerners should be more involved in the decision-making. That was essentially the situation we had before the 1976 law was passed. Implicit in the old system was the idea that the allocation of grazing lands would be left to Westerners. The 1976 law had the decisions taken over by the activist-type managers in the Interior Department. They made decisions about where there would be grazing, about predator control, about wild horses. Essentially, the same thing is true of mining: by virtue of tremendous withdrawals of land, primarily for wilderness, a great deal of valuable property was being denied for use. The hostility just grew and grew, into the Sagebrush Rebellion. It wasn't just administrative turmoil, it was political. If there was one thing that burned Jimmy Carter in the West, it was this."



In 1979, the Nevada state legislature passed a bill, supported largely by miners and stockmen, that called for the turning over of federally owned lands to the states, and in the following year similar legislation was adopted in Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, and New Mexico. Bills to this effect have also been introduced in Congress. Sponsors of such legislation argue that these lands belonged to the states in the first place. Others argue that people who say this have their history wrong—that these lands were originally owned by the federal government or were given to it as part of the arrangements for achieving statehood. The idea of turning the lands over to the states horrifies many people, of course; they argue that there is a national interest in the way these lands are utilized, and assume that the lands would be yielded to the strongest economic interests within a given state. Richard Lamm, the governor of Colorado, and a Democrat, has said, "The West went into the Union with its eyes open, knowing well these lands were reserved. In the enabling acts that made us states, we waived any rights to these lands. We didn't want the burden of administering them. But now, finding valuable minerals in the ground, everybody is starting to get interested." Bruce Babbitt, the governor of Arizona, and a Democrat, has said that the instigators of the Sagebrush Rebellion are "ranchers, mining companies, and timber folk—the same old special-interest crowd that has been grabbing for Western land [since] the days of Teddy Roosevelt." Mike O'Callaghan, a former Democratic governor of Nevada, has said, "The term 'Sagebrush Rebellion' sounds Western, horsy, outdoorsy, and something any red-blooded, Levi's-wearing Westerner can identify with in good conscience. It is really the opposite. . . . What started out as a series of legitimate complaints against the federal landholders has now resulted in an attempted land grab by mining companies, large ranchers, and land speculators and oil companies."

Some career people in the Bureau of Land Management recognize that some of the complaints are valid, and are struggling to make the agency more responsive. They say that the process of deciding whether an area should be set aside as wilderness should be speeded up, and that the backlog of applications for exploration or drilling for minerals should be dealt with more rapidly. But, they say, they need more people to handle these things. Watt, however, cut the agency's budget for management of the lands. He has frequently referred to the Bureau of Land Management as "arrogant." And he has proceeded in a way that undermines the morale of the very people he needs in order to deal with the complaints of the Westerners. (A theory is held by some in the agency—and they concede that it may result from paranoia—that Watt is setting them up for failure, so that he can accept the more radical proposals of the Sagebrush Rebels.) Watt has said that "the Sagebrush Rebellion helps create the attention on those basic problems which Congress needs to address," and that "it will be my objective to manage these lands as a good neighbor to eliminate that friction and let the Sagebrush Rebellion die because of friendly relations." When he was asked during his confirmation hearings what his inclination would be if he was asked to testify on legislation providing for the transfer of federally owned lands to the states or private entities, Watt replied, "My present inclination would be that that would be a premature piece of legislation that would be a divisive force in Congress, unlikely of being passed." He also said, "If I failed in my mission, pressures would be so great on you senators to do that, that you would have no other alternative."

Some of the anecdotes about the Bureau of Land Management's recalcitrance are not altogether true. Watt had one that he particularly liked to tell—about how long it supposedly took a school to be able to build an athletic field on federal land—and he continued to tell it after his office had been informed that the facts were otherwise. When a congressman asked bureau officials about it in a hearing and was told the facts, he suggested that Watt get another example, and the Interior Department headquarters sent a request to a meeting of state directors of the bureau in Phoenix to provide one. Many of the examples of the bureau's unwillingness to allow a fence or a road to be built are true, and this unwillingness and many of the bureau's restrictions on mining in potential or actual wilderness areas have existed because of what bureau officials and previous other Interior officials believed to be the requirements of the law. The majority of the people who work for the bureau in the West are Westerners, but most of them are trained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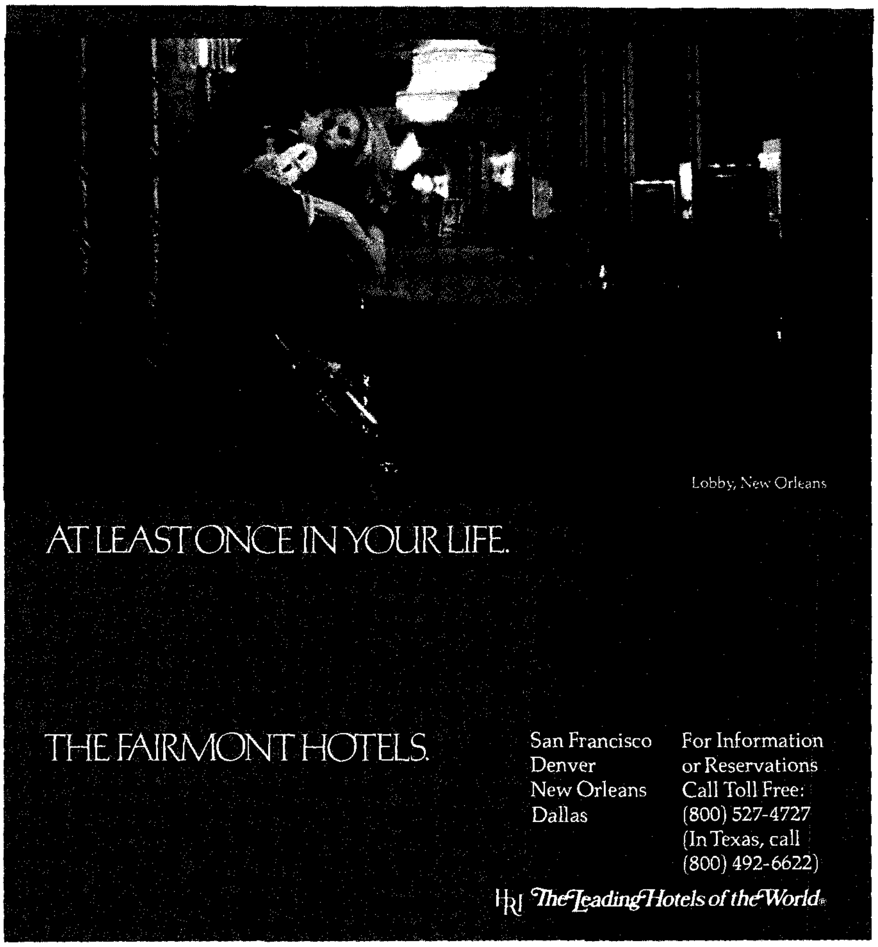
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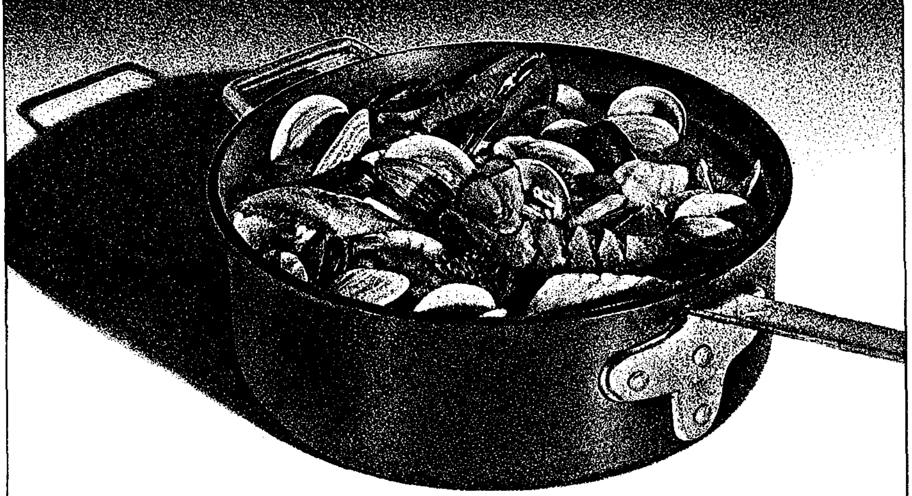
as foresters, range managers, archeologists, wildlife biologists, and the like, and have not had training in dealing with people. The bureau has now instituted training in "conflict resolution." There are often a number of parties fighting over the use of a given piece of federal land: backpackers want it left alone; hunters want to shoot on it and don't want the forage taken by grazing animals; grazers don't want energy development that might interfere with the grazing; wildlife biologists don't want either hunting or grazing on it; timber companies want to cut trees, which could foreclose hunting, grazing, and wildlife preservation; geologists want to study and preserve rock formations; oil and mineral companies want to drill and dig on it and, like timber companies, build access roads through it. It is the role of the bureau to resolve these conflicts—a process that can take time. Shortly after Watt assumed office, he held a series of large meetings with department employees and told them, among other things, that any of them who were committed to a "single-purpose" use of land should seek work elsewhere. But it is the function of the wildlife biologists and the geologists on the staff to say that if drilling, for example, is permitted in a certain place, an endangered species or a geological formation might be destroyed—to be advocates in a process in which a decision is made further up the line. Now some of these people are fearful of doing their job. Shortly after Watt came in, he fired fifty-one staff members of the Solicitor's Office—the office that gives opinions on how the laws are to be interpreted and helps the department build the cases that are then brought by the Justice Department against violators. He explained his action by saying that the Carter Administration had exceeded hiring levels; Carter Administration officials say that the levels were exceeded in terms of numbers but not in terms of the budget, and that the firings were political. If the office was too large, some have suggested, it could have been reduced by attrition. The Solicitor's Office, of course, decided on the regulations that Watt challenged in court when he was with the Mountain States Legal Foundation, and that annoy so many ranchers and mining companies. After Watt took office as Secretary, he asked some Interior employees why they did something in a certain way, and was told that they acted in accordance with an opinion issued by the Solicitor's Office in 1979. Watt replied that the solution to that was easy—they would just get a new opinion. He added that one thing he would insist on was that the solicitors not sit around deliberately misinterpreting the law.

Watt has said that he will seek to release more land for exploration and development. The department has already taken steps—by getting a new solicitor's opinion reinterpreting the law—to relax the environmental constraints on oil drilling and mineral exploration on some of the public lands. These constraints were the subject of a suit the Mountain States Legal Foundation brought against the Interior Department. Douglas Baldwin, Watt's spokesman and longtime friend, told me that "the new regulations will permit exploration even though there will be some degradation of the environment." The department also has under consideration a process by which Congress would be asked to release lands unsuitable for wilderness while potential wilderness areas were still being studied. But some members of Congress want to continue the practice of considering the two types of areas at the same time, so as not to find that they had foreclosed the possibility of saving wilderness lands in certain areas. The real question is what sort of "balance" Watt will want to strike. Though Congress acts on Interior's suggestions as to which areas should be set aside for wilderness and which should not, the shape of the proposals it receives from Interior can affect its decisions. And there have been reports that Watt will recommend no further setting aside of land for wilderness areas at all. Baldwin told me that that "would be consistent with his philosophy—that this country has enough recreation areas, and there is no need for more." Baldwin continued, "He has said many times that public lands suitable for such development should be developed for multipurposes. The Secretary has taken personal charge of regulatory revision. We'll say not only what regulatory actions are wrong but what solicitor's opinions are wrong."

Watt has expressed concern that the United States is not sufficiently aggressive in developing its strategic mineral resources, and has become dangerously dependent on foreign suppliers. He has told Congress, "I plan to end unnecessary and burdensome regulations now frustrating America's mineral-development programs." He



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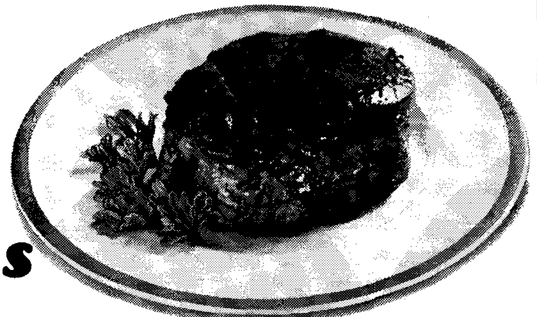

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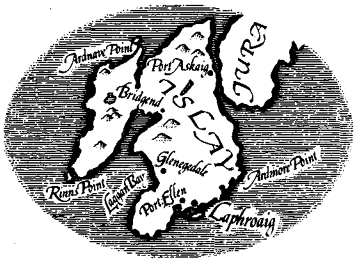

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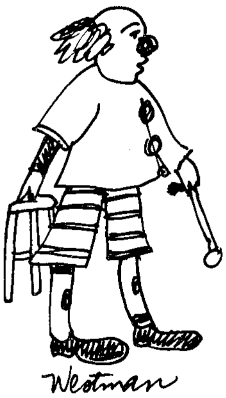
has called for a minerals policy that "involves not simply the establishment of emergency government action in the face of a non-fuel-minerals crisis such as war, market disruption, or price manipulation but the adoption of policies that protect American jobs and investments, improve our balance of trade, revitalize the nation's economy, and provide for the security of foreign-mineral imports." He has told a congressional subcommittee that the Department of the Interior must be the " 'amicus' for the minerals industry in the court of federal policy-making—not as a representative of private mining interests per se but as a spokesman for the very real public interest involved in the protection and preservation of a strong minerals sector." Again, the goal of developing minerals is in itself unexceptionable, up to a point. But the question remains of whether it will be done without undue damage, with a fair return to the government, and with consideration of what would be involved in getting at the minerals. There is also the question of whether it makes sense to go all out to extract strategic minerals now—as the mineral companies would like—or is it more in the national interest to identify mineral deposits and leave them in the ground until it becomes clear that they are needed. Watt objected to going ahead with the Law of the Sea Treaty because he felt that it represented too great a concession to the Third World; moreover, the Administration was under strong pressures from large mining companies to renegotiate the treaty. The new Administration made its position known on the eve of what was expected to be the final session on the treaty at the United Nations, and fired the entire negotiating team. The negotiations had been going on, under bipartisan auspices, since 1973. Elliot Richardson, who played a variety of roles in former Republican Administrations, had been the chief United States negotiator. It is widely agreed that the mining companies need a treaty in order to go forward with deep-seabed mining, because of the enormous costs and the risks of competing claims. The question before the Administration, which now has the treaty under review, is whether the companies can get what they want and also get a treaty.



Watt has considerable discretionary authority in leasing certain lands for exploration and development of oil and gas. He has taken steps to speed up the process of granting leases for exploration of the outer continental shelf. And in early February he proposed making four areas off the Northern California coast available for oil drilling. The four were among five California areas that had been under consideration for some time, and last year Cecil Andrus, the Secretary of the Interior in the Carter Administration, proposed making just one of them available—an area to the south of the others. Exploration of the others would involve drilling in waters off such areas as Big Sur, Point Reyes, and Mendocino. The agencies under Andrus had recommended that these areas also be drilled, but estimated that most of the potential oil and gas were contained in the one area Andrus proposed. Andrus decided that the expected yield in the four other areas did not justify the environmental hazards—the danger of oil spills, the threat to sea life and birds. Watt's proposal was protested not only by environmental groups but also by Governor Jerry Brown and by a majority of California's congressional delegation—including such conservative Republicans as Senator S. I. Hayakawa and Representative Barry Goldwater, Jr. Recently, a decision on these new areas was deferred. Watt's aides say that Andrus's decision was made for political reasons.

WATT also has discretionary authority to dispose of certain federal lands, and in this area, as in other areas, he moved quickly. The Interior Department may sell off to state and local governments parcels of federally owned land that is near privately owned land, for parks, municipal facilities, or community expansion. In his second week on the job, Watt wrote to Western governors inviting them "to identify parcels of federally owned land needed to meet community needs—such as land for community expansion and for schools, hospitals, and parks." If these needs could not be met under existing authority, Watt wrote, "I am prepared to pursue vigorously legislative and regulatory changes, if necessary, to meet your needs." The offer is unprecedented, and does not indicate whether Watt intends Interior to take into account the possibility that some of the parcels of land may be of great value, and to follow existing law and regulations governing what the states might have to pay for the property. Speedy action on all requests could result in the transfer at low cost of some valuable public land. The responses that have come in to Interior thus far indicate that some governors and local communities have interpreted the invitation broadly. New Mexico has asked for land, at no charge, that communities plan to turn around and sell to developers; one community in California is proposing to acquire land free that it has said it might then sell off to a developer.

Watt has also begun proceedings that could result in the transfer of a very large amount of valuable land to the State of Utah—a transaction that could set a precedent for similar action in other states. The transaction arises in part from the fact that the federal government still owes some states some land on the basis of arrangements that were made when they acquired statehood. When Western states entered the union, the federal government gave them specific sections of land in each township, primarily for the purpose of building schools. If the designated lands were already committed for other uses—had been set aside for national forests or parks or Indian reservations, or had been given to the railroads—the states involved were entitled to select other lands instead. Some states, such as Nevada, simply sold off the lands they were given. Some claims for land in lieu of the lands originally designated are still pending, in part because it has taken the states a long time to decide which land they wanted, or whether they wanted any, and in part because such exchanges are studied for the value of the lands involved, and hearings are conducted for all parties that might be affected. Eight states still have a total of slightly over six hundred thousand acres due them—ranging from small amounts (Wyoming and South Dakota are owed just over a thousand acres each) to quite substantial ones. The largest claim is that of Utah: two hundred and twenty-seven thousand acres. And Utah has decided that it wants some other land as well. States may seek to exchange some of their land for federal land—for example, to

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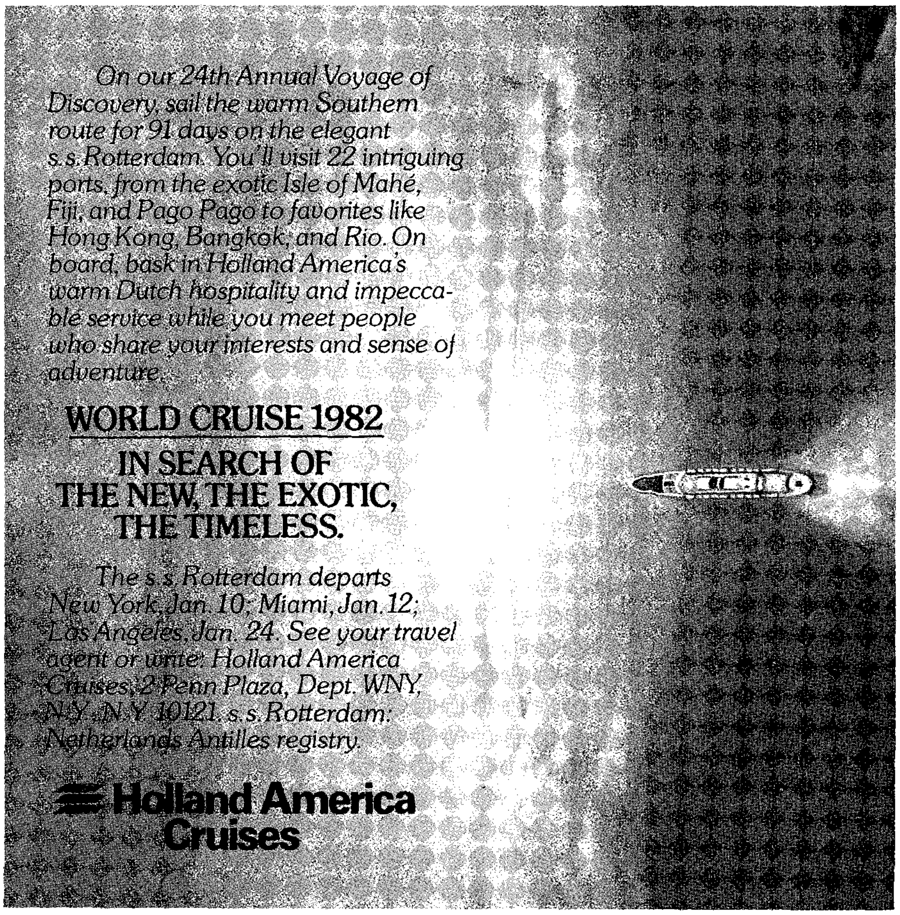

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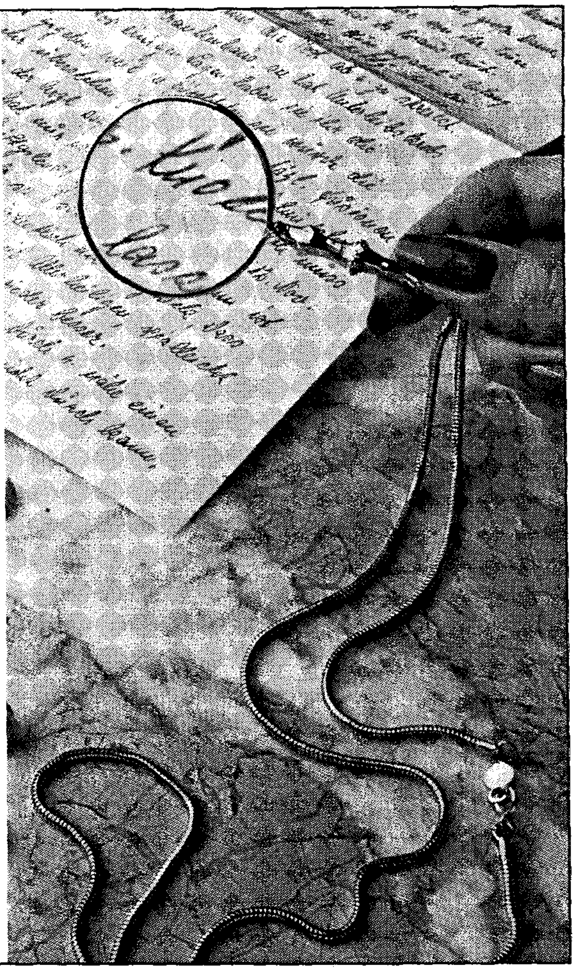
consolidate each of the two kinds of holdings. But there is a very large question of what consideration is to be given to the value of the federal lands those states are seeking. A few years ago, Utah tried to claim over two hundred thousand acres of federal lands containing highly valuable oil-shale deposits as the lands due it in lieu of its original federal grants. The Interior Department rejected the claim, and Utah sued, arguing that the Secretary should have no discretion to determine which federal lands could be claimed. The issue reached the Supreme Court, which ruled last year (in Utah v. Andrus) that the settlement could not simply be on an acre-for-acre basis but must be on the basis of "roughly equivalent value." Now Governor Scott Matheson of Utah is engaged in discussions with Watt about ideas that Utah has for overcoming the Supreme Court decision and arranging not only for a transfer of the lands in lieu of the original grants but also for a trade of a substantial amount of federal lands for lands owned by the state. Matheson, a Democrat, supported Watt enthusiastically during his confirmation hearings. On February 18th, Matheson wrote to Watt enclosing a memorandum, written by the assistant attorney general of Utah, that he described as "concerning the statewide land-exchange program which we discussed in your office on February 10." Matheson said in his letter that he was in general agreement with the memorandum, and concluded, "I think we both view this subject as an historic opportunity for the public-lands states, as well as the United States, to solve many of their land-management problems and to create vastly improved relationships that should endure for decades to come." The memorandum proposes that Utah identify as lands to be acquired from the public domain "lands and minerals having a sufficient value so that we could actually do something with them and derive some substantial income from them." It goes on to say that "value is not a vital federal interest" and "there should be no reason why federal lands of high value would not be suitable for state acquisition simply because of such high value." It suggests that the state offer in return school lands "that we own but do not want or cannot use" and a number of what it considers unliquidated claims. Among these claims are lands that Utah argues it would have received if the 1976 Federal

Land Policy and Management Act had not been passed. It argues that at the time Utah became a state and up until the passage of the 1976 law the federal policy was to dispose of unreserved public lands, and that Utah was therefore economically damaged by the new law. The memorandum asserts that because of these claims "we are justly entitled to values substantially in excess of the current net value that we will offer in exchange for the selection rights that we will agree to release." The memorandum goes on to suggest that there be "no effort to make exhaustive and detailed appraisals" of the land to be exchanged, because such appraisals would be time-consuming and also "partially irrelevant in that we will ask Congress to agree to the proposed over-all statewide plan or proposals." In other words, Congress is to be asked to approve, post facto, an elaborate plan that will have been worked out between Utah and the Interior Department, and not bother with the details. The state's memorandum suggests developing a number of proposals, each with a different ratio of benefits for Utah as opposed to those for the federal government, starting with five-to-one; it warns against making a proposal "where the values were equal or roughly equal, because it might be too tempting for Congress to opt for the latter alternative." The memorandum suggests that a legal brief be written, to be used "as a lobbying tool to justify the value discrepancy we would seek." It says that this brief "will be a subjective document prepared by one advocating a particular cause, drafted to persuade and convince members of Congress." The memorandum suggests that the state "proceed independent and apart from federal regulations and procedures," reasoning that since Congress would have approved the state's proposals, "there would be no violation of any law or regulation."

The career staff, worried about the implications of this proposal, warned Watt's office, and drafted a response for him saying that the department would have to give the proposal further study. Before the letter was signed by Watt, a second one arrived from Utah.

On March 19th, Matheson wrote to Watt referring to "our telephone discussion last week." He went on to say, "I am very pleased that you have agreed to proceed with my proposal to 'block up' state-owned lands in Utah"—that is, to consolidate them—



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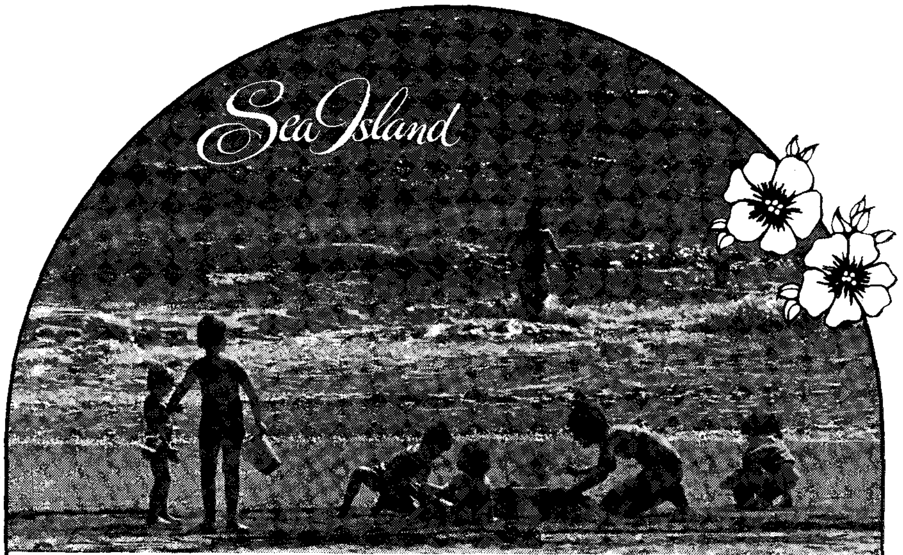

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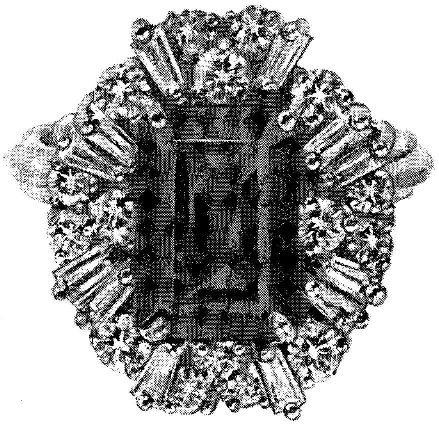

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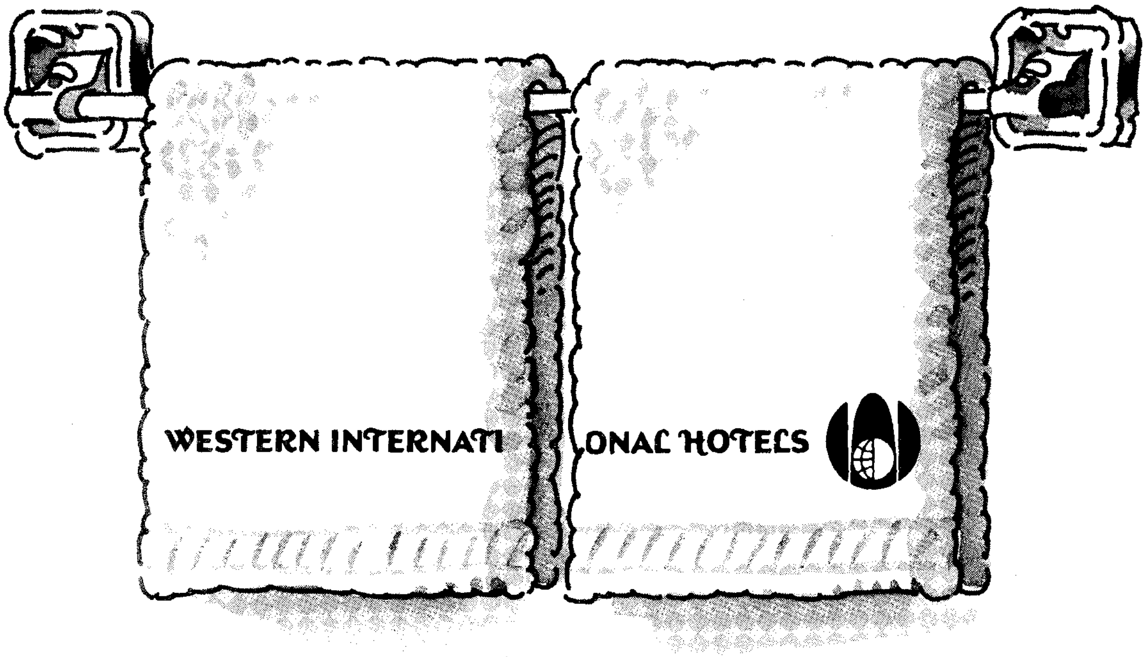
"through a comprehensive exchange with the Department of the Interior." He proposed a speedy schedule for action, and said, "I assure you that we are committed to making this a successful endeavor and a model for other public-lands states." He also said, "It is important to remember during the process that the question of value is secondary. Our responsibility is to provide the Congress with a rationale for the final package, not an accounting of dollars or acres. If we proceed as though this is a 'business-as-usual' exchange on a massive scale, the project is doomed."

ON February 25th, Watt met with the governors of eleven Western states and held a press conference afterward. Governor Robert List of Nevada told the press conference, "In all candor, I can't recall a single instance in which the governors raised issues . . . that the Secretary did not agree."

WATT stirred up a major storm by halting the expenditure of funds for the acquisition of land for national parks—including parks whose purchase Congress had authorized. The Carter Administration had recommended that three hundred and thirty-five million dollars be spent on acquiring parks this year. Watt reduced the sum to forty-five million dollars, to be used in special cases. His action not only would halt the acquisition of new parks but would leave some existing ones, such as the Cape Cod National Seashore and the Redwood National Park, incomplete. (It was when Reagan was running for governor of California that he made the remark "A hundred thousand acres of redwood trees are an awful lot of trees to look at. If you've seen one, you've seen them all.") Watt's position is that the government "must learn to manage what it owns before it seeks to acquire more land." However, his decision to acquire no more parks may be a permanent policy: Baldwin told me that Watt believes that "we have already protected most of the truly unique lands." Watt has also proposed to halt funding for the acquisition of parks in urban areas. His position is that these are "playgrounds," unsuitable for consideration as national parks.

This is another area in which some dispassionate people feel that Watt has something of a point but also that he is carrying things much too far and has come up with a simplistic and short-



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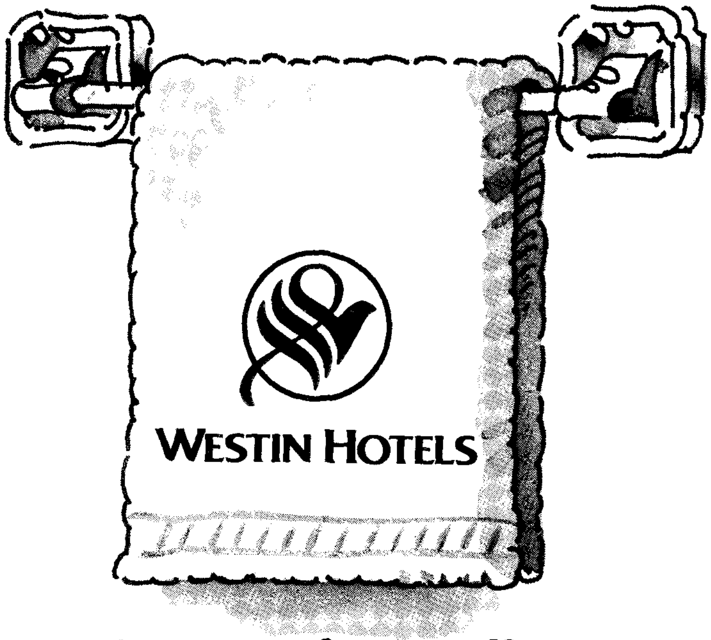

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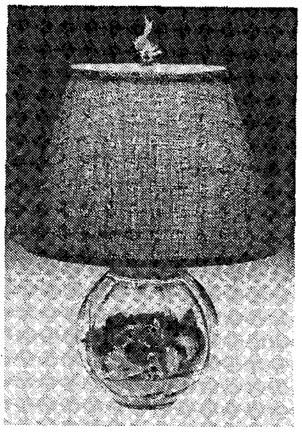

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sighted solution. These people, who include conservation-minded Democrats, maintain that Congress had got in the habit in recent years of authorizing the purchase of parks that could not be described as "national jewels"—that a bit of pork-barrelling was going on. Traditionally, the Interior Department was supposed to recommend twelve national parks to Congress each year, and Congress added to the list. If some state or local areas desire more parks, these people say, they should pay for them. Some of them say that there are less expensive ways of allocating areas for recreation —that is, by designating them wilderness areas. However, Watt may not want any more wilderness areas, either. Baldwin says that Watt's general view is that we have enough of each type of ecological system already set aside. (Watt also plans to close down the Youth Conservation Corps, which has offered maintenance jobs in national parks and wilderness areas to poor young people.) The people who agree that Congress has gone too fast say, however, that it is one thing to slow down the acquisition of park land, another to stop it altogether. And if land is to be acquired in the future—assuming it is still available—it will cost all the more. Others argue that the population is growing, that we are running out of land suitable for parks, and that state and local governments are not likely to buy the land. They point out that Watt complains that some parks are overcrowded and yet refuses to add to the inventory. They say there is a national interest in having more parks available. They cite Theodore Roosevelt, who was the first President to champion the establishment of national parks, and point out that the parks have been called "the lungs of the land." Former Senator Gaylord Nelson, now the chairman of the Wilderness Society, says, "If you stop the acquisition of park lands now, where will you be in fifty years, when the population of the country has doubled?" They point out that the acquisition of parks was maintained through the Nixon and Ford Administrations, and that Watt's action reverses a long-standing tradition. And some are inclined to suspect that his action stems from concerns other than good management. Some environmentalists say they suspect that Watt's intention is to diminish the size of national parks that contain timber or oil resources. Baldwin says that even though there are a lot of mineral

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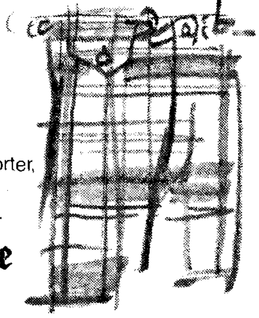

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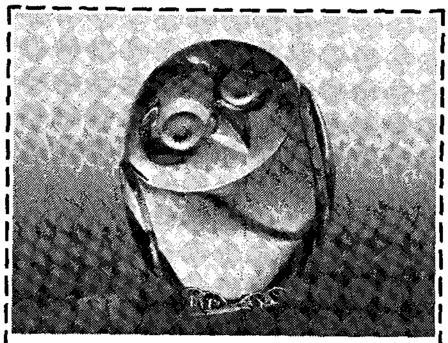
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resources in some national parks, Watt "would never allow them to be opened for exploration or development." Baldwin also says, "There's probably a treasure trove in Yellowstone Park, but Watt would never allow it to be gone after—and Congress wouldn't allow it." There may, of course, be valuable land adjacent to existing national parks—land that under the new policy would not be acquired for park expansion. Watt has said that he might consider the transfer of some national parks to state and local governments—which may or may not have the funds, or may decide they don't want to use their funds, to maintain the parks.

A stir has also occurred over some remarks that Watt made in early March to the Conference of National Park Concessioners. Watt told the private concessionaires, "We are going to ask you to be involved in areas that you haven't been allowed to be involved in before." Even those who say that Watt may have a point concerning the purchase of more land for national parks are appalled at the idea of turning over more management of the existing national parks to private concessionaires, whose motivation is not the same as that of the National Park Service. Fans of the Park Service, who believe that it may represent the government at its best, argue that it is crucial to preserve the tradition of the trained Park Service ranger, in his Smokey the Bear hat, greeting people as they arrive at the parks and giving them information. They are aghast at the idea—which is being considered by Interior—of having this role taken over by representatives of private companies who are running concessions within the parks. They envision the national parks being turned into commercial operations. For example, the Music Corporation of America, which runs concessions in Yosemite National Park, has proposed that it take over the functions of greeting visitors and orienting them to the park. A few years ago, a great furor was caused when MCA, which was filming the television series "Sierra" in Yosemite, painted some of the rocks; during the Nixon Administration, MCA wanted to put an aerial tramway into Yosemite, but the suggestion was turned down by the Interior Department.

Watt told the concessionaires, "I will err on the side of public use versus preservation," and he also said, "We will use the budget system to be the

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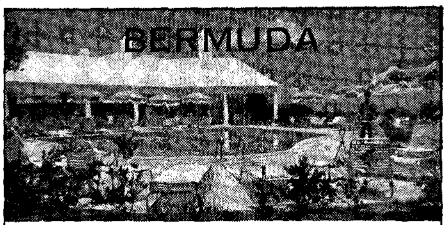

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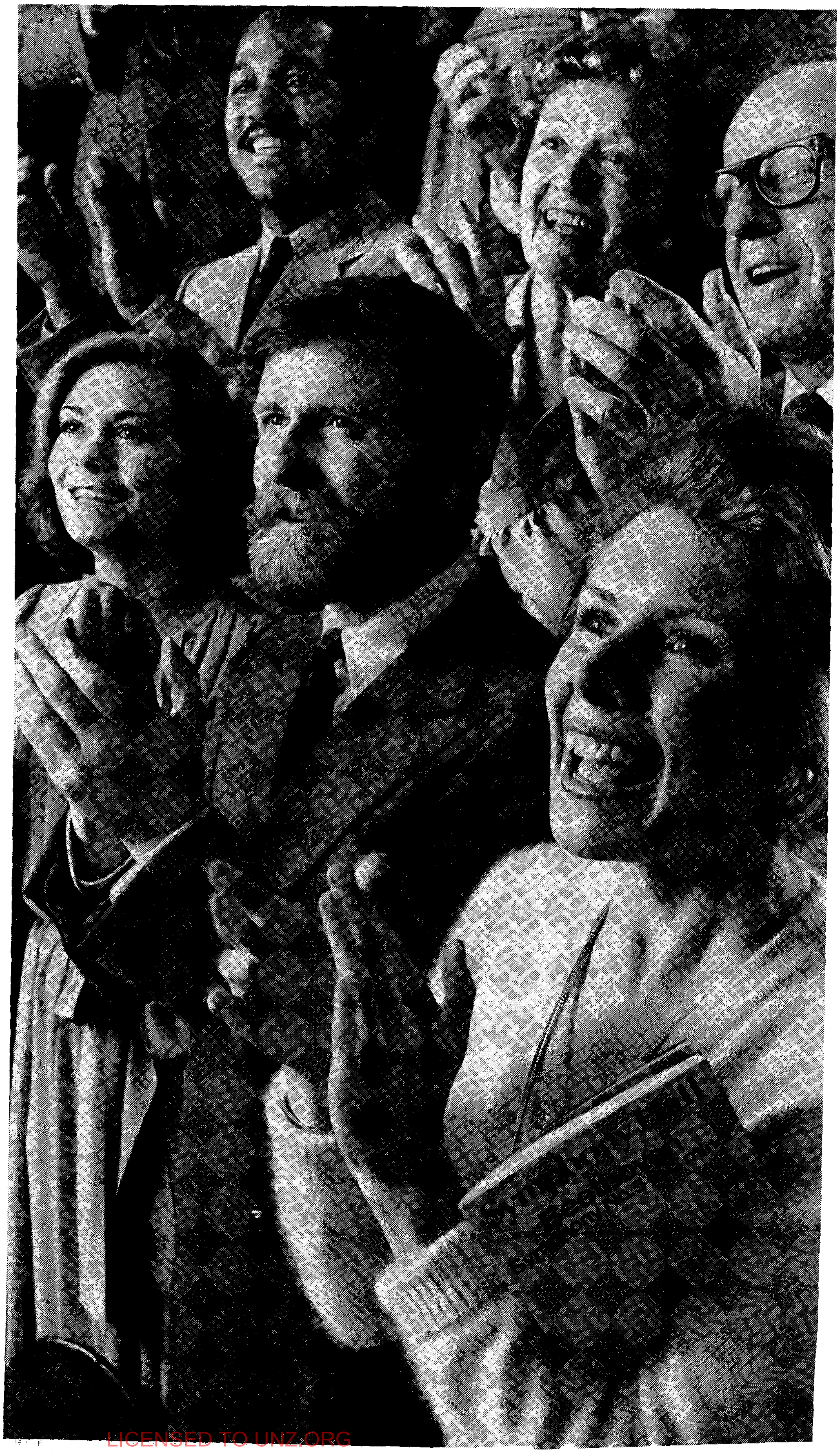

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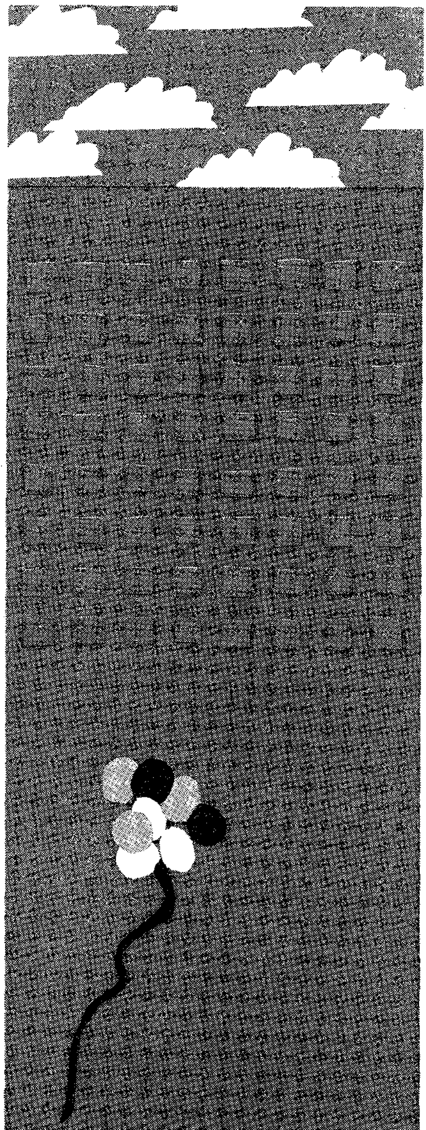

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excuse to make major policy decisions."

WATT has already taken a number of actions involving the treatment of wild animals and rare species, and has thus managed to get a great many people upset. There are more actions in the works that could cause even more of a furor. One issue has to do with wild horses and burros that graze on federal land and can ruin it both for cattle grazing and for the wildlife that hunters want to go after. Watt has suggested that the way to deal with the wild horses and burros is to allow them to be killed. Currently, there are laws on the books controlling the killing of wild horses and burros. Those that may not be killed (old ones, sick ones, and lame ones may be) are put up for adoption. But it is costly to round them up—over five hundred dollars a head. Watt is considering a proposal to charge a sizable adoption fee; the result would be that fewer would be adopted and more could be killed off on the range. Shortly after he came on the job, Watt suggested to a group of Interior employees that perhaps wild horses and burros should be "harvested," just as elk are. (If elk or deer are overrunning an area, hunters are allowed to kill more than the usual number.) The Mountain States Legal Foundation sued the Interior Department during the Carter Administration, arguing that it was unlawfully permitting wild horses to graze on private lands. Changes are also in the works concerning predator control. Watt is considering a proposal to permit the "denning" of coyotes: going into the dens and clubbing the pups to death—a practice that Cecil Andrus had stopped.

The Interior Department has shifted its emphasis away from the listing of more endangered species; once a species is listed, government agencies must do what they can to protect it, which can hold up construction projects. The department says that the new emphasis is to be on "recovery plans" for those already listed. The new Administration dismissed the environmentally oriented members of a delegation preparing to attend an international convention on endangered species in late February in New Delhi, and replaced them with people more interested in hunting and in the commercial uses of animals. The United States ended up changing its previous positions on the protection of certain species of whales and all parrots—

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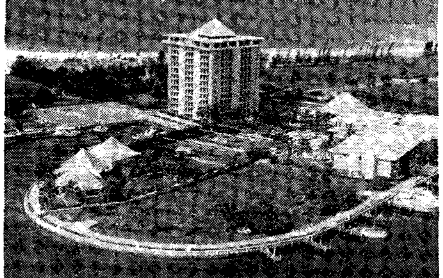

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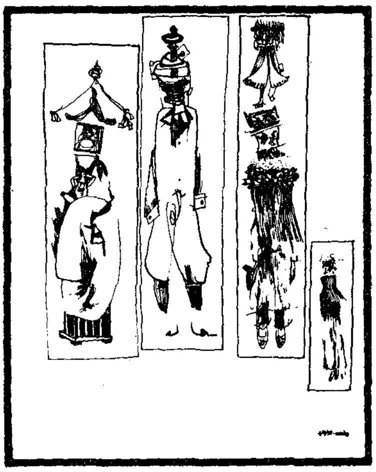

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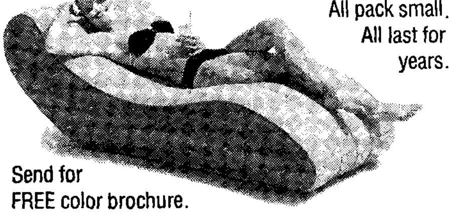

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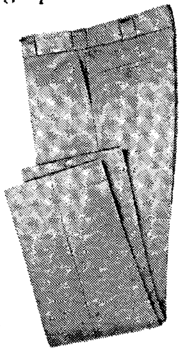
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opposing most of the other nations represented. The Interior Department is also moving to take certain African leopards off the endangered list, thus permitting them to be hunted for sport. And it is moving to lift a ban, in effect since 1974, on the importation of kangaroo hides. The United States used to be a major importer of kangaroo hides, which are used for jogging shoes.

The initial actions that Watt has taken to enforce the law resolving the disposition of public lands in Alaska—enacted last year, after five years of attempts to strike a compromise between development and preservation—suggest to some that the balance may be changed in the direction of development. Watt is also being watched to see how far he will go in relaxing regulations to enforce the strip-mining legislation—something he has said he intends to do. The strip-mining legislation was passed in 1977, after ten years of effort to strike a compromise between environmentalists and mining companies. Even some environmentalists think that a certain amount of easing is in order, but a number of people are concerned that the department will go too far. Watt has already reduced funding for the agency that oversees the enforcement of the strip-mining law. A few weeks ago, he told a congressional committee that some people in the agency "feel they have been gutted," and he added, "We have trimmed fat out of the operation, and if that's gutting, I'm proud of it."

In March, Andy Pasztor, of the *Wall Street Journal*, reported that the man whom Watt had chosen as head of the department's Office of Surface Mining—James R. Harris, a former Indiana state senator—had received reclaimed strip-mined lands at bargain prices from two of the nation's largest coal producers. While Harris was in the State Senate, he had backed a resolution that led Indiana to join a Supreme Court case challenging the constitutionality of the strip-mining law. Watt, as head of the Mountain States Legal Foundation, had filed a friend-of-the-court brief in support of Indiana's position.

In fact, the appointments that have been made throughout the agencies in Watt's domain, in and beyond the Interior Department, represent a fairly consistent point of view—and set of interests. Two of Watt's allies from his Colorado days hold key jobs. Robert Burford, a rancher and former Speaker of the State House of Repre-

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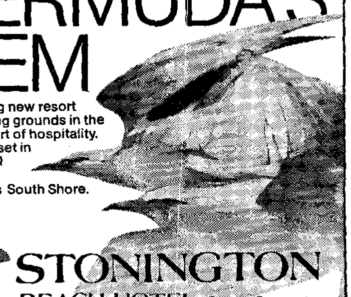
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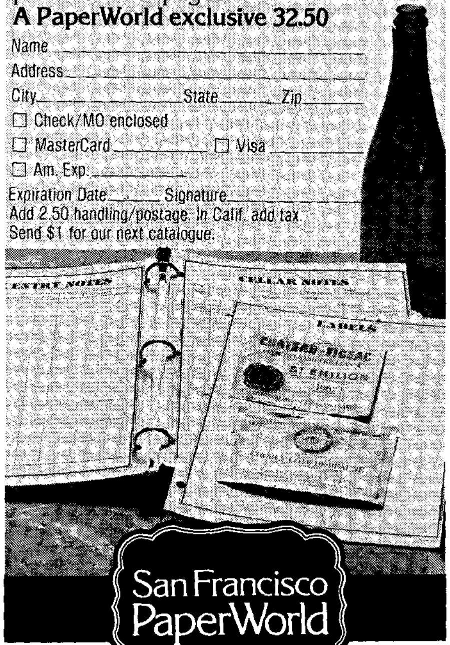

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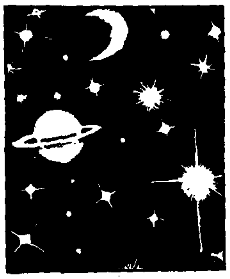

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sentatives, and a leader of an effort to get Sagebrush Rebellion legislation through the state legislature, has been named to head the Bureau of Land Management. According to Laxalt, Burford was the man whom Coors had been backing for Secretary before Watt's name came up. Burford has held a permit to graze livestock on bureau lands; Watt has said that the permit will be transferred to Burford's son to avoid a conflict of interest. Anne Gorsuch, a former Colorado legislator and attorney for the Mountain Bell Telephone Company, and an old friend of Watt's and Burford's, who was also supported by Coors, has been named to head the Environmental Protection Agency. The E.P.A. has jurisdiction over the air- and water-quality acts, as well as other environmental responsibilities. Watt has said that the National Environmental Policy Act "must be changed." The entire professional staff of the Council on Environmental Quality, whose function is to see that federal agencies carry out the requirements of the National Environmental Policy Act, has been fired, and the council's budget has been reduced. The council was established in 1970, during the Nixon Administration, to help carry out the National Environmental Policy Act, and Republicans were among those fired.

The new solicitor of the Interior Department is to be William Coldiron, the former general counsel of the Montana Power Company. Daniel Miller, a former geologist for several oil and gas companies, has been named Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Energy and Minerals. The under-secretary of the department is Donald Hodel, an energy consultant who served as deputy administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration. The Forest Service, which is in the Agriculture Department and is the largest public-land manager outside the Interior Department, is to be headed by John Crowell, a timber lobbyist who was previously general counsel for the Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, which is an offshoot of the Georgia-Pacific Corporation and is one of the country's largest cutters of timber in national forests. The role of the Forest Service is to administer the national forests so that some of the land is used for wilderness and recreation and some for timber cutting, and to insure that the timber cutting is done in a way that preserves the land for future use. Louisiana-Pacific has been at odds

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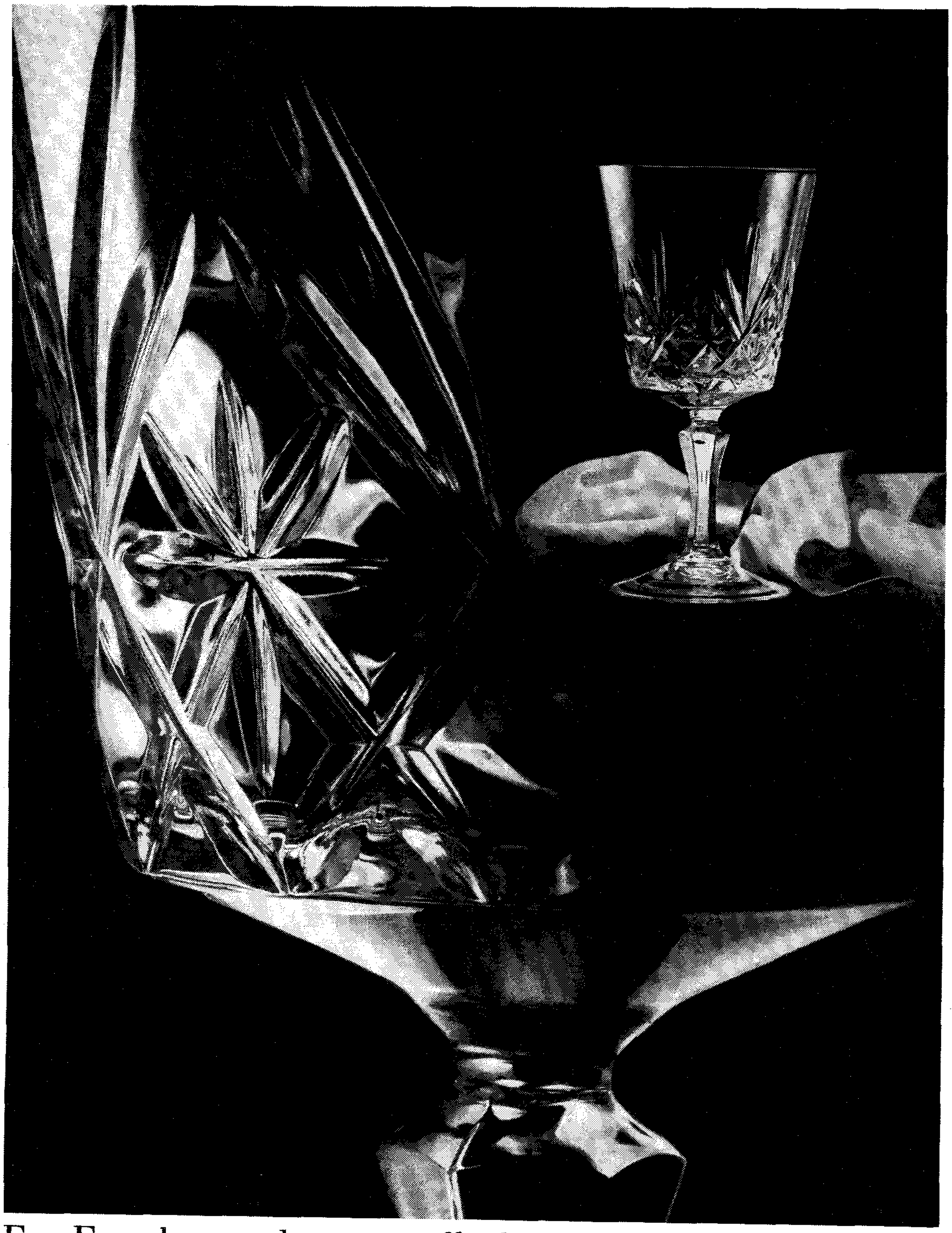

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with the Forest Service and the Environmental Protection Agency over a number of policies, and some of the disputes have resulted in decisions against the company. Crowell has advocated an increase in the cutting of timber in national forests by lumber companies, and has been a critic of the Forest Service. He has denounced the idea of setting aside some of the forest land for wilderness areas as a concept that "originated with a surprisingly small band of devotees who over the years preached their cause with articulate persuasiveness and with unremitting fervor and zeal."

Even some Republicans—and they include lawyers representing corporate clients—who seek changes in the way laws in these areas have been administered are concerned about some of these appointments. They are concerned that things will be carried so far as to cause a reaction that would make what they see as legitimate change impossible. Certain federal officials—such as members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the head of a consumer-protection agency—are meant to perform advocacy roles; but most federal positions require administrators who will weigh and balance interests. The pattern that has appeared in the sphere of resources and the environment is that positions that require judiciousness and a sensitive balancing of interests have been filled with dedicated advocates—advocates at one end of the spectrum, and advocates whose former clients stand to gain a great deal from their decisions.

A number of conservative Republicans who could have been named Secretary of the Interior would not have drawn the electricity that Reagan's choice has. Some true conservatives suggest that what Watt may be setting out to do is not truly conservative—that a true conservative would be more concerned with preserving our heritage. There is more of a consensus, even within his own department, for changes in direction and emphasis than Watt may think. But if he goes at his job with hostility toward real and imagined opponents, operates in isolation, is driven by ideological fervor, and is hellbent on taking action for the sheer sake of taking action, he is headed for trouble. Some people in Interior and outside, including environmentalists, haven't given up on Watt yet. Some even hold out the hope that he will be able to make sensible changes in policy and calm the West down without giving away the national

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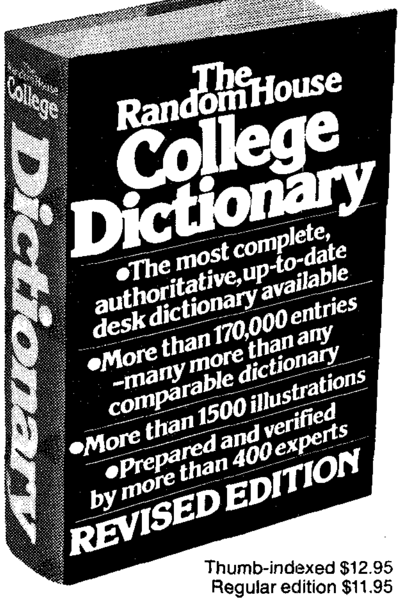
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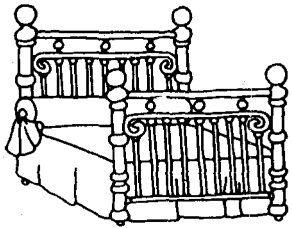

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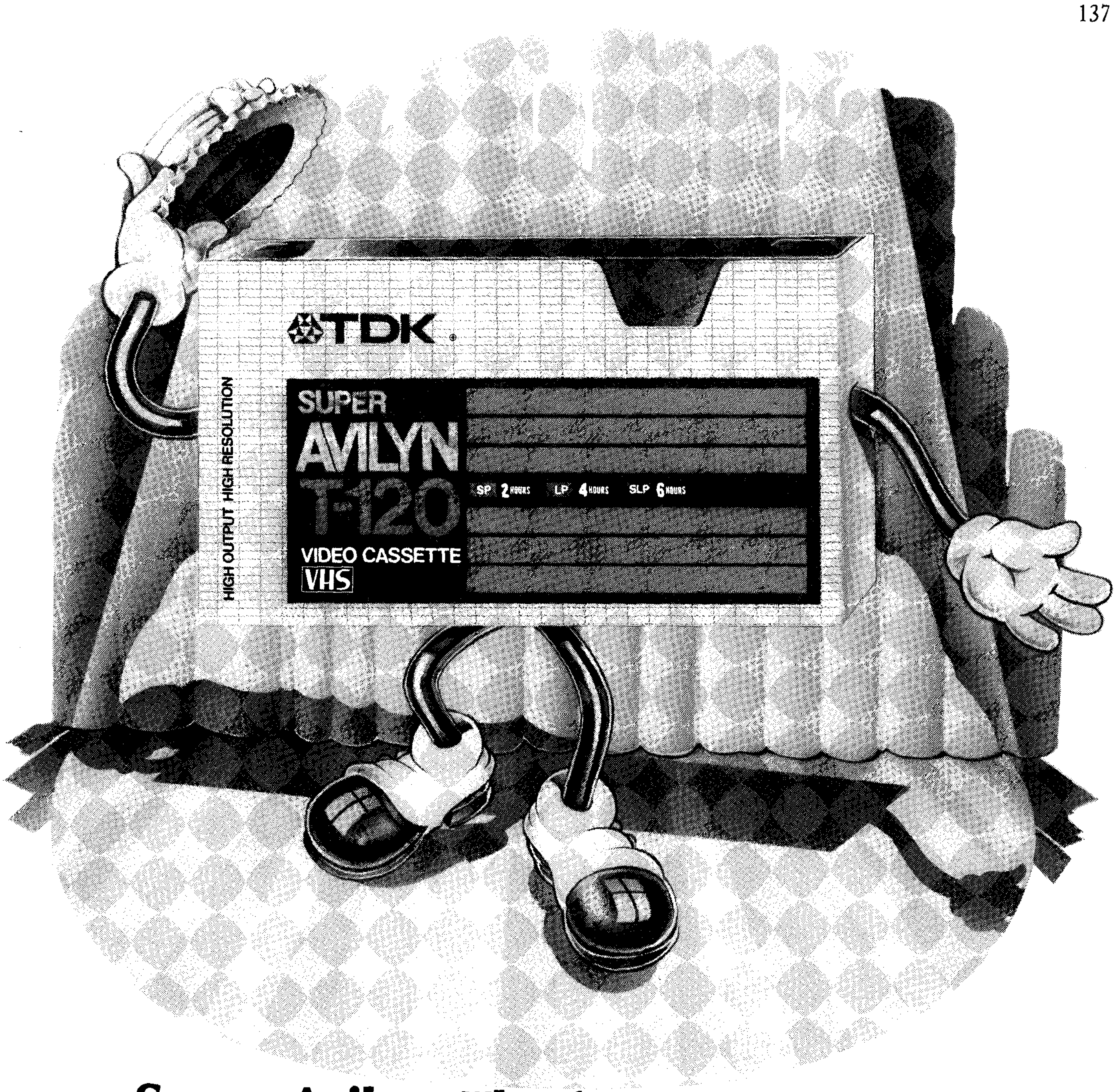
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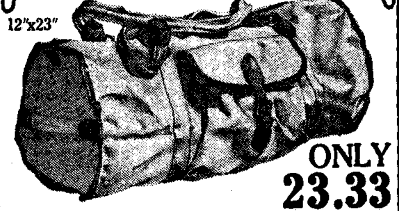

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store, and will thereby do some real good. But he may lack the temperament or the flexibility to do this—and, in any case, intentionally or not, he is the instrument of forces that are bigger than he is. In this area, as in others, there is a danger to the Reagan Administration and its allies in over-interpreting its mandate. The large interests that are propelling Watt's policies may find, as Watt may, that they can lose a great deal if they push too far. The changes over the last decade or so in national policies having to do with the management of resources and the environment would not have occurred if there had not been a substantial constituency behind them; they were not just the product of a few zealous lobbyists in Washington; they did not arise out of transient values. The America that some of the large interests seem to long for has ceased to exist. The days of everyone for himself, with little thought for the future, are over. But while the issues are being fought out, a great deal of irreparable damage can be done.

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CHICAGO—Religious Brother John Donovan says the Catholic Church has been quick to use men's muscles and brains, but has been slow to offer men realistic models for relating to Jesus, the man.

In the January issue of U.S. CATHOLIC, Donovan says pastors might find a model for male spirituality in the camaraderie of the winning locker room.

Donovan says this new "macho spirituality" should borrow from the language of the marine drill sergeant and the third base coach. He says examining the lives of such heroes as the late Yankee catcher, Thurman Munson, would show men ways to be more like Christ.

After all, says Donovan, when Jesus spoke, people not only listened, they dropped their fishnets and followed him. No wishy-washy character would ever attract that kind of following.

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St. Olaf president, Harlan Foss, said, "I feel a sordid relationship with the business community has always been in our tradition and in the best interest of our students. We will do everything possible to further that relationship, and the Bridges program has great promise for doing that."—*Faribault (Minn.) Daily News.*

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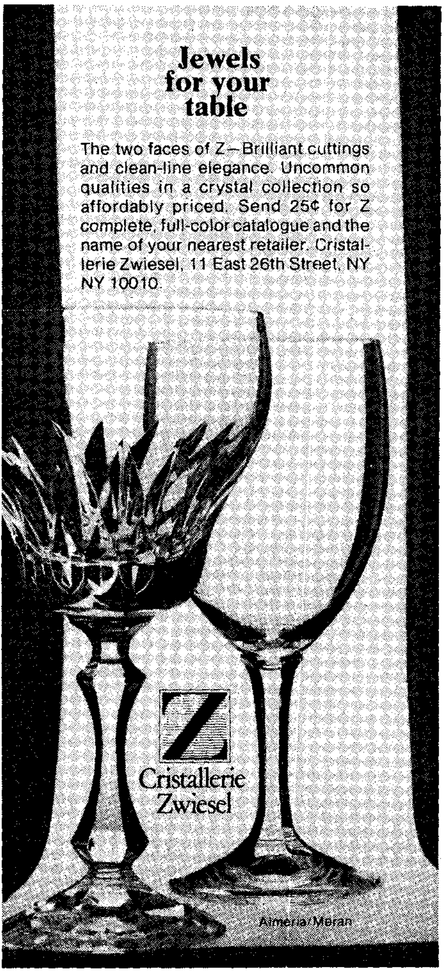

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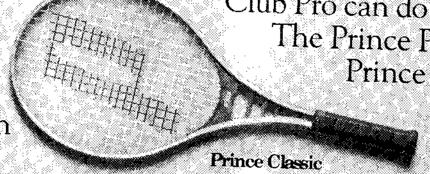
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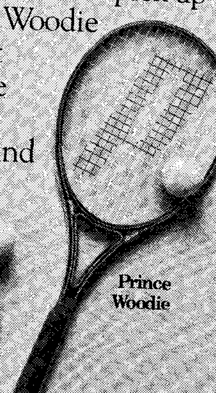
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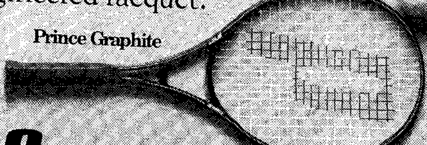
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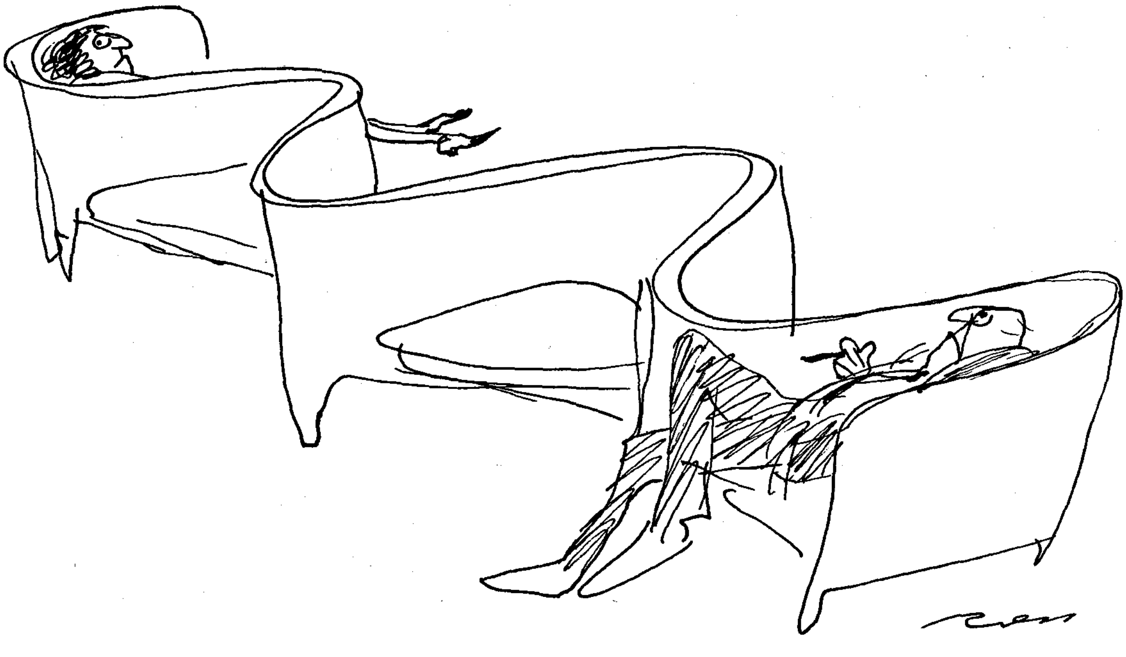
MUSICAL EVENTS

Attractions

THE composer Edgard Varèse knew a thing or two about the problems of new-music concerts in New York. In 1919, soon after he settled in the city, he founded the New Symphony Orchestra to give concerts devoted to contemporary music. In April of that year, he conducted its inaugural concert, in Carnegie Hall—a fine program of New York premières by Debussy, Bartók, Casella, and Gabriel Dupont, with a Bach sinfonia to begin. The players disliked the music, and the critics loathed the concert. Varèse was put under pressure from the players and the orchestra's management to modify the programs of the succeeding concerts in the series; he refused, and resigned as music director. The orchestra soon faded away. Varèse had more success with the International Composers' Guild, which presented new-music concerts here—usually on a small scale—between 1921 and 1928. But even after the successful premiere of his "Density 21.5," at Carnegie Hall in 1936, he remained depressed by his inability to raise financial support for his work; he suffered a long period of physical and emotional ill health, and completed no major piece until 1954, when he finished the electronic portions of "Déserts."

This year, on Good Friday, the Orchestra of Our Time gave a concert of Varèse's music at the Palladium, on Fourteenth Street, which would surely have astounded the composer. Three thousand people were there—and not the sort of people I had seen before at any classical concert in the city. They were drawn there by the man who introduced the evening's entertainment, Frank Zappa. Perhaps the necessity of having an audience led the Orchestra of Our Time to that Mother of Invention; the ploy certainly worked. Blue spotlights swished across the Palladium—it looked like a faded Fellini film set—and Mr. Zappa sidled onto the stage to hysterical applause. He cajoled his fans with a bit of flattery ("You guys are real smart to come here tonight"), a bit of gentle warning ("This music is not real loud"), and a bit of headmasterly discipline ("Mrs. Varèse is here tonight, and she's ninety, and she wouldn't want you making all this noise through the music"). In between the "numbers," he answered a few shouted questions, gave a few autographs, offered a minimum of information about the music, and allowed the audience to let off steam. Then he appealed for quiet, the curtains swished, and the Orchestra of Our Time—conducted by Joel Thome, with Lucy Shelton as soprano in "Offrandes" and Sue Ann Kahn as flutist in "Density 21.5"—got on with its all-Varèse program. It might have seemed unlikely that Zappa fans would concentrate on Varèse. The performances might have been casual or substandard, devaluing the music. But, against all expectations, Varèse survived, and flourished. The Orchestra of Our Time offered some of the strongest, punchiest accounts of "Ionisation," "Intégrales," and "Déserts" I have heard, with crisp percussion playing, biting wind chording, and firm direction from Mr. Thome. The sound was amplified, inevitably, to fill the Palladium, but the sound system was good—clear and faithful. (In "Déserts," the amplification of the orchestra made a better contrast with the electronic taped sections of the work than is usual.) Some detail was coarsened: the performances did not have the miraculous clarity of those of "Amériques," "Arcana," and "Ionisation" by Pierre Boulez and the New York Philharmonic on CBS Masterworks. But the music seemed to hit home.

Varèse responded strongly to New York. His widow, in a memoir, recalls walking with him across the Brooklyn Bridge: "As we paused on the bridge to look down at the harbor traffic . . . Varèse's mood suddenly became one of intense exhilaration. . . . Pointing toward the skyscrapers, he exclaimed (as he would exclaim many times over the years), 'Ça c'est ma ville.' " At the Palladium, Varèse's music spoke directly and powerfully of the life of a great city. It was not profitable to try to hear it as a distant prefiguration of rock or to listen to its anticipations of electronic composition. There are no elements of improvisation; his works are fully composed. He stands closer to Karlheinz Stockhausen (in his earlier music) and Boulez, in the tradition of the artistic "creator," than to John Cage, who prefers to "let sounds be themselves." Those three composers have acknowledged a debt to Varèse. Cage has written that "more clearly and actively than anyone else of his generation, [Varèse] established the present nature of music," but he claims that Varèse's artifacts, with their continuity and plan, fail to "correspond to the present need for discontinuity." The success of the Palladium concert with its audience suggests that this criticism may be misplaced.



THE Orchestra of the 20th Century, which gave a Carnegie Hall concert, under Arthur Weisberg, a few

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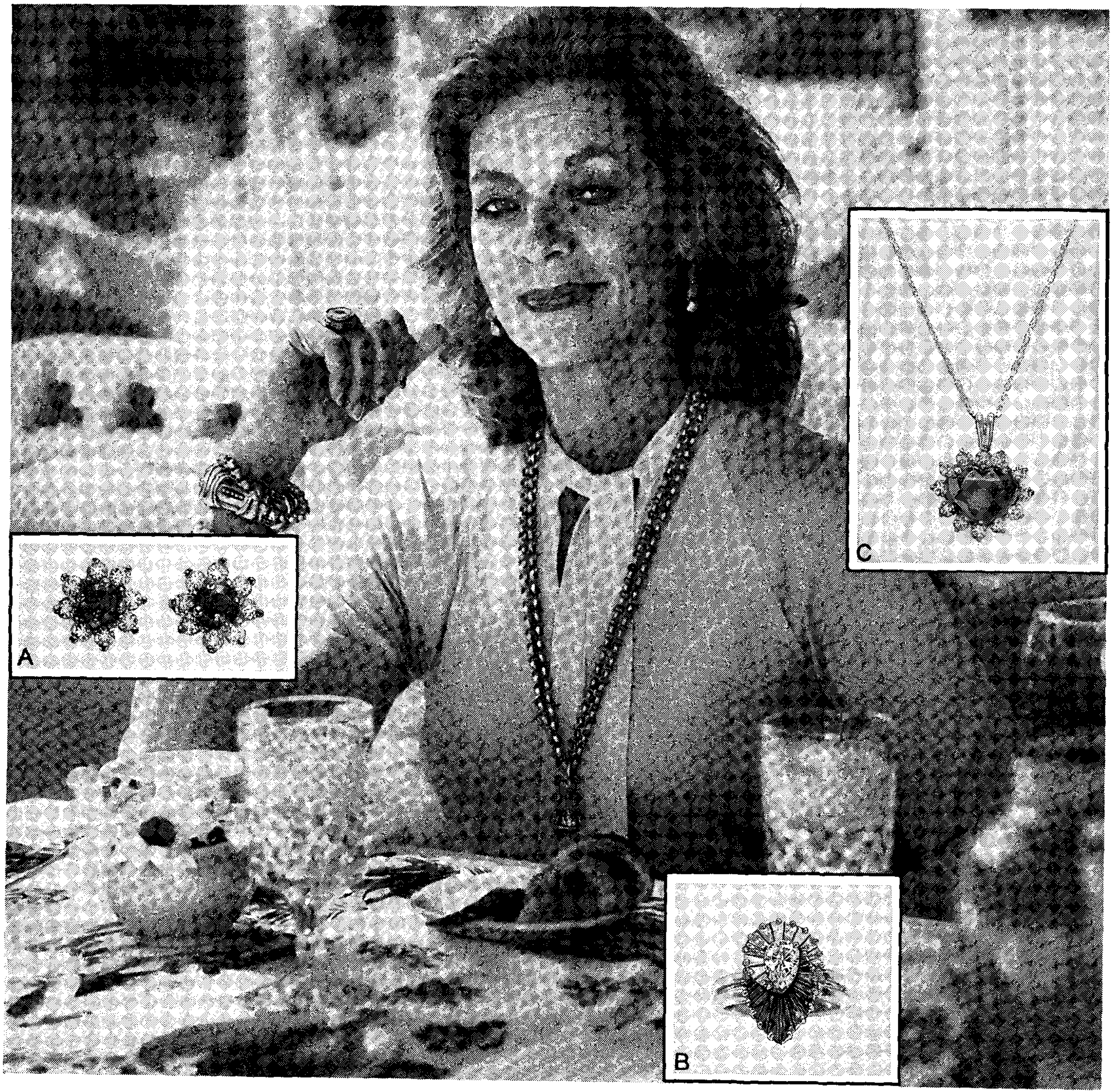

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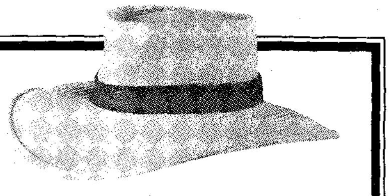

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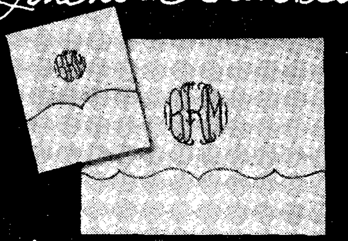

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days later, had no Frank Zappa to entice along a full house—nor did it have a program, to be honest, that his fans would have enjoyed. There was one rarely heard twentieth-century classic, Schoenberg's "Erwartung;" one proved work from the last decade, Jacob Druckman's "Windows;" and an American première, the Concerto for Piano, Orchestra, and Percussion, by Robert Moevs. Mr. Druckman's piece is a brilliant, colorful essay written with an acute ear for shifting timbres; it juxtaposes blocks of partly determined material, which fade in and out of each other, occasionally revealing snatches of dances or familiar themes. It received a lucid performance from the orchestra, but not a vital one. "Windows" now sounds clever but dated; it looks through a glass darkly at a rather trendy image. Mr. Moevs' Concerto, written in 1960 and revised twice, is more challenging: it sounds more rigorously organized, in a conventionally serial way, than Mr. Druckman's piece, but it, too, finds room for passages of freedom for the orchestra—notably at the conclusion, where a strong babble of rhythms erupts into a cloud of aleatoric sound and is blown away. Much of the material is distinctive and arresting. I liked the eloquent moments of the piano part (played unflamboyantly by Wanda Maximilien), with their straining major sevenths and tense trills, and the clipped, sharp-edged writing for orchestra. But Mr. Moevs uses a percussion battery that is rarely treated with restraint; he adds amplification for percussion and piano. The piano's volume is varied, and is loudest in the solo cadenza; I found this fluctuation distracting. Nevertheless, one or two moments of missed ensemble apart, this was a skillful performance.

Schoenberg's one-act monodrama "Erwartung," which has an important place in the history of twentieth-century expressionism, had not been heard in New York for many years. A Boulez performance with the Philharmonic was cancelled when a soloist became ill. (Boulez's recording of the work, made in 1977 for CBS, is still unreleased.) The Metropolitan Opera briefly planned to substitute the piece in next season's triple bill; it was withdrawn in favor of the original, all-Stravinsky program. "Erwartung" deserves to be staged. Its jumbled story of a woman searching in a wood for her unfaithful lover is expounded in the score with complex and detailed

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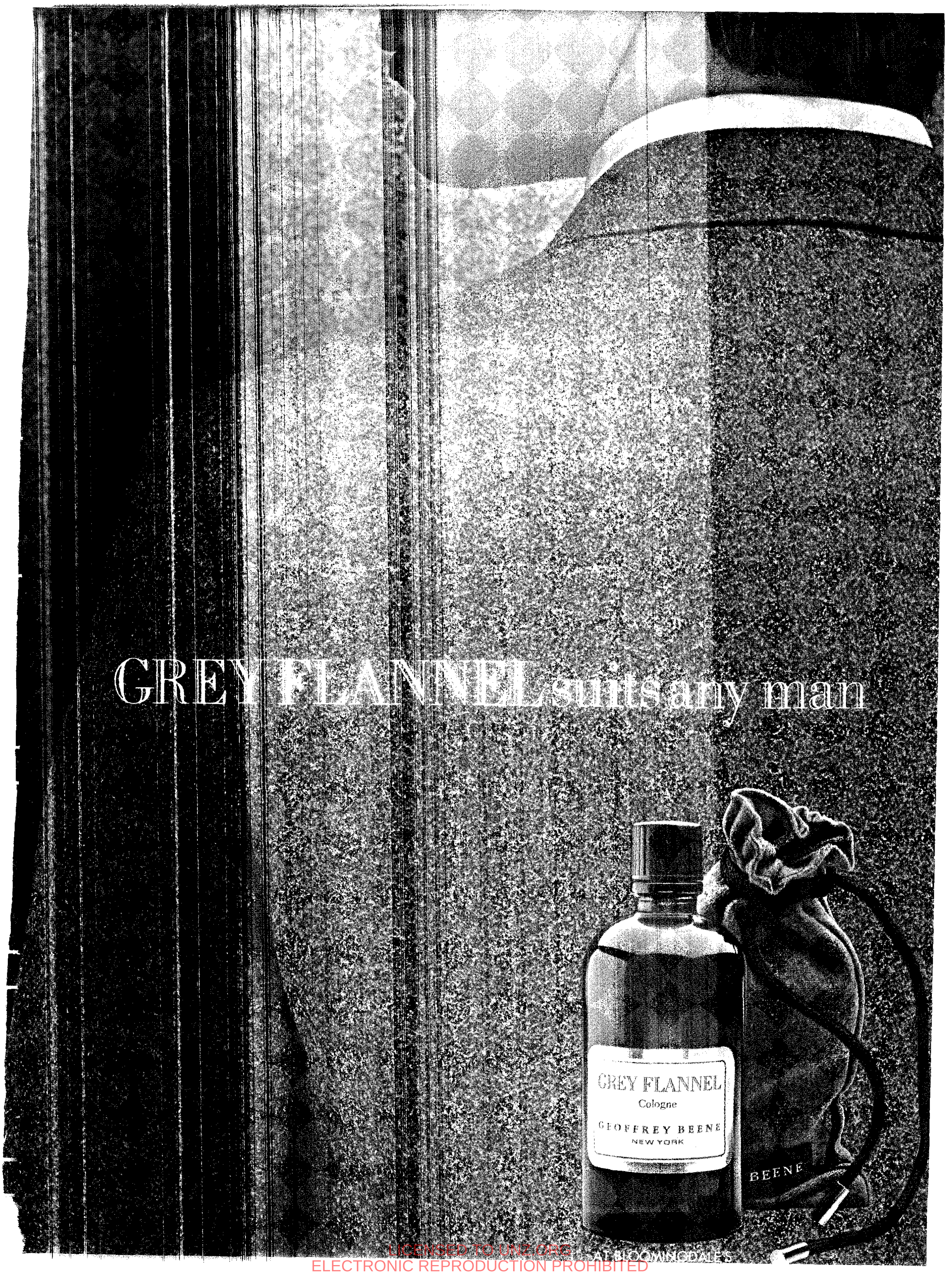
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stage directions—almost every phrase has its gesture, its instruction to the singer—that are impossible to achieve in concert performance. The Orchestra of the 20th Century provided a full translation, which included these directions, but it was a demanding task to follow the text, look at the score, and respond to the excellent singing of Susan Davenny Wyner. Miss Wyner took a cool view of the piece; she never lapsed into melodramatics, and she colored each frenetic phrase with a sensitive, well-projected tone. Mr. Weisberg, too, was restrained: he strove for clarity in the orchestral part, emphasizing prominent voices and balancing the sound carefully. Throughout, however, I missed the fevered intensity of Schoenberg's vision: only a couple of times did Miss Wyner or the orchestra succeed in frightening me.

NEW YORK is fortunate to have four chamber groups of such high standard, and so devoted to the cause of this century's music, as Parnassus, the New Music Consort, the Group for Contemporary Music, and the New York New Music Ensemble. All gave recitals during the last few weeks which were less glamorous than the Orchestra of Our Time's Varese venture and less ambitious than the Orchestra of the 20th Century's concert. But in providing continuous exposure for recent works these recitals achieve more than large, expensive concerts. The group that is most successful at attracting an audience is the New Music Consort. Its April concert, at Carnegie Recital Hall, was perhaps overburdened: it included music by John Cage, Lou Harrison, and Pierre Boulez, and new works by Louise Mygatt (a pleasant but uninteresting Quartet) and Tod Machover. His "Winter Variations" used extremely complex writing for nine instrumentalists, full of quasi-electronic sounds and intricately scored noises, to create a simple and powerful effect of growth, diversification, and climax. It was impossible to hear all the detail of the writing, and the players may well have felt their herculean efforts wasted; but the performance, purposefully drawn along by the composer's conducting, was coherent and—in the final unified outburst—exciting.

The highlight of Parnassus' concert, at the Abraham Goodman House, conducted by Anthony Korf, was a marvellously atmospheric perfor-

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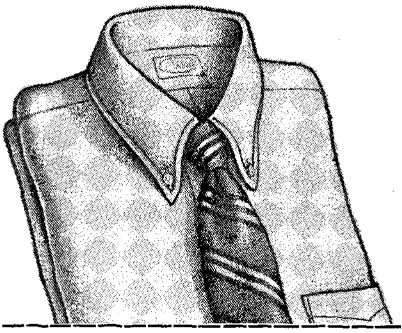

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mance, with Jan DeGaetani as soloist, of Mario Davidovsky's "Scenes from Shir Ha-Shirim." The Hebrew text from the Song of Songs was used more as coloristic sound than as communicative language. The sparse, ritualistic character of the music undercut the outpouring of emotion in the text and gave it a far-off, dreamlike quality; the treatment was utterly original.

At the Manhattan School of Music, the Group for Contemporary Music presented *two substantial recent works*, along with Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks Concerto." Peter Lieberson's "Tashi Quartet" sounded a dry piece, preoccupied with tapping rhythms and convoluted melodic fragments. There was much more fun to be had from "Shaker Loops," by John Adams, which became tied up in "loop" material of Steve Reich-like repetitiveness and then quickly jumped sidewise into a new idea; its progress was ingenious and amusing. Charles Wuorinen conducted.

The New York New Music Ensemble presented *the most* miscellaneous program of these chamber groups, also at Carnegie Recital Hall. The music of Ezra Laderman rubbed shoulders with that of Peter Maxwell Davies (a bold, incisive performance of his "Hymnos," for clarinet and piano), and a duo by Peter Child made a brilliant vehicle for the percussive talents of Daniel Druckman. The evening began with Joseph Schwantner's attractive "In Aeternum" and ended with a partly new work of his, conducted by Robert Black. "Music of Amber" is a revision of the small "Wind Willow Whisper," written last year for the Da Capo Chamber Players, with the addition of a second movement, "Sanctuary." The music's highly picturesque qualities remained intact—Mr. Schwantner can conjure a pretty, fluttering atmosphere that is beguiling—but the new section added little except length to the ecstasy as before. Heard soon after Mr. Schwantner's other new work, "Through Interior Worlds"—for the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—the atmospherics began to sound insubstantial: accomplished pictures painted on tissue paper, which might blow away in the next breeze.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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DANCING

Old School Ties

WITH a single exception (the excellent flamenco troupe of Maria Benitez), the Dance Umbrella series that has occupied the City Center basement all month has presented companies with links to the modern-dance establishment as it could have been defined in the sixties, before the rebels of that era declared it dead. After twenty years, many of those links are nominal; this time, we really do seem to be seeing the last of modern dance. For a while, the rebels offered an alternative, but the aesthetic of post-modernism (as it came to be christened just the other week) finally foundered on its proclaimed indifference to technique. It was not, on the whole, something dancers could study. The constructed physique, in all its jealously enforced variations, was a legacy of the old guard which had become a plague, but it did, after all, allow something to happen in a dance besides choreography.

It's that something else that is still missing, only now the loss is retroactive. Nearly every post-post-modern choreographer is conscious of bringing back things the founders wanted to leave out—drama (or emotion), narrative, music, "danciness"—but the approach to a negotiable dance technique has been cautious in the extreme. Indifference to technique has played a part, along with the tremendous rise in popularity of ballet, in stamping out those technical and stylistic distinctions among companies which used to be the glory of American modern dance. Paradoxically, as more careers in dance open up, dancers are narrowing their technical base. To be a Cunningham dancer, a Farber dancer, a Tharp dancer no longer means that one's primary technical equipment is perfected in company class. Twyla Tharp's dancers study with the ballet teacher Maggie Black; company class emphasizes straight ballet. But Tharp's emergence, in the sixties, coincided with the breakdown of the old systems. In the companies that adhere to the older traditions, one sees either a modified style or a mottled one, with stylistic assertion, counterassertion, and patches of deadness all contending. And the over-all emphasis falls on choreography, rather than on choreography plus dance technique. What the dancers do seems more dictated and their way of doing it more neutral than in former days.

The only company on the Dance Umbrella programs with a collective signature was Margaret Jenkins' company, from San Francisco. And it writes an old-fashioned script, stretched but not sleek, large but not opened-up in the ballet sense, relaxed and natural but not frumpy. Jenkins may be the last of the old-school modern dancers who can keep up a connection with the past. Like the San Francisco Ballet, the Jenkins company seems to thrive far from the conformist pressures of New York. The old ideal of ensemble polish that doesn't rub out individual differences, that leaves a dancer his natural dignity and grace—one rarely sees it here anymore. The unsleek, undriven look of Jenkins dancers is presented as a united front. When my eye demanded a perfectly balanced line, they didn't always provide it, but they did show plastic energy—plenty of it, on a great big scale. The surge through the lower body, so clearly motivated and directed, so ample, is one of the beauties of Jenkins-trained dancers. It gives them a pelvic command of space; they don't need to lift their arms to exist in three dimensions.

Jenkins' choreography doesn't push this distinctiveness as hard as it might. The invention tends to proliferate without expanding or concentrating an inner logic, and even in a short piece like the new "Harp" there are too many things going on at once: movement ideas coming from multiple sources, intricate timing, unpredictable staging, country music with an overlay of drumming (to which the dancers respond with a tap dance). It gets a little hazy. Another new work, "Versions by Turns," seems to rely on a spoken script, composed by Michael Palmer, to hold it together. I left the performance, though, thinking not of choreography but of a company and its tradition. Jenkins' range as a teacher-choreographer reflects the breadth of her own training, which extended from Merce Cunningham to José Limón. She has settled by choice in the Cunningham camp: her pupils feed Cunningham's company; she has taught at his school. It may be that some of those earlier Cunningham works which have recently been revived and judged inappropriate to his present company could find a new life in San Francisco.

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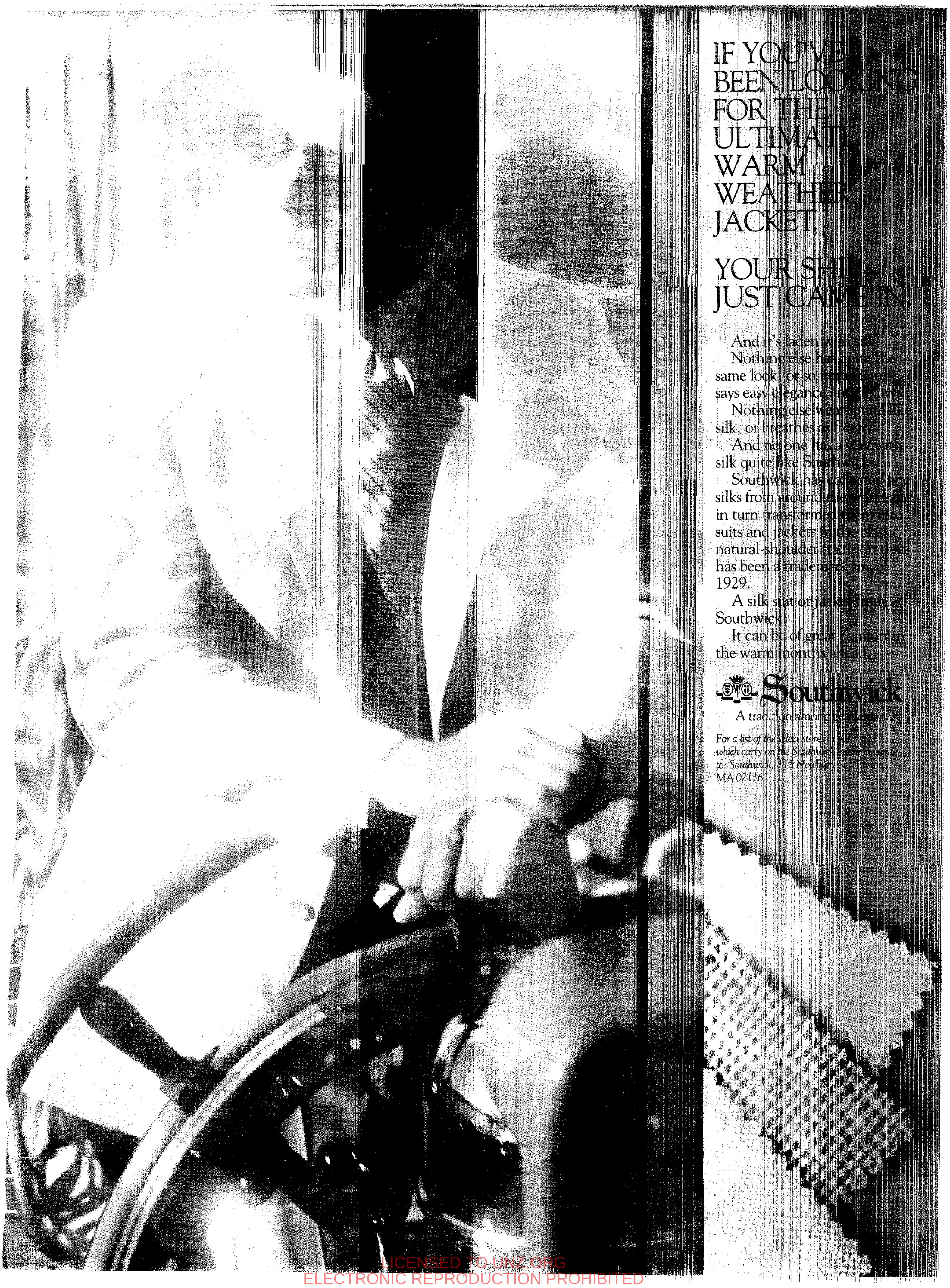

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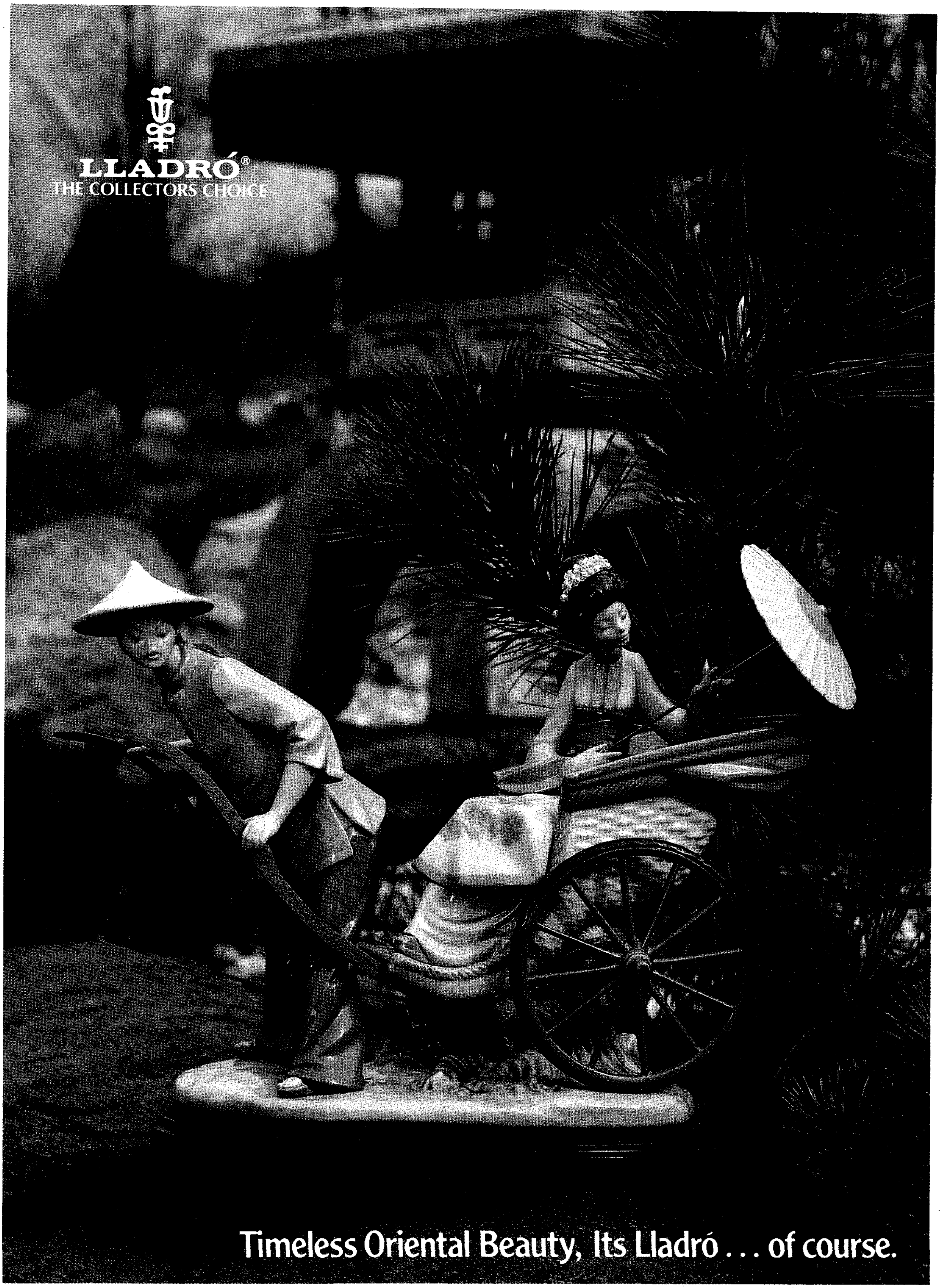
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they're referring to the marvellous cohesiveness and conviction with which the company performs and the almost primitive energy of the dances; the whole spectacle is unlike anything else that one can see today. But Taylor was also a prophet of post-modernism. His first works predicted (and his "Esplanade" summed up) the era of the deconstructed dancer. Taylor, a major establishment figure with a style as individual as a thumbprint, has no school and does not teach a technique. Cunningham (to name the greatest choreographer who directly precedes Taylor in the descent from Denishawn) —Cunningham, who has a school and does teach a technique, also has a company that has changed quite a lot stylistically in the past decade. Taylor's has changed hardly at all. Another curious fact is that Taylor, whose style might be thought hopelessly idiosyncratic, has worked with ballet dancers and, with equal success, has staged his dances for ballet companies. The latest of these is "Airs," to a suite of dances by Handel, which was introduced by the Taylor company in 1978. Taylor had previously set the choreography, at the behest of American Ballet Theatre, on dancers of that company; feeling dissatisfied with the results, he withdrew the piece. This season, A.B.T. gave its première of "Airs," incorporating changes that Taylor had made for his own production. Not unexpectedly, since it had looked rather "ballet" on Taylor's company, the choreography looked charming on the A.B.T. cast, most of which was chosen from the corps. Taylor hadn't bent his style too far. Falling casually into those characteristic bowed and turned-in positions isn't easy for ballet dancers, but if most of them were winded before the performance was half over it was because they were seriously trying to embrace the style, and not just doing the steps. "Airs" is a major A.B.T. acquisition—as pleasurable a challenge for the audience as it is, very evidently, for the dancers.

When you compare "Airs" at the Met with "Airs" at the City Center, where Taylor is having his own season, or, even more instructively, when you compare either version with "Arden Court," the newest piece danced by the Taylor company, you begin to see the reason that Taylor is able to remain consistent and adaptable at the same time. If "the Taylor technique" does not exist as a course of study, it is likely that Taylor does not seriously recognize the existence of other tech-

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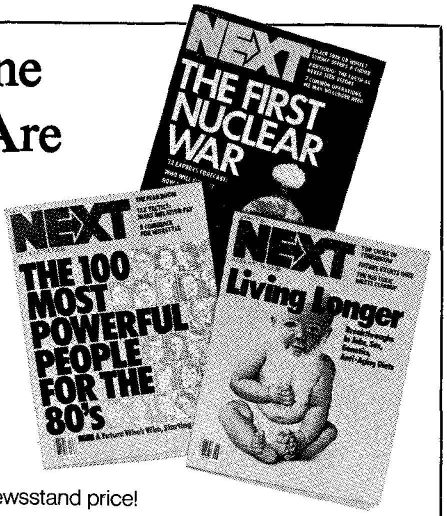

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niques, either. In some profound sense, he is technically incurious. Coming along at a time when Graham and Cunningham, among others, were already operating productive modern-dance academies, Taylor may have felt that he had no contribution to make, or that any contribution he was capable of would be released in the act of choreography. He imparts a Taylor rhythm to his dancers, even a Taylor musculature, yet one feels that he is not concerned to explore movement beyond an immediate expressive need. Ever since he formed his mature style, it has been clear that Taylor's expressive needs are not created by him. They arise in answer to an outside demand (he told the *Times*, speaking of "Arden Court," "The motivation was the dear dancers"), and then take their definitive shape from a piece of music. Since inspiration comes from sources outside his control—or as far outside his control as dancers and music can be once he has selected them—he can count on meeting each need freshly as it comes along; nothing in him will have anticipated it. I was in a record store recently and noticed an L.P. that had Martinů's Double Concerto on one side and Poulenc's Concert Champêtre on the other. The possibility that Taylor had made Part Two of "American Genesis" to the Martinů and then, a few years later, flipped the record over and made "Dust" did not seem at all unlikely. "Divine arbitrariness" fairly describes Taylor's temperament as an artist. (It is the theme of one of his self-portraits in a now abandoned work, "Orbs.")

Of course, Taylor's musical acuteness allows him a fecundity of response that is not given to everyone. This season, he revived "Public Domain," which makes a little too extended a joke of his ability to meet any musical situation. But this musical sense is the most golden of his gifts. It's what gives momentum and bounce to his plastic sense. Taylor found his lyrical style in 1962, with his first Handel ballet, "Aureole." Everything that style was then it is now, only more so. For his new piece, Taylor has once again envisioned a world of baroque forms, using not Handel this time but William Boyce—the symphonies as arranged by Constant Lambert for the Vic-Wells Ballet. (Ninette de Valois set her "Rowlandson" piece, "The Prospect Before Us," to this music.) But "Arden Court" recalls "Aureole," much as "Airs" does, and it recalls its manner of construction, as

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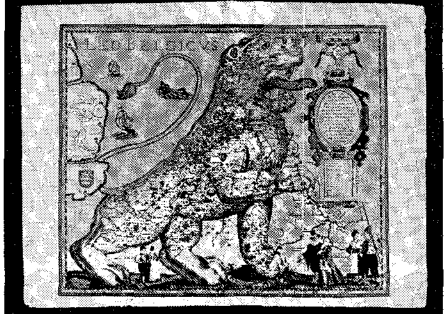

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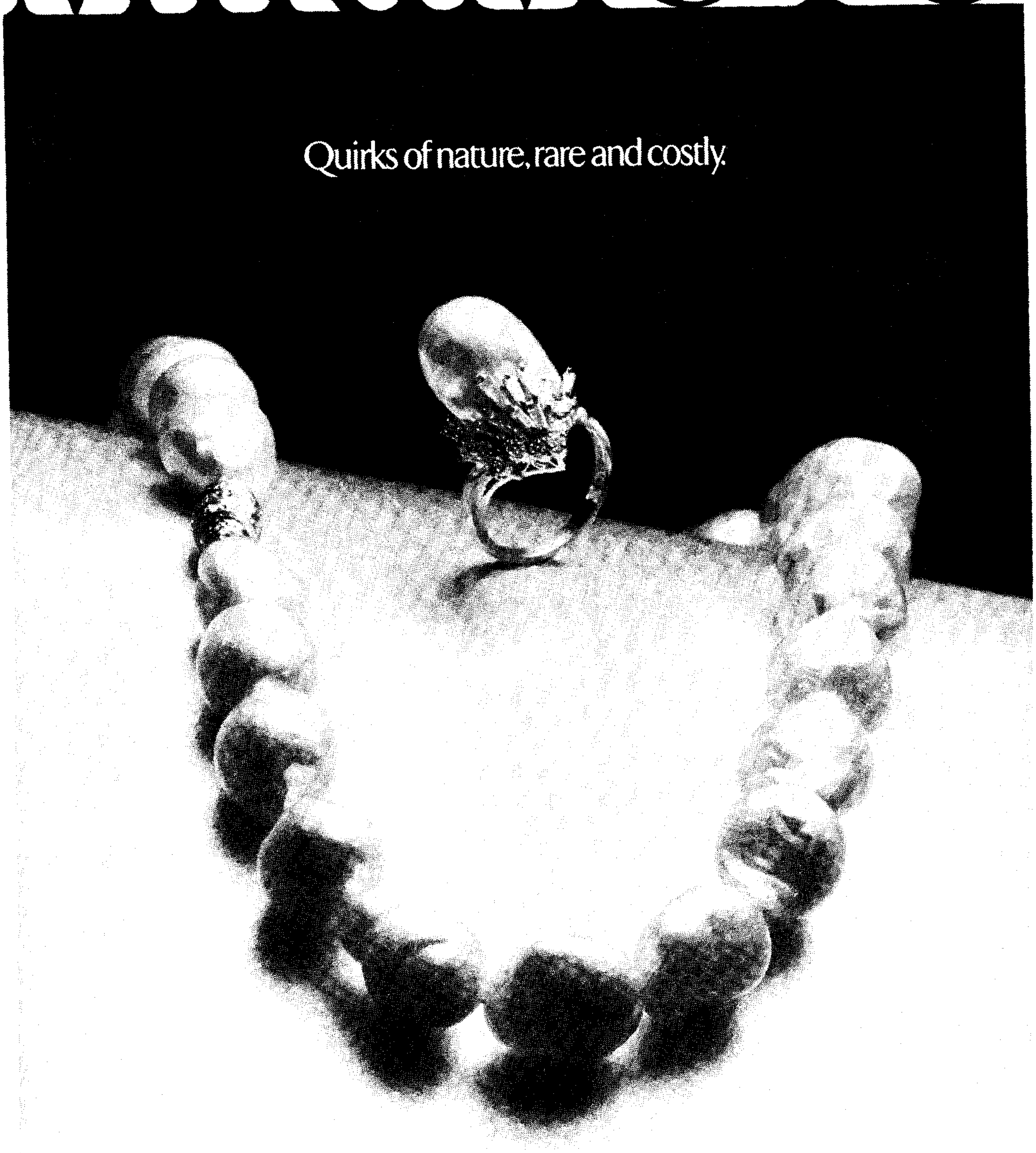

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"Airs" does not. That is, it doesn't just build complex structures in place of the simple ones in "Aureole;" it builds complexity within a limited range—it's "Aureole" exploding from inside, like a crystal. In "Aureole," which will be given by the company this week, the invention keeps nakedly materializing out of two or three steps. "Arden Court" is far more profuse, but it doesn't spread out in range. Taylor is less persuasive widening his rhetoric than he is deepening it. The material of "Airs" contains accretions that he might not have considered for his own dancers and that don't suit them particularly. "Arden Court," though, takes a few basic shapes and plunders them for cognates. The final movement, with its progression of X-shaped lifts, jumps, and cartwheels, is Taylor at his most fastidious and profligate.

The company has acquired the largest and most talented male ensemble in its history, which is saying a lot; even without Taylor to personify it, the masculine strain in the company style has always been dominant. "Arden Court" is built primarily on variations for its male sextet. Yet the three women in the cast don't seem slighted. Taylor will, by reversing role stereotypes in his pas de deux, recharge the vitality of the form, and he does it here as a deliberate way of weighting the women's roles. Both men's and women's roles follow a process of permutation—the process that lies at the heart of baroque expression. "Arden Court" forms a baroque trilogy with "Aureole" and "Airs." Unlike its predecessors, it seems destined to remain the exclusive property of the Taylor dancers. What they do cannot be distinguished from the way they do it. "Arden Court" is the trilogy's monument to modern dance.

HISTORIC modern dance was the subject of "The Early Years," four days' worth of lectures, conferences, and performances held at the State University of New York at Purchase. Clans gathered; primogenitors were celebrated. The attempts to revive the old dances, though, were no more gratifying than other attempts have been. It isn't just a question of performance. All the Denishawn scarf and spear dances were authoritatively performed and they still invited our condescension. The movement studies, on the other hand, were examples of condescension on the part of their makers. Whether given an abstract

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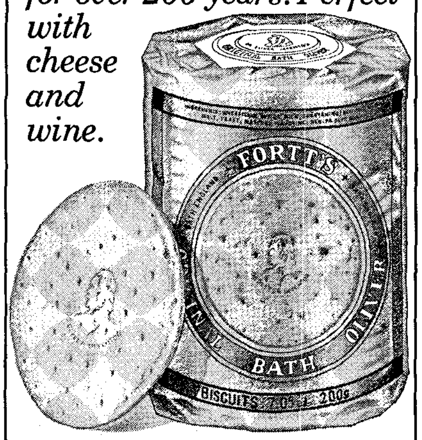

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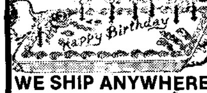

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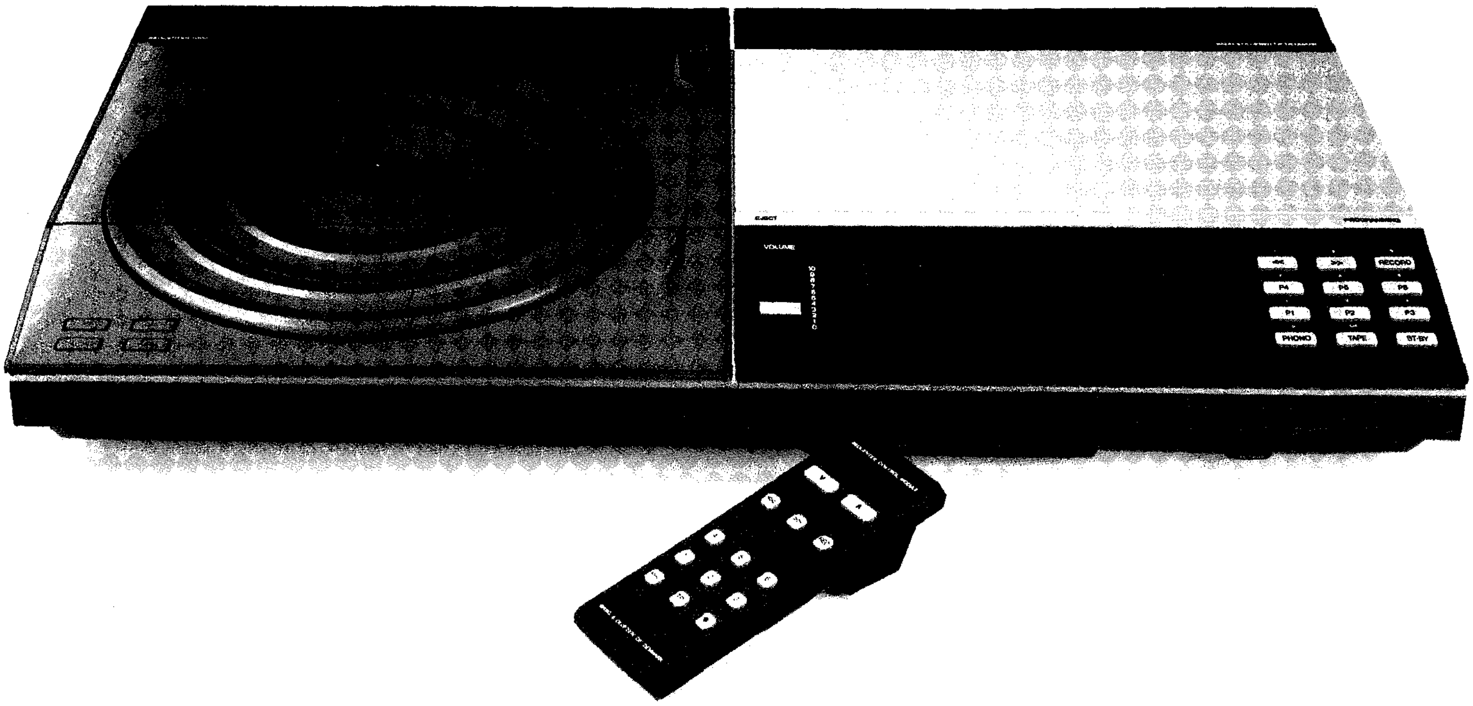

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motive, as in Doris Humphrey's "Two Ecstatic Themes," or a dramatic one, as in Charles Weidman's "Lynchtown," the movement was spelled out with eye-glazing insistence. "Variations and Conclusion" from Humphrey's "New Dance" is not as stuffy or slow-witted, yet its thinness has always puzzled me. Though it uses a more refined accent, the choreography has about as much to say as "The Continental" in "The Gay Divorcee," which was created at approximately the same time. "Variations and Conclusion" is known for its use of stairlike boxes on and around which the dancers move—a treatment of the stage area which seems to me to declare rather than defeat the problem of organizing a dance in space. Despite their disappointing quality, there is some value in preserving these pieces; they should be seen—once—by everyone interested in dance history. I disagree on the need to preserve Helen Tamiris's "Negro Spirituals," which takes schoolmarmish condescension to the borders of racial insult.

Isadora Duncan lived and danced in a world apart, if we can judge from Annabelle Gamson's representation of her solos. Gamson's program at Purchase included her Scriabin studies from Duncan's Soviet period, along with what is now Gamson's masterpiece of Duncanism, "The Blue Danube." Clad in a white tent and with her white hair flowing, Gamson suggests not so much a portrait of the mature Isadora as a cameo of her, and her dancing is in a similarly impressionistic vein. In "The Blue Danube," the inflections of her line through a series of rhapsodic poses, her gradations of attack and recoveries of impetus, were the best dancing of the evening. And though Gamson is more calculating in her effects than I have been led to think Isadora was, there are moments that seem quite uncalculated when her resemblance to a Genthe photograph or a Walkowitz drawing is absolute.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Palo Alto* (*Calif.*) *Peninsula Times Tribune*]

EDITOR—As a class project I am writing to you to express my concerns regarding certain issues.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Safes and Snouts

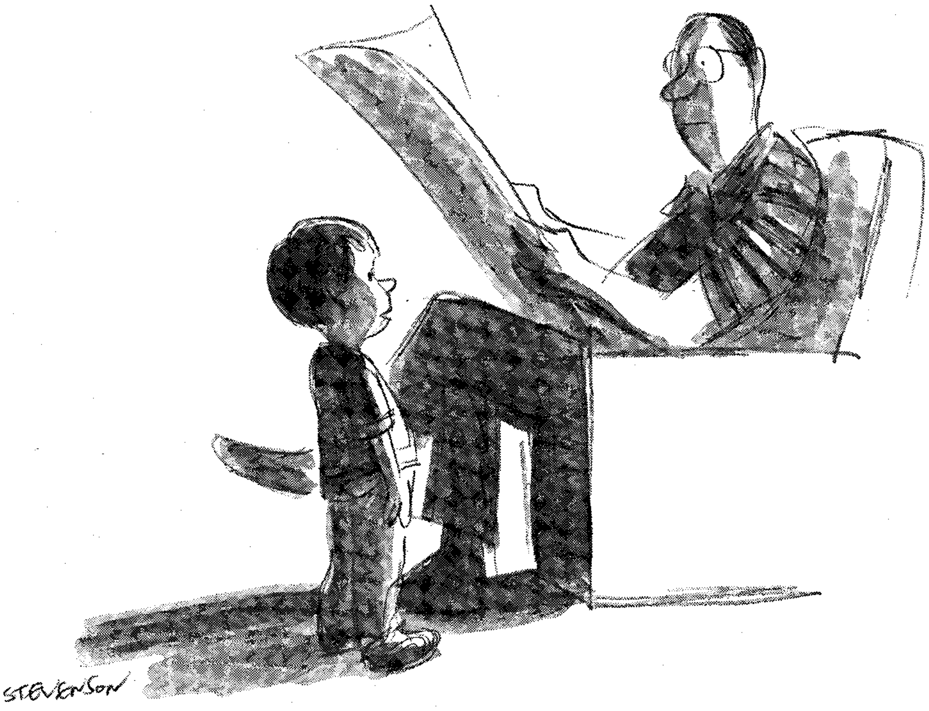
“THIEF” is all highfalutin hype. It’s a great big trailer for itself—pounding music, lights reflected on cars, big-time crooks. It’s the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. There’s so much of the rainy-night-in-the-neon-city school of cinematography that the picture is close to being a parody of *film noir;* there’s even a vertical pan down a building in an alley, moving from fire escape to fire escape and on to the wet street below. Then we get to see the thief, Frank (James Caan), at his trade; he’s a pro, of course, who works with the latest precision tools. And while he’s drilling open a safe, Tangerine Dream’s synthesized electronic music is trying to out-throb Giorgio Moroder. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann. (He was the “creator” of the TV series “Vega$” and a sometime writer of “Starsky and Hutch” before making his reputation with the Emmy-winning TV movie “The Jericho Mile.”) Mann has set “Thief” in Chicago and designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. He seems determined to outdo “The French Connection” and “Midnight Express,” but in his own classier, more ascetic way, and with Ideas.

At the film’s center is this smart operator Frank, who’s a thief with a dream—the American dream. He wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. He was an orphan, you see, and he wants to give other kids what he never had. But the System is against him. I don’t think there’s a trace of invention in this movie—anything that isn’t derived from simpler, quieter, better movies or from noisy hits. I take it back. There is one: Frank carries in his wallet a carefully folded, worn piece of paper—a collage of his future which he made in prison. It shows the things in life that he cares about: he has cut out *Family Circle*-type pictures of a suburban split-level house and a wife and a baby, and at the side there’s a snapshot of an old safecracker who was his cellmate and was like a father to him—the old man, who’s suffering from angina, is still in prison, and is afraid he’ll die there.

Frank proposes to Jessie (Tuesday Weld), a dazed, frizzed-out cashier at the Belden Deli, and they join hands across the collage. Mann could have cut his characters and situations out of *Family Circle,* too. There’s a grotesque scene in which Frank and Jessie (she can’t have children) go to an adoption agency for a baby. They’re rejected, and Frank explodes at the injustice of his prison record’s being held against him. (Couldn’t somebody explain to Michael Mann that there aren’t babies available for people without prison records, either?) In case we haven’t been won over already, the old safecracker is played by Willie Nelson, long braids and all. A movie with a dying Willie Nelson is as shameless as a kiddie-matinée movie with a crippled boy whose dog is run over: when Nelson’s face crinkles in a beatific smile, his eyes show pain. And he dies on the day he is to be released from prison. At the end, when Frank has learned that he can never escape the life of crime, he takes out the picture of his future, crumples it up, and throws it away. Michael Mann assumes the mannerisms of hardboiled realism; he’s anti-pathos while going for pathos.

We’re supposed to be fixated on Frank’s professional expertise and his equipment—his electromagnetic drill and his custom-made eight-thousand-degree thermal lance—and also on his huge profits, his Cadillacs, and his eight-hundred-dollar suits. And then we’re supposed to see that he’s tough only on the outside. He spent eleven years in Joliet for stealing forty dollars when he was twenty; the sentence was extended because he killed another inmate, but we get the idea—Frank never had a chance. Everything is loaded so that we’ll think, What a raw deal—the whole world is against him. Mann has set up one of the tiredest of plots: Though Frank seems to be stashing away huge chunks of money and has almost half a million in cash, he decides that he has to make one last big haul before he’ll have enough to raise his dream family on. And so this loner agrees to work just this once, or maybe twice, with “the Mob,” whose head is the unctuous, smiling Leo, played by Robert Prosky. (Anybody who would trust a man who’s always smiling can never have been to the movies.) Frank is denied the father he needs, and acquires Leo, the father nobody needs.

“Thief” is the only film I’ve ever seen in which the pulsating suspense music lifts the roof of your head off when there isn’t much action on the screen but stops when something is about to happen. This isn’t accidental; nothing in “Thief” is. Everything in it is shaped for a big purpose. The cinematography (by Donald Thorin) goes beyond slickness to exhibitionism: at night the puddles in the street are a poisonous brew of purples and greens; Frank’s activities are shrouded in cold metallic blues; and the glittering dia-



“I have a question, and a follow-up question.”

monds he steals and Chicago's glittering skyline practically become the laughter of the gods. When Frank's helper (James Belushi) is murdered at the car lot Frank owns, the patterns of light reflected on chrome are the focus of attention. (Michael Mann seems to have got a dose of Robert Bresson via Paul Schrader.) Everything about the movie is showy in the way that reviewers on TV like to call "searing." This film's ambitions are epitomized in a scene at a California beach—a long, meaningful shot of waves. Mann turns music into suspense noise, and it keeps starting up to jolt you; it's on-and-off music, and some people in the audience are so zapped by the beat that they can't sit still. He makes sure you won't relax, by tossing in quick images that interrupt what you're watching, and by the use of flash-forward sound—letting you hear the dialogue and noises of the next location before you get to it. At one point, when Frank and his wife-to-be leave a night club, the music from inside becomes louder as they step outside—it's shouting the film's importance. During the two robberies, there are so many closeups of machinery that you're being told you're witnessing technological marvels. I'm not really avid to learn how to crack a safe, but if I were and thought there was real craftsmanship involved I think I might be miffed to see that in the second robbery (which is in L.A.) Frank has such powerful equipment that he simply burns through the side of the safe; he makes his own opening. (This is a highly photogenic way to crack a safe—a lot of sparks fly.)

"Thief" isn't really about heists; the opening, with its "Rififi"-like concentration on a robbery, is essentially just an attention-grabber. "Thief" is meant to be—hang on to your hat—a parable of the death of the American dream. Except for the underlings, who don't count, everyone in it is corrupt: the mobsters; the fences; the sadistic cops, who are on the take; the judges, who can be fixed. Everyone except Frank. Safecracking is the work he does, but he's a hard laborer and he's pure—he's spiritually cleansed by his dedication to his craft. He's the only one in the movie who tries to make a connection with the dream of a normal life. So he gets a wife who isn't a wife. (She carries a banner that says "burnt-out," and she has no womb.) He gets a child that isn't his own. (Leo, who has made the arrange-

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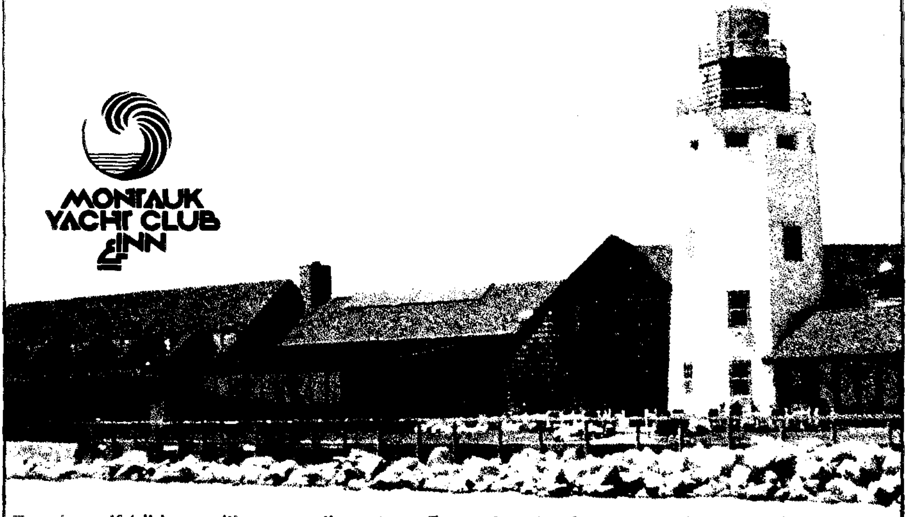

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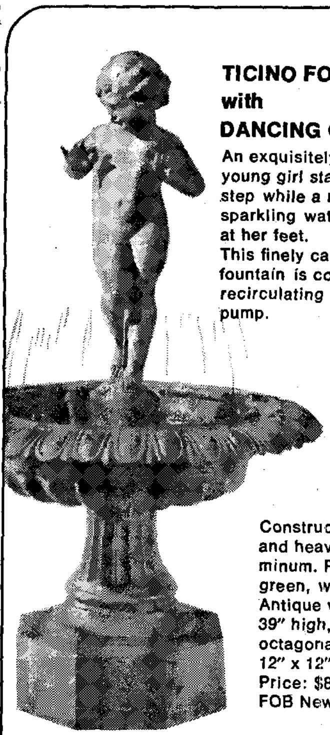
ments, calls it "a rented child.") Even Frank's house isn't quite his own. (Leo holds the paper on it.) Why do Frank and Jessie take their newly rented child to a Chinese restaurant? It's so we can see what a mockery of the American family they are: they don't think to name the baby until a Chinese waiter tells them they should.

This is one of the new, spangly existential movies about alienation (like "Raging Bull" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice"), in which the heroes are made so limited or stupid that the director has no way to enter them and aims straight for pyrotechnics. The less that is going on, the more stylish the movie has to become. In "Thief," Mann needs to keep pouring on the false urgency of that damn loud music because there isn't any real danger in Frank's heists: the police are never about to break in—we're just watching a workman using fancy tools. We get the snazzy cinematography and the overheated sound not because the characters or situations are bravura but because the filmmaker thinks his ideas are bravura.

The title "Thief" is a paradox (the hardworking Frank is a man of integrity); the title is also anonymous, pristine, abstract. (Mann has trumped Walter Hill's foray into anonymity, "The Driver," by eliminating even the frill of "the.") James Caan is almost the definition of a "gritty" actor—rough skin, jabbing movements, nervous tics, nervous sweat. Mr. Volatility. Caan shows you that he's holding back his anger but is ready to explode at the slightest frustration. When he's riled in "Thief," he grips his gun in both hands and holds it out in front of him—he means business. He's the right actor for Michael Mann, who belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking, because he's a clenched-jaw, pressure-cooker actor. Caan isn't bad in featured parts (as in "The Godfather") or in co-starring roles (like his Billy Rose in "Funny Lady"), but when he's the only star he seems dull, and I begin to feel that I don't care whether he's a good actor or not—I just don't want to watch him. He's skillful at conveying the prickly feelings of his heroes, but he makes those heroes too easy to read; there's nothing special inside them, and nothing hidden. (The critic Kathy Huffhines, writing in the Boston *Real Paper*, nailed it, I think, when she said, "You look at De Niro



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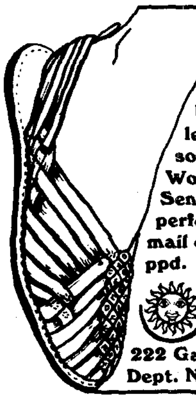

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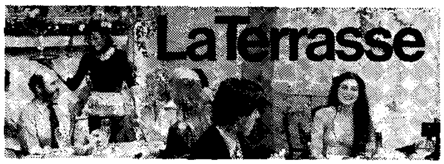

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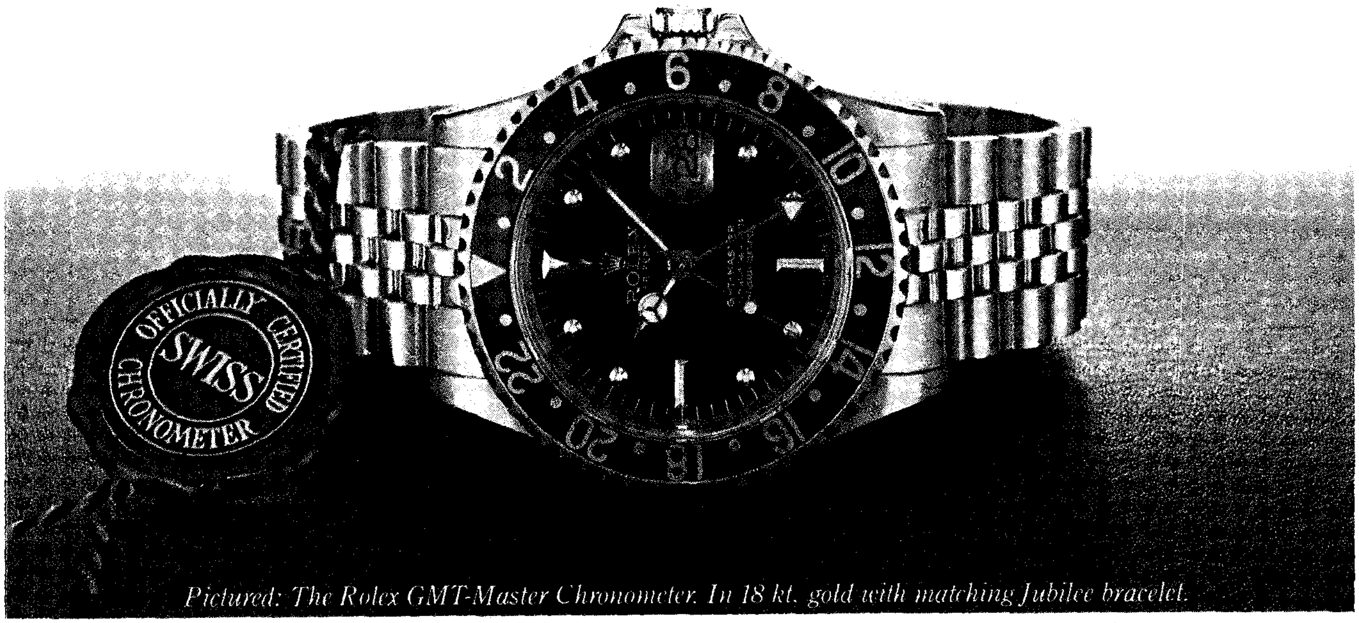

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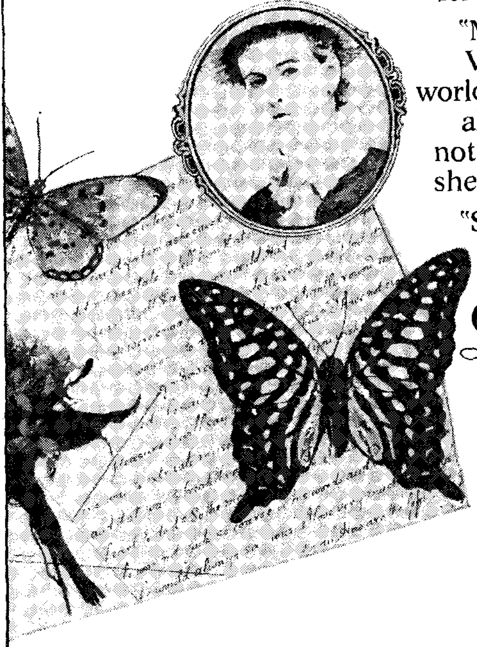
in a film and think, 'Something's eating him.' You look at Caan and think, 'He's eating something . . . pizza?' ") Caan isn't anybody in particular—he's a generic inarticulate strong sufferer. Which fits Mann's conception: Frank is a cipher—a symbolic "stranger."

Frank is initially presented as smart: in the four years since he got out of prison, he has used the safecracking skills his old cellmate taught him and parlayed his thefts into a network of businesses, including the big car lot and a bar. He seems to know exactly what he's doing, and how to handle the people he deals with. Then Frank turns into a clod (like the heroes of "Raging Bull" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice"), the better to express an inarticulate despair. "Thief" is designed like a sales pitch, and what it's selling is nihilism. Frank's collage is a simple man's existential diagram of what he wants; it demonstrates that he's a decent man, still clinging to human values and hoping for the normal pleasures of life. When he crumples it and throws it away, it's because he realizes that he has never really left prison, that he has to go through life on the same terms that enabled him to survive in Joliet—by "gettin' to where nothin' means nothin'." The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Michael Mann's pitch is that you're free only when you don't care about life and have nothing to lose. And so Frank explodes: after killing his enemies, he blows everything up—the split-level house, the bar, the fleet of cars at the car lot. He's getting back to freedom—the freedom of numb indifference.

"Thief" is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy. Mann revels in the nihilistic destruction. I hated this movie from beginning to end—it's a movie on the make, a high-minded hustle. Near the finish, when Frank, in outrage at everything that has happened to him, bangs his head against a mirror, he's just like La Motta in "Raging Bull" battering his head against the stone prison wall and like the Frank of "The Postman" lowering his head and sobbing. They're all protesting man's destiny. Why would a director who's a pretty fair technician come on so strong with all this big-time crime and even bigger-time Nothingness? If the movie is about anything, it's about Mann's attempt to give the audience a rush of



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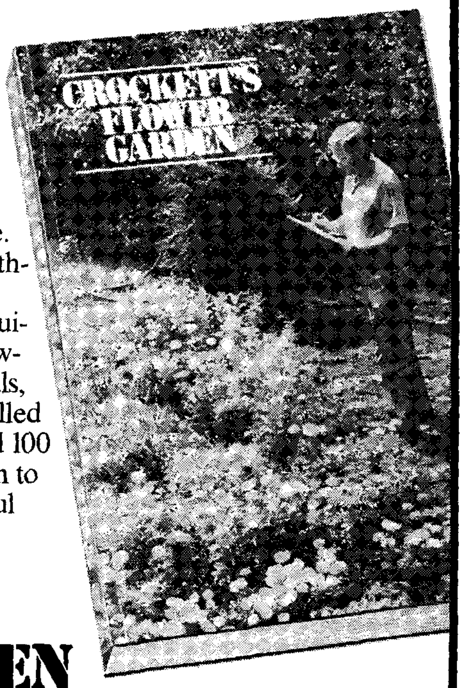

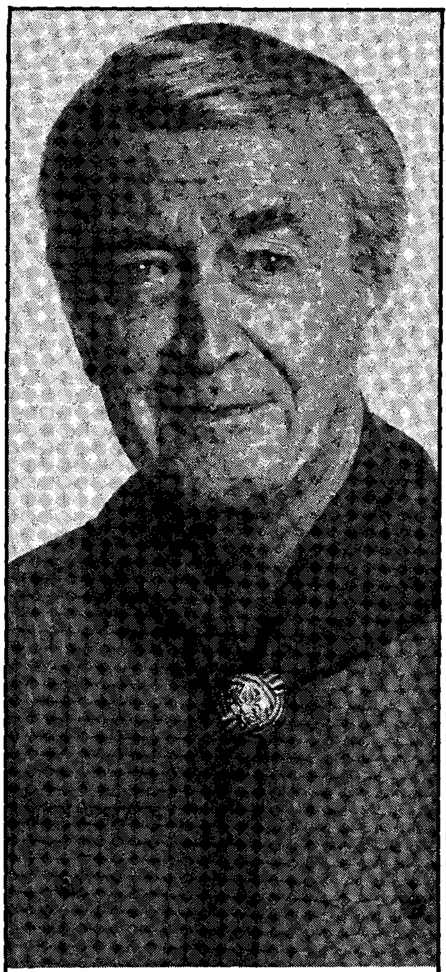

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excitement and have a hit, and at the same time be acclaimed a cinematic poet of despair. "Thief" is full of symbolic figures and situations, each with its own provenance. Oozing sincerity, Willie Nelson is so "real" here it's hard to look at him. Tuesday Weld steps in from another world, with a faint shudder; over the years she has become an emblem of loss. Frank himself is the hard-luck hero of thousands of movies taken to a fantasy realm. He's the outsider, a loner in pain—the embodiment of a macho mystique. He's too good and too honorable for this rotten world, and so at the end he must disappear into the shadows. Is grandiloquent masochism so appealing to men that they'll buy this cosmic drizzle? (I think it's unlikely that many women will.) It's the fantasy of being the best of men—the toughest and the most anguished.

IN "The Howling," when people turn into werewolves they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect; the characters turn into what look like huge toy wolves, and there are clever inserts of wolflike legs, and paws with switchblade talons. (At the start, the title is clawed in, letter by letter, with a ripping sound, as if the screen itself were being slashed.) "The Howling" doesn't take itself seriously; unlike horror movies such as John Carpenter's "Halloween" and David Cronenberg's "The Brood," it's consciously trashy. At most horror movies, audiences laugh at some of the conventions; even kids in the audience know more than the characters up there, who go into the houses they shouldn't or enter the rooms they've been warned against or take a walk alone in the dark forest for the sole purpose of getting killed. (Remember those fools wandering about searching for the cat in "Alien"?) In "The Howling," the director, Joe Dante, and John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script, based on the novel by Gary Brandner, give the conventions a nudge over into self-parody and set up the laughs. The picture isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm.

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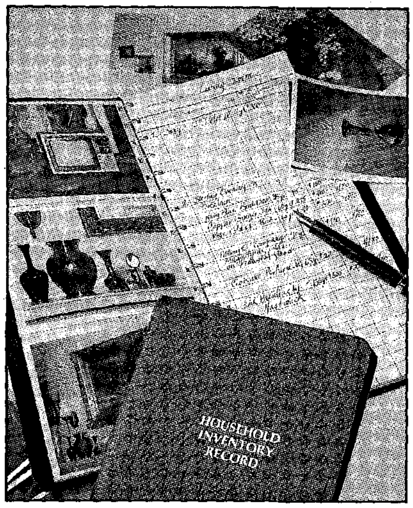

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such as Kenneth Tobey, who survived "The Thing"), and a clip from the cartoon "The Big Bad Wolf." It's a very casual movie—a tossed-together mixture of three kinds of material. A scene may be a sendup of TV: a diligently serious L.A. anchorman, Bill Neill (Christopher Stone), delivers the news, but as the camera angle changes we realize he isn't on television, he's in the men's room at the station, practicing. A scene may be a satirical bit about "self-discovery" cults: Dr. George Waggner (Patrick Macnee), the station's plump, bland English psychiatrist, goes into his TV spiel like a snake-oil salesman, babbling on about the beast inside us. Or a scene may be a scary episode: Karen White (Dee Wallace), the pretty blonde of the news team, sets up a date with a psychopathic killer on the loose; the police who are supposed to be tailing her lose her, and she's alone with the maniac in a booth at a porno parlor. When he faces her, what she sees sends her into shock and she can't remember it. This is the incident that cranks up the plot. Karen is such a wreck afterward that Dr. Waggner insists that she take time off at his woodland clinic, The Colony, up the coast in Mendocino, and stodgy Bill Neill, who is her husband, drives up with her. In the car, she says, "I hope these people aren't too weird," and the film cuts to the venerable John Carradine, in the light of a campfire, his eyes crossed as he yelps at the moon. Later that night, Karen, lying in bed with Bill, hears howling outside their cottage; she takes a flashlight and goes out to investigate. The audience laughs, affectionately; the affection is for the genre, the clichés, and the filmmakers' impishness.

Dante and Sayles haven't the temperament—or the skills, either—to attempt what Hitchcock could do and what Brian De Palma can do: make the comedy intensify the scariness, and vice versa. In "The Howling," the gags are mostly asides and inoffensively smart-ass pranks—except for the basic joke, which runs through the whole movie, and relates to the title and the slang meaning of "wolf calls." The spoofy erotic tone is closer, in some ways, to "Love at First Bite" than to the werewolf films of the past, but "The Howling" isn't as farcical (or as aggressively funny) as "First Bite," and it retains the horror-movie status that "First Bite" chucked away. Though Sayles writes funny skit dia-

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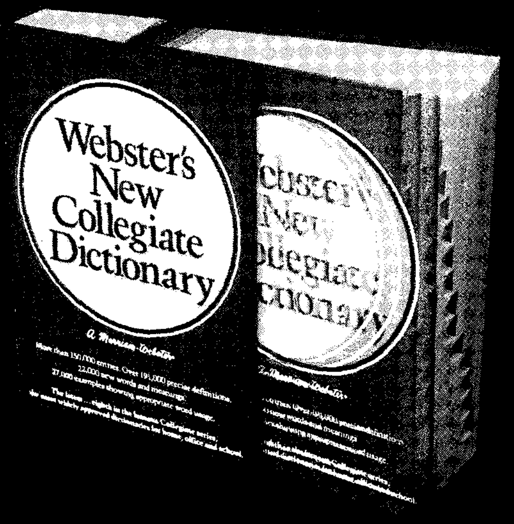

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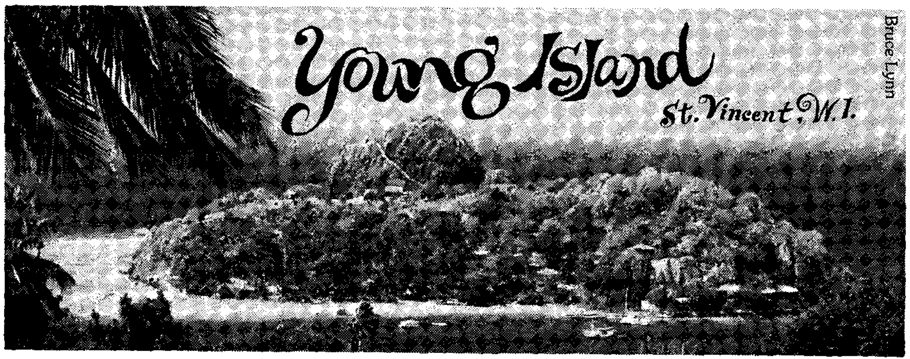

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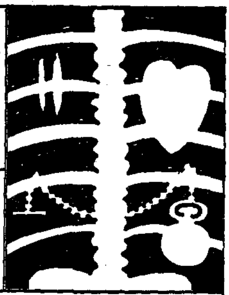

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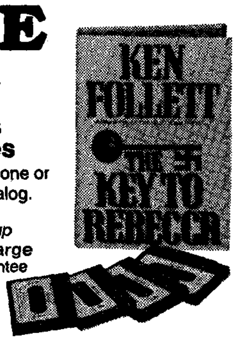

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logue, he doesn't offer much in the way of characterization, and the story is vaporous. There are compensations: you're entertained continuously, and since there are no real characters, you can enjoy the transformations and deaths without a morbid pang. But that pang is what gives horror movies their power. When horror is parodied, as it is here, there are no mysterious anxieties set up in the audience; we don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the genre. "The Howling" leaves almost no imprint. It's very inventive, but—except for the makeup effects, created by Rob Bottin—it isn't really imaginative. Joe Dante doesn't appear to have the nightmarish quirkiness of a horror director—the cruelty of a Mario Bava or the spooky lyricism of a Franju. There are no scenes that you can't shake off. Dante may be too sane to make a real shocker: he'd rather kid the characters than work up your fear about what's going to happen to them. So the end of this film, which takes place on television and should have a sensational charge, has almost none. It's supposed to be ironic that the television viewers don't take what they see seriously, but the irony goes flat, because we haven't been taking the characters seriously, either.

There are no embarrassments in the cast, and besides Macnee, who plays the charlatan psychiatrist as an amiable weakling, there are other performers who bring a strong, aberrant personality to their parts. Dick Miller, who was in Roger Corman's "The Little Shop of Horrors," is the enthusiastic bookshop owner who starts to gab the minute a customer comes in. Elisabeth Brooks, who plays Marsha, the fiery slut of The Colony, seems to be made up to emphasize her resemblance to Barbara Steele in Mario Bava's 1960 "Black Sunday," but she has a lusty, man-eater presence that's all her own. And Kevin McCarthy, in the role of the general manager of the TV station, who delivers the editorials, is awesomely self-satisfied; he catches the exact tone of TV-pundit inauthenticity. There are startling images, such as a view of Carradine (so thin he's stylized by nature) in which his demented head is like an Eskimo carving. But there's also a sizable amount of flat-footedness. Dante doesn't have the grace to give us the illusion of spotting a copy of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" for ourselves—he shoves it at us by not having anything else going on in the shot. He doesn't

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appear to know how to shape a sequence dramatically—how to make it count. As a director, he seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. Not a bad mixture, but it doesn't give him much control over what he gets. The picture is too long, probably, in terms of effectiveness, though its length and variety make it satisfying; you don't come out hungry for a movie.

Homage is paid to George Waggner, who directed the 1941 "The Wolf Man," by giving his name to the Patrick Macnee character, and at least half a dozen other characters are named for horror-film directors. (I wish that these inside-joke homages added to the movie in some way, but I'm afraid they're just arcane bits for film freaks.) Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked together on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. John Sayles appears as an attendant at the morgue, when it is discovered that the corpse of the psychopath who set the story in motion has walked away; the police who shot him didn't know that only a silver bullet would do the job. For all its goofing off, "The Howling" observes the rules of the game, and it's infinitely better than many horror films that take themselves more seriously. It includes clips from "The Wolf Man" with Claude Rains talking to poor, sad, wolfy Lon Chaney, Jr., and with Maria Ouspenskaya, in her thick accent (and with the emotions and vocal rhythms that were the same for every role she played, and gave each of her utterances a ponderous importance), delivering herself of these words: "Even the man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the moon is full and bright." "The Howling" doesn't just take gems like that from the treasure trove of camp; it also replenishes the stock. The dialogue often sets off little bugle calls: when Karen first tells Bill about the sound she has heard outside their cottage, he tells her that it must have been a dog, and she replies, "Not like any dog I ever heard." And there's a visual nifty that horror movies of the future are almost sure to quote: a man and a woman turn into werewolves as they couple—baring their fangs, slavering and moaning, clawing and biting each other. And howling.

—PAULINE KAEL

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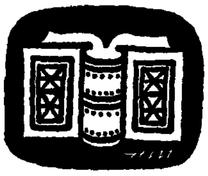

Original Sins, by Lisa Alther (Knopf; $13.95). The time is around 1950, the setting is a Tennessee cotton-mill town, and the scene that opens this ambitious, five-hundred-and-ninety-page novel is idyllic—five children lounging in the branches of a giant tree and planning their futures together: the two daughters of the millowner will marry the two sons of the mill foreman and live in a penthouse in Manhattan; the grandson of the girls' black cook is welcome to tag along. By the time they are teen-agers, however, the alliance has cracked: two fulfill the first part of the plan, but their marriage soon passes from shallow propriety to something less respectable; meanwhile, each of the remaining three (unaware of what the two others are up to) attempts the awesome feat of growing up in New York during the nineteen-sixties. In the final chapter, several years later, when four of them reunite at the funeral of the fifth, they barely recognize one another: each one wears a different uniform (from overalls to black leather), and none seems sure if the others are enemies or allies. Lisa Alther keeps their stories neatly aligned, propelling them forward by one trial-and-error at a time—a simple device that would seem too simple if the whole plot were not so complex.

The Men's Club, by Leonard Michaels (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95). When seven husbands, trying to inaugurate a men's club, agree that each member should tell the story of his life, the reader settles back to enjoy this foolproof narrative mechanism. What the men have in mind, however, is something less ambitious: one begins with a seven-sentence recollection of his depressed, depressing mother; another remembers an unhappy holiday with his wife; a third recalls a bizarre one-night stand. No one is inclined to keep order, and all too quickly the session becomes a mess of sad confessions peppered with wisecracks. Mr. Michaels may have a subtle purpose here, and irony may well be a part of it (the men gorge themselves on fancy food prepared by the wife of one of them for her women's group), but he fails to provide the seven faces with seven voices, and the whole cast seems no more than one married misogynist split seven ways.

Store Up the Anger, by Wessel Ebersohn (Doubleday; $12.95). A black South African activist, his body broken after a month of torture and interrogation, finds that his mind is free to drift in and out of the ward in which he lies naked and manacled. He watches his half-dozen inquisitors read girlie magazines and hears their teasing offer of a drink of orange juice; he recalls his happiest days, as a child in a black township before it was emptied, handed over to whites, and renamed Triumph; he feels the fingers of a doctor probing his parched and swollen mouth (the medical report will declare no evidence of foul play); and he recalls a ferocious, futile riot many years before, in which his sister was killed. Later, in an isolation cell, he scans the years he spent organizing nonviolent resistance, watching its leaders get picked off and waiting for the police to close in on him. The drama of this novel, which was banned in South Africa until a few months ago, rises and shifts with eloquent restraint as the dying man outgrows despair and as the guards, foiled by his silence, discover what it means to be a powerless majority.

GENERAL

Love Among the Butterflies: The Secret Life of a Victorian Lady, edited by W. F. Cater (Little, Brown; $16.95). Excerpts from the diaries of Margaret Fountaine (1862-1940), who was known among entomologists as a major collector of butterflies. She was born to a family of the English gentry with noble connections and not much money. However, she did inherit a modest private income, and this gave her the means to study sketching and singing, and to comb the world for lepidoptera. She never visibly departed from Victorian proprieties, but her personal life was a series of crushes and flirtations, culminating in a secret common-law marriage with a poor young Syrian whom she first met as a guide; though she had opportunities to marry suitably (and Englishmen, too), she seems to have been most attracted to men who were her social or educational inferiors. The fascination of this volume is the ease with which Miss Fountaine bounced in and out of diverse worlds—scientific meetings, noble homes, savage landscapes, and erotic rendezvous—while maintaining a degree of poise that seems well-nigh batty.

OPERATION LUCY, by Anthony Read and David Fisher (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $14.95). According to this book (which appears with the best of credentials), Operation Lucy, a spy ring based in Switzerland, was responsible for the Russian victory at Stalingrad and, more important, for the subsequent defeat of the Germans in the Battle of the Kursk Salient, which many historians consider the turning point of the war on the eastern front. The ring was a super hide-and-seek, box-inside-box, spy, counterspy, and spy-again affair: drastically simplified, it depended upon an English double agent named Alexander Foote, who was ostensibly working for the Russians but who had actually been planted in Lausanne by British Intelligence to relay to the Russians information on Nazi plans—information that the British harvested from the deciphered Enigma code of the Germans. The reason for this elaborate flimflam was Stalin's almost pathological suspicion of British motives; the British wanted the Russians to believe that the data came from an informer in the German High Command. The authors, both of whom work for the BBC, tell an engrossing and suspenseful story. As for Alexander Foote himself, he discreetly resumed civilian life in England, but not before he was decorated four times by the Russians and was made a major in the Red Army.

PIONEER WOMEN: VOICES FROM THE KANSAS FRONTIER, by Joanna L. Stratton (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). This book is based on the recollections of eight hundred women, which were solicited, starting in the nineteen-twenties, by the author's great-grandmother and grandmother in an effort to preserve the history of Kansas' early settlement and the role that women played in domesticating that inhospitable country. Miss Stratton has arranged the material by subject, beginning with means of travel—the advantages and disadvantages of stagecoach, prairie schooner, and railroad—and proceeding to the business of acquiring land, putting up some sort of shelter, and starting to farm. The women's memories are vivid, and their language is detailed and explicit, making comprehensible their work and their contrivances in the absence of anything resembling convenience or amenity. We follow the growth of the country (schools, churches, towns), survive the years of the great cattle drives, and learn of the fun and festivals that relieved the toil. What came from this life was self-confidence and appreciation: Kansas women won the right to vote in municipal elections as early as 1887, and had full suffrage by 1912. Excellent photographs.

EARLY AMERICANS, by Carl Bridenbaugh (Oxford; $19.95). A very entertaining collection of scholarly essays and stories. Among the subjects are a Machiavellian Indian chief, the first known American con man, and a murder case involving Virginia's Colonial aristocracy which was reported in the Virginia *Gazette* with the first American murder diagram. (Reproduced here, it looks as if it came from a contemporary murder tale.) Less lurid but no less enjoyable essays discuss such subjects as the evolution of the Yankee character and Colonial Americans' devout belief in the medicinal value of drinking and bathing in mineral waters, which created a multitude of spa resorts all over the colonies. Mr. Bridenbaugh's charm is to show us all this in its historical setting and significance, and without any loss of vitality.

NOTE: "Basin and Range," John McPhee's exploration of geological space and time, starting at the George Washington Bridge and proceeding, on and off Interstate 80, from coast to coast, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($10.95). All the contents first appeared in these pages, under the heading "Annals of the Former World."

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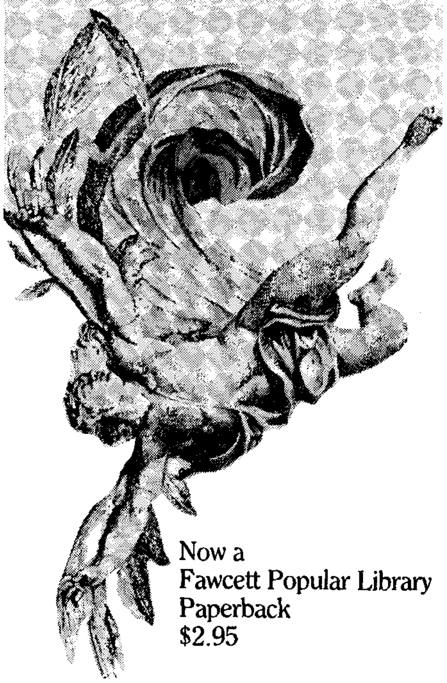

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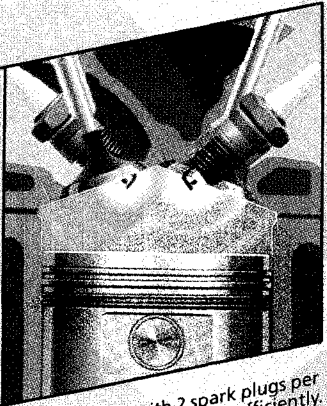

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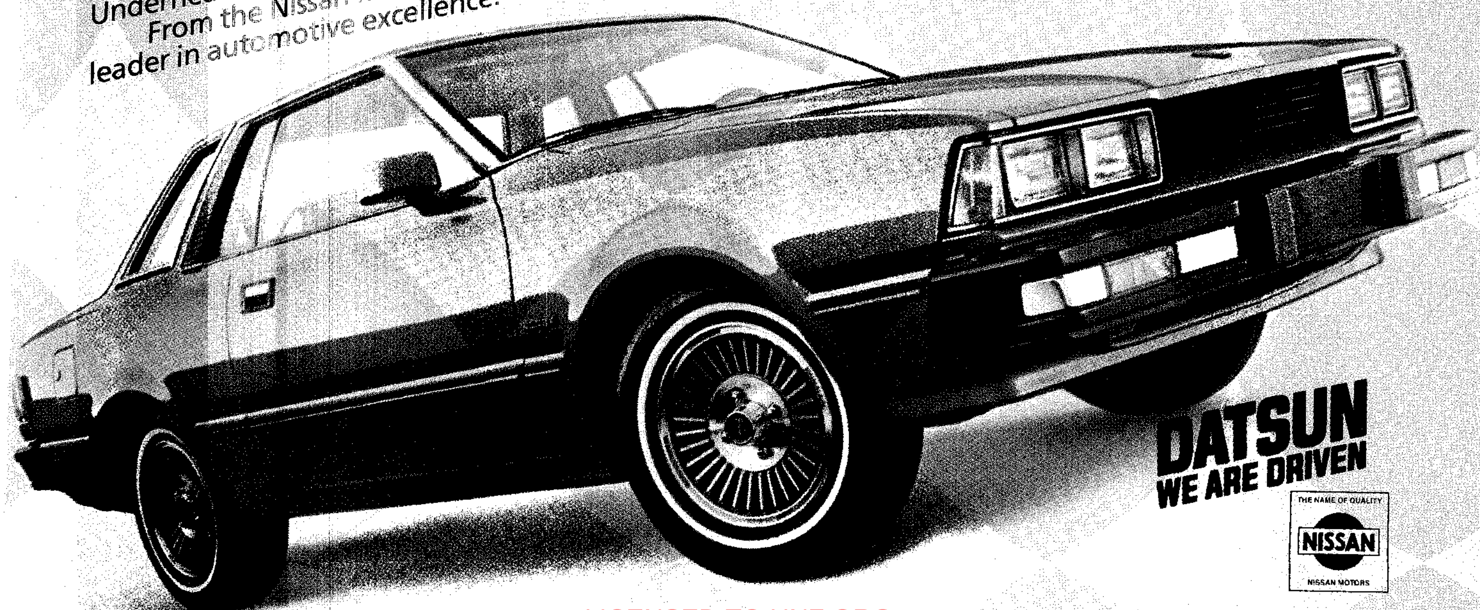

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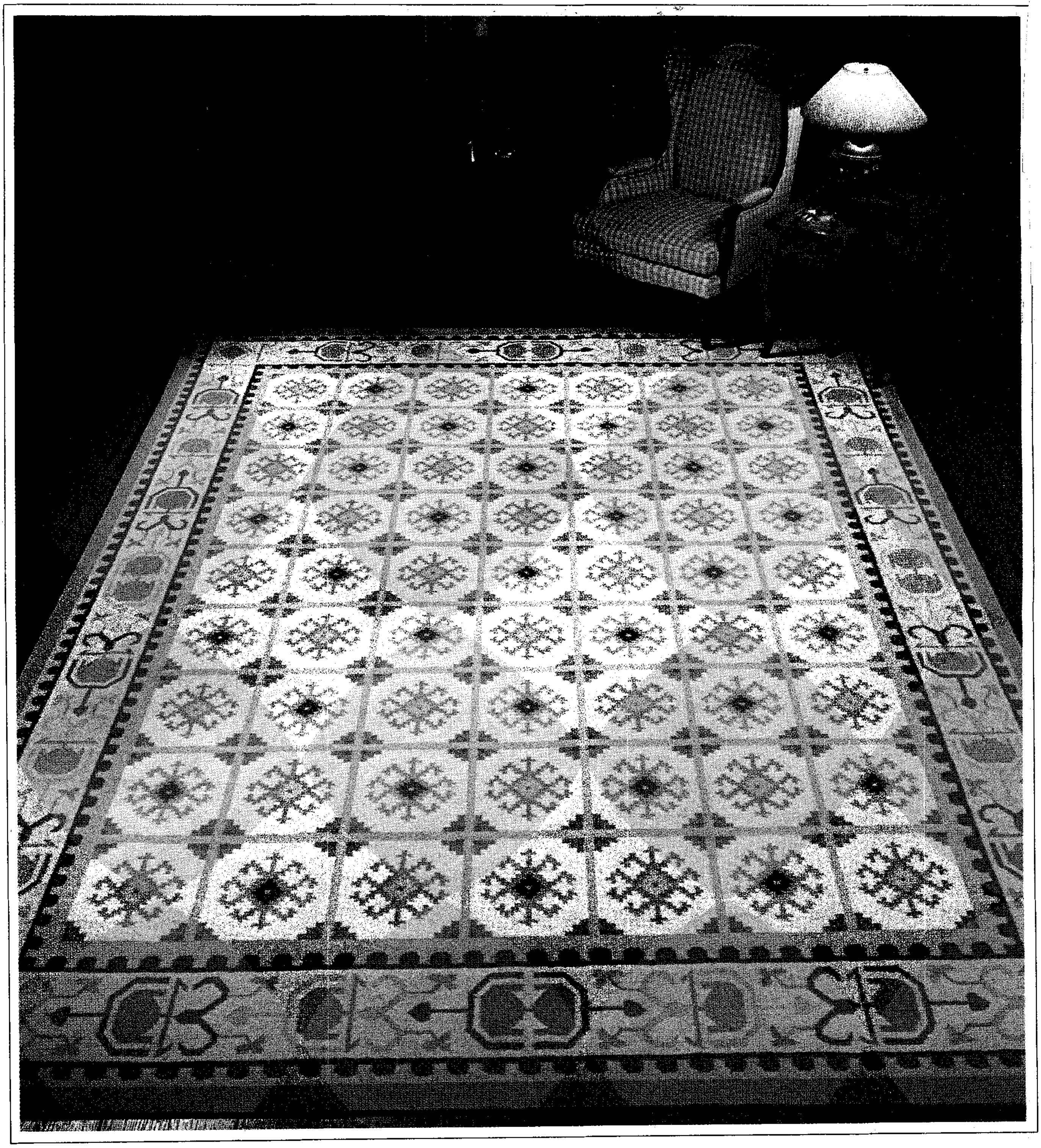

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